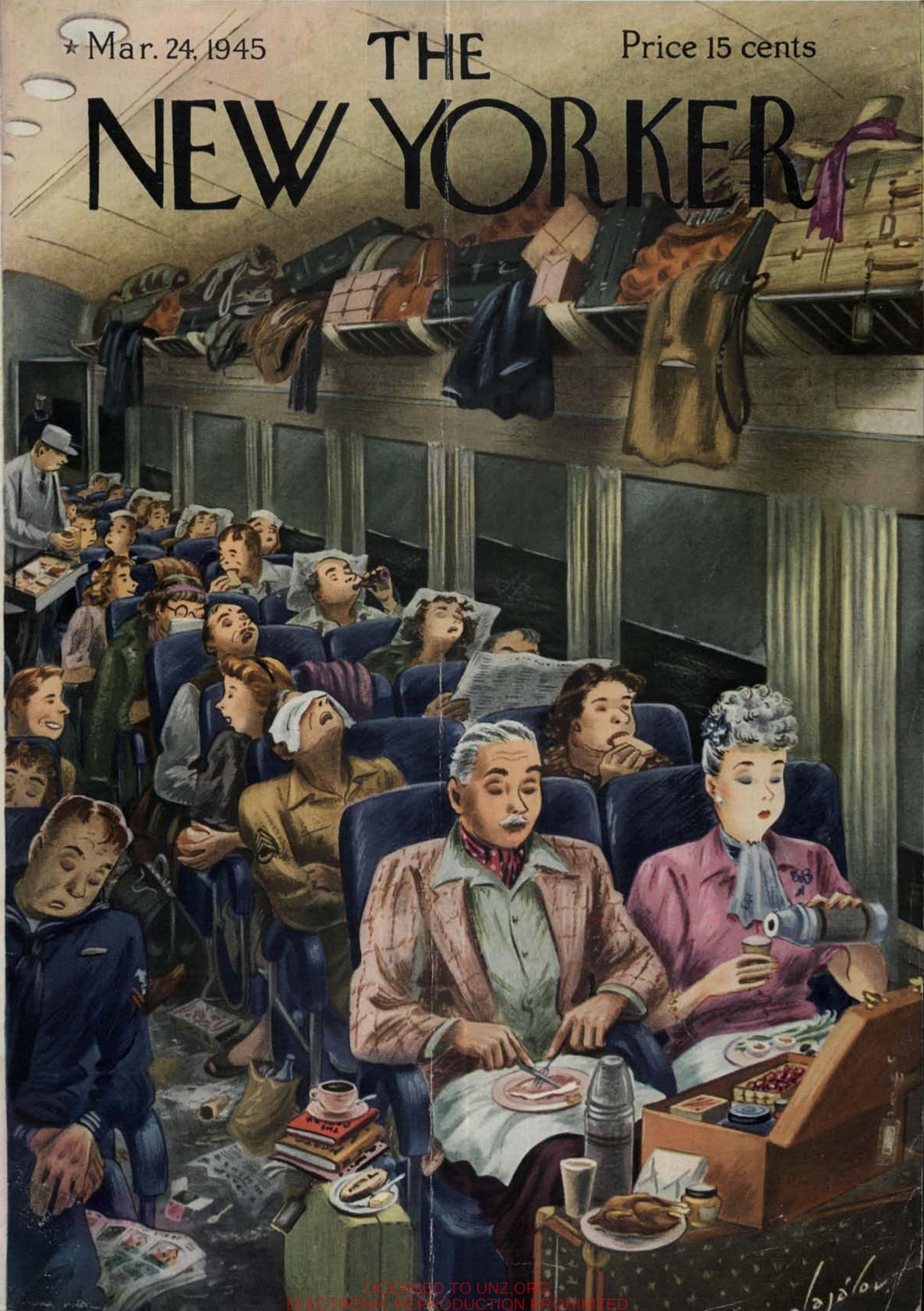
★ Mar. 24, 1945

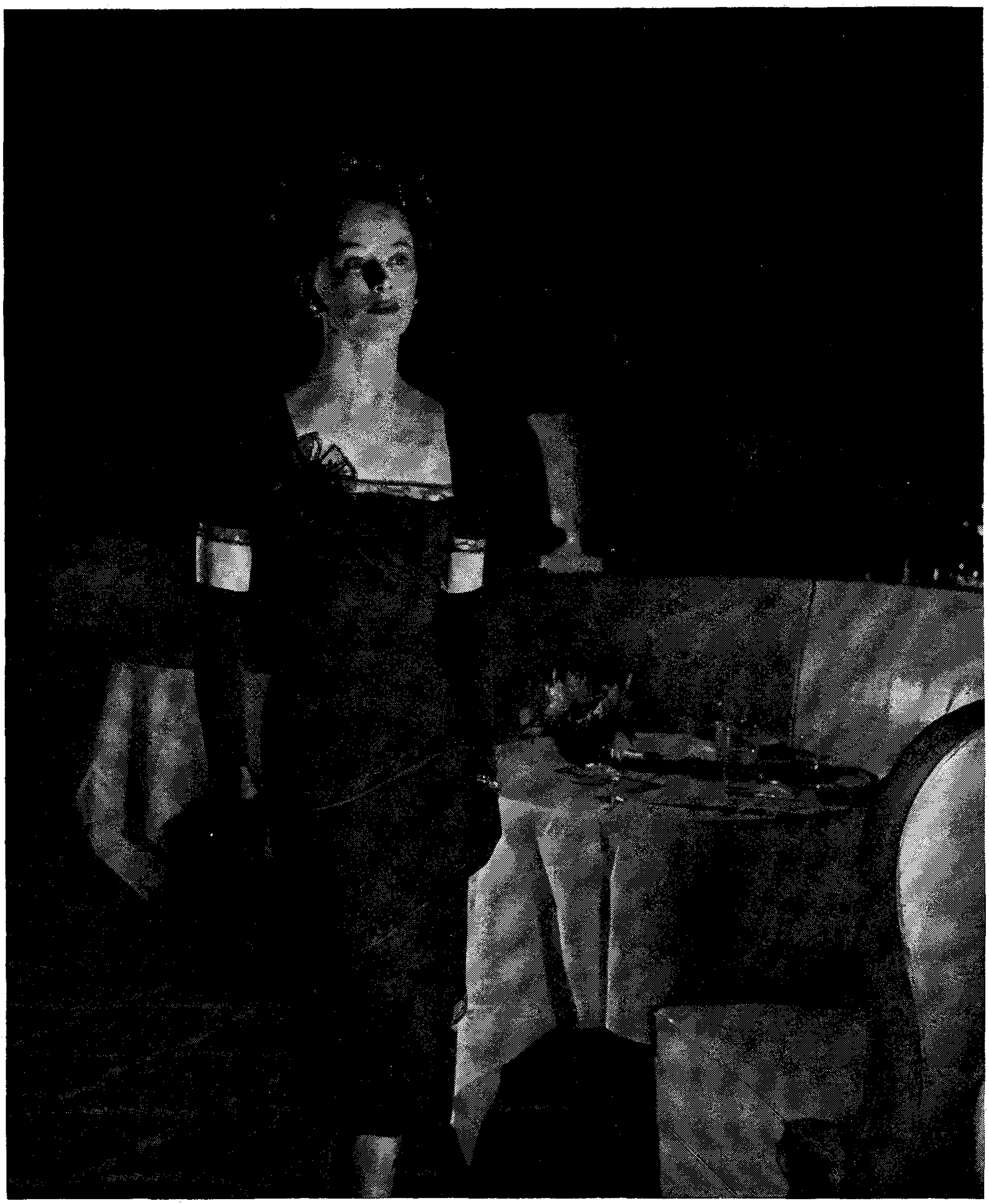
THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



PM
DE LUXE
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey
PM for Pleasant Moments

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.6 PROOF. 49% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

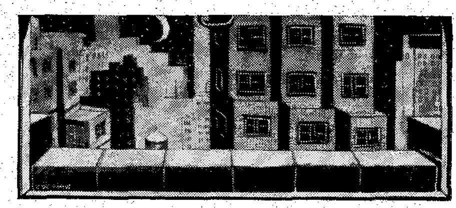


PHOTOGRAPHED
IN THE COTILLION ROOM,
HOTEL PIERRE,
BY FONSSAGRIVES

Head high, figure lovelier
in our short dinner dress Exclusive.
Black rayon crepe banded by delicate black lace.
In sizes 10 to 18. $90, ready to wear happily
to the smartest spots in town.
Shown with it, our airy headpiece Exclusive
of black veiling with pale dots, $20 ready to put on.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 22,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, beginning Mon., March 26, at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch-boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but rather nice. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., March 25, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Happily Ever After—About a Gretna Green in Maryland and not quite substantial enough to stand up for three acts. Gene Lockhart heads the cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders do their best, but on the whole it isn't quite enough. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Vera Zorina (Ariel) and Canada Lee (Caliban) are featured in Margaret Webster's rather elaborate version of Mr. Shakespeare's last play. Arnold Moss is very effective as Prospero, but the whole piece may be a little wearing. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent (who is being replaced by Harvey Stephens through Fri., March 23), and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

You Can't Take It with You—Fred Stone in a revival of the Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman play. With Dorothy Stone and Charles Collins. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, beginning Mon., March 26, at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—A play written and directed by George Kelly, with a cast including Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon. Produced by Stanley Gilkey and Barbara Payne. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Kiss Them for Me—A play by Luther Davis, based on Frederic Wakeman's "Shore Leave," with Richard Widmark and Jayne Cotter. Directed by Herman Shumlin and produced by John Moses and Mark Hanna. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	71
BOOKS	86
THE CURRENT CINEMA	82
MUSICAL EVENTS	80
OF ALL THINGS	49
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	66
A REPORTER AT LARGE	50
THE THEATRE	46

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of nice, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Among a great many other things, it contains sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, and songs by Cole Porter. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!—The Theatre Guild's musical history of America, containing such old favorites as "Frankie and Johnny" and "Casey Jones" as well as a lot you've probably never heard, is a very happy inspiration indeed. Burl Ives, Bibi Osterwald, and Alma Kaye. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., March 24.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, some cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Firebrand of Florence—A musical version of Edwin Justus Mayer's "The Firebrand," with music and lyrics by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin. The cast includes Melville Cooper, Earl Wrightson, and Beverly Tyler. Directed by John Murray Anderson and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., March 22. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Glass Menagerie—Eddie Dowling, Laurette Taylor, and Julie Haydon, in a play by Tennessee Williams. Mr. Dowling directed, assisted by Margot Jones, and is also the producer, together with Louis J. Singer. Opens Sat., March 31. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

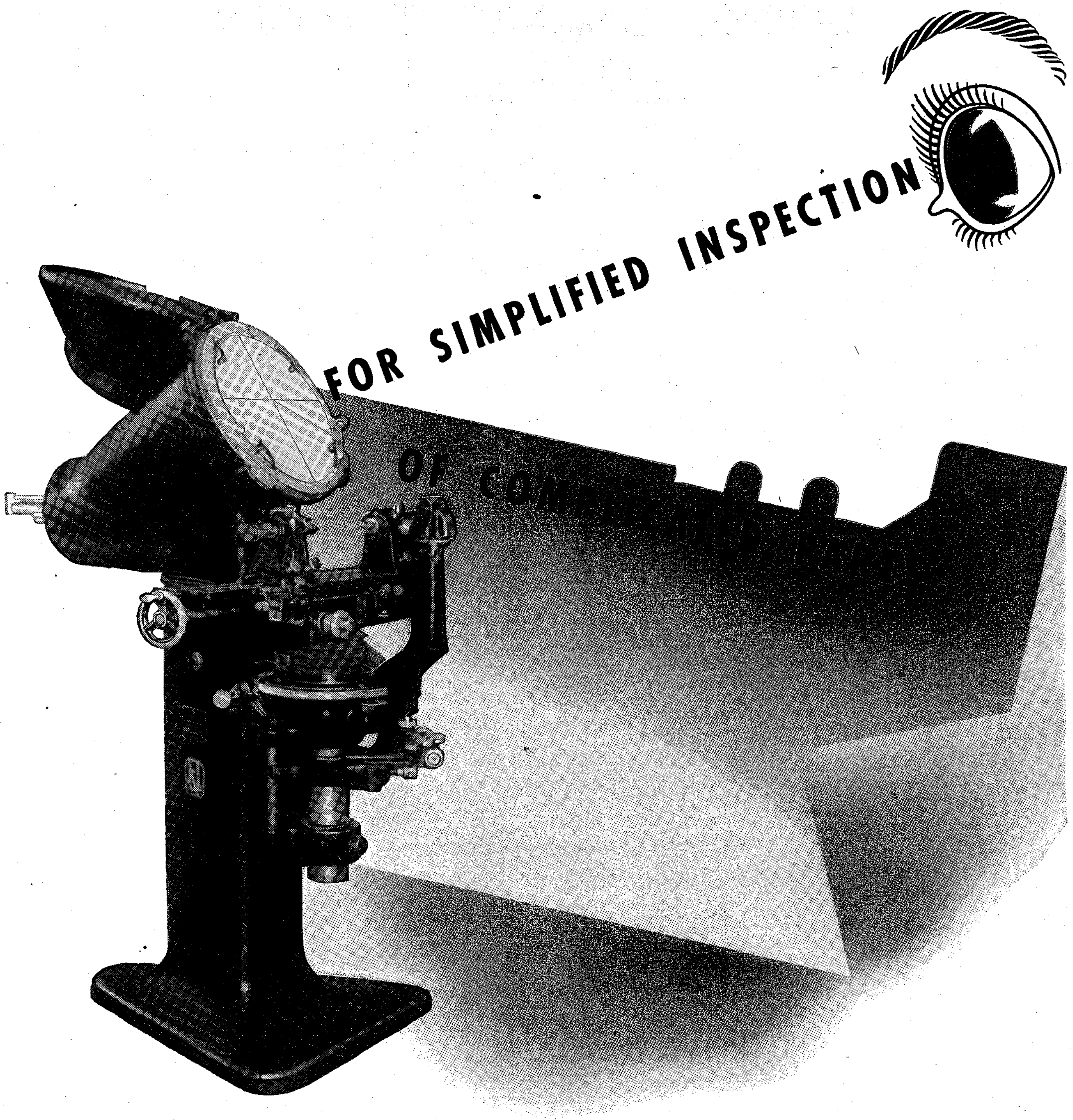
MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Variety Program—Zero Mostel, Grace Castagnetta, Kenneth Spencer, and others, in the third of a series of programs: Sat., March 24, at 8:40 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call GR 3-3323.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Little

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 6, March 24, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



You are making parts for airplanes, engines, shells, fuses, bombs, guns or tanks . . . Parts that are slow, difficult or even impossible to inspect by mechanical gaging . . . You'll be interested in these facts about **Jones & Lamson Optical Comparators** in the tool room or production line—

- They permit rapid, accurate inspection and comparison by means of a magnified shadow.
- They permit the measurement of angles in degrees and minutes. Lead or spacing. Height or depth.
- They permit the inspection of tools, gages and parts with *irregular contours, by comparison with master outlines.*

Jones & Lamson Inspection Engineers can help you set up the fastest, most economical method of staging and handling your inspection work. Their knowledge of holding fixtures, handling methods and suitable Comparator equipment is saving many thousands of dollars in manufacturing plants throughout the country.

We invite you to send samples or blue prints to Jones & Lamson Machine Company, Springfield, Vermont.

For rapid, economical inspection . . .
BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT!

JONES & LAMSON
MACHINE COMPANY
OPTICAL COMPARATORS Springfield, Vermont, U.S.A.

PROFIT-PRODUCING
MACHINE TOOLS

Manufacturers of:
Universal Turret Lathes • Fay Automatic Lathes • Automatic Thread Grinders • Optical Comparators • Automatic Opening Threading Dies

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

C. S. Price—First show of abstract paintings by a seventy-one-year-old Oregonian who has influenced a good many younger Western artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Anton Refregier—New paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Chris Ritter—Water colors: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Iver Rose—Recent paintings: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Saint Jerome—Paintings and sculptures of the Saint, done by artists of the fifteenth through the seventeenth century: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Maurice Sievan—Flushing and Jamaica in subdued, Expressionist paintings: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 29.

Tschacbasov—About twenty-five oils by the Expressionist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Vienna—Some of Salomon Kleiner's rococo prints, together with less inspired views of the city: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Work by European artists now living in America. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., March 22, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 23, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 24, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., March 25, at 3 P.M. Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs. and Sat., March 29 and 31, at 6:30 and 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., March 30, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M. (Highlights: Rudolf Firkusny, piano, March 22-23; John Corigliano, violin, March 24-25; Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Westminster Choir, March 29-31.)

Mexican Concert—A symphony orchestra conducted by Alfredo Antonini; Stella Roman, soprano; Francesco Valentino, baritone; Rosario and Antonio, dancers; and others; a benefit for the Red Cross. Fri., March 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Museum Concerts—The annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., March 24, at 3:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum. No tickets necessary.)

Metropolitan Opera Guild Concert—A program including an Army Air Forces orchestra, as well as such entertainers as Jarmila Novotna, soprano; Lawrence Tibbett, baritone; Argentinita, dancer; and Alec Templeton, piano-satirist; a benefit for the Guild's fund to buy musical instruments for the Armed Forces. Sun., March 25, at 8:15 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. For tickets, call RE 4-2410.)

George Gershwin Memorial Concert—Recent works by American composers and some Gershwin compositions, played by eighty-four members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting; soloists: Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; William Franklin, baritone; and Muriel Smith, contralto; sponsored by B'nai B'rith Victory Lodge. Tues., March 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season "Die Meistersinger," Thurs., March 22, at 7:30 P.M. . . . "Don Giovanni," Fri., March 23, at 8 P.M. . . . "Carmen," Sat., March 24, at 2 P.M. . . . "Siegfried," Sat., March 24, at 7:45 P.M. . . . "Fidelio," Mon., March 26, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Parsifal," Wed., March 28, at 7:15 P.M. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs., March 29, at 8 P.M. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri., March 30, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat., March 31, at 2 P.M. . . . "Götterdämmerung," Sat., March 31, at 7:30 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

American Chamber Music—New music by contemporary composers, performed by Mildred Hunt, flute; Jean Carlton, soprano; and others. Fri., March 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. No tickets necessary.)

Carl Friedberg—Piano. Fri., March 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

American Choral Music—The Emanu-El Choir and soloists, conducted by Lazare Saminsky. Fri., March 23, at 2:30 and 5 P.M., and Sat., March 24, at 10:15 A.M. (Temple Emanu-El, 5 Ave. at 65. For information about tickets, call RH 4-1400.)

Josef Hofmann—Piano. Sat., March 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

Frieda Hempel—Soprano. Sun., March 25, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Herma Menth—Piano. Sun., March 25, at 3 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Bach Circle of New York—Yella Pessl, harpsichord; John Wummer, flute; and others. Mon., March 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield conducting Bach's "B Minor Mass." Tues., March 27, at 8 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Alexander Uninsky and Marcel Hubert—Piano and cello. Tues., March 27, at 9 P.M.; for the benefit of American Relief for France. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. Wed., March 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament: N.Y.U. vs. Tufts, and Ohio State vs. Kentucky, in the Eastern regional semi-finals, Thurs., March 22; Eastern regional final, Sat., March 24; East-West final, preceded by New York District Coast Guard vs. Valley Forge General Hospital, Tues., March 27; at 8:15 P.M. . . . National Invitation Tournament finals, Mon., March 26, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Winners of the N.C.A.A. Tournament and the National Invitation Tournament (a benefit for the Red Cross), Thurs., March 29, at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Lee Oma vs. Tami Mauriello, heavyweights, ten rounds, Fri., March 23; Joe Baksi vs. Lou Nova, heavyweights, ten rounds, Fri., March 30. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Fencing—Non-divisional qualifying rounds for the National Championship, electric épée, individual, Fri., March 23; Metropolitan Open Championship, women's foil, team, Fri., March 30; at 7 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

OTHER EVENTS

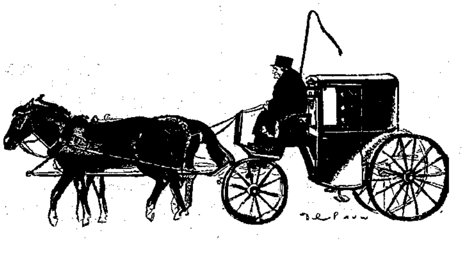
Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **museum of science and industry**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30.

Gardening—A flower show and series of lectures and demonstrations, sponsored by the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, the Garden Club of New Jersey, and the New York *Times*, will be presented at Times Hall, 240 W. 44. Thurs., March 22, from 1 to 5 P.M.; and Fri., March 23, from 1 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; for the benefit of the Red Cross. (For information about tickets, call the Garden Week Committee, LA 4-1000.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

Dress—At the **metropolitan museum**, 5 Ave. at 82: "Costumes from the Forbidden City," a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **costume institute**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Modern French paintings and drawings, including examples by Picasso, Renoir, Soutine, and Miró, from the collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.: Thurs., March 22, at 8:15 P.M. . . . English and French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art owned by Mrs. Syma Busiel and others: Fri. and Sat., March 23-24, at 2 P.M. . . . Prints and drawings by old and modern masters, including Dürer, Whistler, and Zorn, from the collections of the late Arthur F. Egner and others: Tues., March 27, at 8:15 P.M.



ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, Robert D. Murphy, and James C. Dunn, in the fifth of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., March 24, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., March 25, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 24 and 31, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Richard Burgin conducting, Sat., March 24; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 31; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., March 25, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., March 25, at 9:05 P.M. WQXR. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., March 24 and 31, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., March 24 and 31, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Carmen," Sat., March 24; "Il Trovatore," Sat., March 31; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., March 25, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Lee Oma vs. Tami Mauriello, Fri., March 23; Joe Baksi vs. Lou Nova, Fri., March 30; at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

(Complete listings of programs at Broadway and neighborhood houses can be found on page 12.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Pretty funny, as might be expected. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and John Alexander, of the stage cast, are teamed with such newcomers as Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., March 27-29.)

Dark Waters—Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell in a story which is aimed to chill your blood but doesn't do so consistently. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., March 24-27. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., March 27-29. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., March 27-31.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—An adaptation of Sally Benson's stories of her childhood that could hardly be better. Judy Garland is very grownup and decorative in the principal part, and the songs are nice, too. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., March 27. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., March 28.)

Murder, My Sweet—A version of the murder mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely" and very nice indeed as these things go. Dick Powell is the detective whom practically everybody beats up. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., March 28.)

National Velvet—Fine and touching, though quite unbelievable, picture about a little girl who wins the Grand National. With Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Taylor. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., March 22. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., March 23. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., March 27-29.)

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo—Some fine technical work has gone into this account of the famous lone raid of 1942, but also a bit too much Hollywood stuffing. Spencer Tracy as Doolittle, with Van Johnson and Robert Walker. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., March 24-27.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Thunder Rock—Honest and rather engaging English fantasy about the dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., March 27-28.)

To Have and Have Not—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. This melodrama has Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, and faint roots in the novel by Hemingway. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., March 22. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., March 23. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., March 26-28.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's play, plus a few newsreel shots of planes in flight. The technical details are still a good deal more exciting than the story. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., March 22. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., March 23. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., March 24. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., March 23-26. . . .

Bonwit Teller young eighth floor

Belittle your waistline...black and white check rayon taffeta, crisp and crackling as a best doll's dress . . the new little-waisted look defined by a wide patent leather belt. Very breath of Spring! In 10 to 16 sizes, 29.95

Fifth Ave. at 56th St., New York 22 · Also White Plains

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

Black Sambo": Sat., March 24 and 31, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative programs—"Mozartiana," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial," Thurs. Eve., March 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "Danses Concertantes," "Igrouchki," and "The Red Poppy," Fri. Eve., March 23. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Mozartiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., March 24 "Scheherazade," "Danses Concertantes," and "The Red Poppy," Sat. Eve., March 24. . . . "Mozartiana," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux," and "Prince Igor," Sun. Aft., March 25. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Danses Concertantes," "Blue Bird," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sun. Eve., March 25. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Pearl Primus—With her group. Sat., March 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

Jane Dudley and William Bales—With Freda Flier; also the New Dance Group. Sun., March 25, at 3:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, other entertainment, and perhaps complete confusion. Because the curfew hour has been pushed back to 1 A.M., a lot of establishments that had rearranged matters to suit the midnight curfew are considering or may have already made further changes in the content and schedules of their shows.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras play soothing dance music in the serene and spacious Trianon Room.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard, merry monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and merry music by Evelyn Knight, Pearl Bailey, and the Herman Chittison Trio. On Tues., March 27, the Delta Rhythm Boys will replace the Bernards; no dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Imogene Coca, Hazel Scott, and Avon Long will be here until Mon., March 26, when there will be a new show, with Jimmy Savo demonstrating once more his frenzied pantomiming. Ed Hall's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson. Phil Moore's orchestra is also around.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band provide the incidental music.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul and Grace Hartman, who maliciously reduce ballroom dancing to its simple, and simple-minded, elements. Ray Benson's orchestra for background. . . . Mark Monte's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Interesting mainly for the singing of Thelma Carpenter and Day, Dawn, and Dusk, the music of Cedric Wallace's trio, and Garland Wilson's piano; no dancing.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room displays the music of Fred Miller's orchestra and the footwork of Gomez and Beatrice. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Dorothy Shay to sing entertainingly for you, and some subdued dance music. Subdued, in fact, is the word for both places.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by lush dance music, now being dispensed by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing daily and stay on through the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, happily, is back in the Wedgwood Room with his competent pleasantries. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays mordant dance music. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): casual and unglittery; Jacques Thaler's orchestra (through Wed., March 28) for dancing. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle and a collection of tasty showgirls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **SPIVY'S,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra (through Wed., March 28) bouncing around in rather odd surroundings. . . . **COPA BAR,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): all that remains of this once mighty bus terminal, carrying on with the Milt Herth trio and a dance band. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Eddy Rogers' orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra (to be replaced by Hal McIntyre's on Fri., March 30). . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their helpmeets scorching the evening air. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it now has Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo piano; dancing. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): nice music by James P. Johnson's band and Willie the Lion Smith's trio; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano, which is all anyone needs to know; dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp in their very best mood. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): a new band headed up by Ben Webster and his saxophone. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): now inhabited by Slam Stewart and his lively quartet as well as by a band headed by Don Byas. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his band; dancing.

ART

American Abstract Artists—The ninth annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 15.

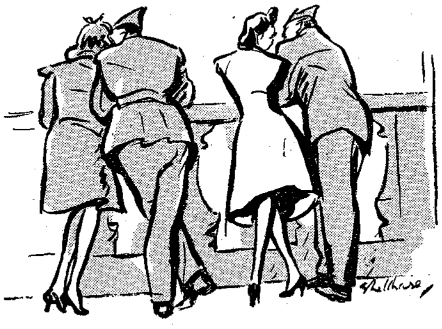
Aubrey Beardsley—Forty drawings, and books which he illustrated: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 12.

Richard Bowman—Symbolist paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 29.

Paul Cadmus—Drawings, in the artist's first show in eight years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Children—Paintings by about seventy-five artists, from the seventeenth century to the present; a benefit for the Public Education Association: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., March 28.



Enrico Donati—New paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Perle Fine—Abstract paintings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Arnold Friedman—Twenty-four new oils, going toward Cubism, by the modern Impressionist: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Arshile Gorky—Paintings by a man who mingles Expressionism with Surrealism: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Douglas Gorsline—Portraits, a few romantic landscapes, and drawings: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Adolph Gottlieb—New oils: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Groups—At the **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: oils, drawings, and prints by modern French artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 15. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Francis Speight, Maurice Sterne, and other painters. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 3.

Jean Hélion—Recent paintings by the Abstractionist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Eric Isenburger—Landscapes, interiors, and views of New York: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Charles Keller—Bright gouache landscapes: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M. (also Mon. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 10); through Sat., March 31.

Paul Klee—A retrospective show, including works from private collections: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 8.

Sigmund Kozlow—Soft and fuzzy Pennsylvania landscapes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 29.

Julian Levi—Fourteen paintings done since 1942: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Carlos Lopez—Paintings by a Cuban-American artist: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Lucio Lopez-Rey—A large show of the Spanish painter's work: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

Henry Mark—Paintings and serigraphs: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

F. Matoušek—War drawings: New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Mon., March 26.

Matta—New paintings in a nervous, high-keyed style, completely different from his old one: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by William Sidney Mount and other nineteenth-century genre painters (through April 1); also, ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Mexican—Prints by twelve modern artists: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 13.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of painting and sculpture. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 3.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 7.

Miné Okubo—Paintings and drawings documenting relocation centers for Japanese: American Common, 40 E. 40. Wed. and Fri., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., March 28.

Pablo Picasso—A private collection of his work: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 24.

George Picken—Still lifes and landscapes: Rehn, 683

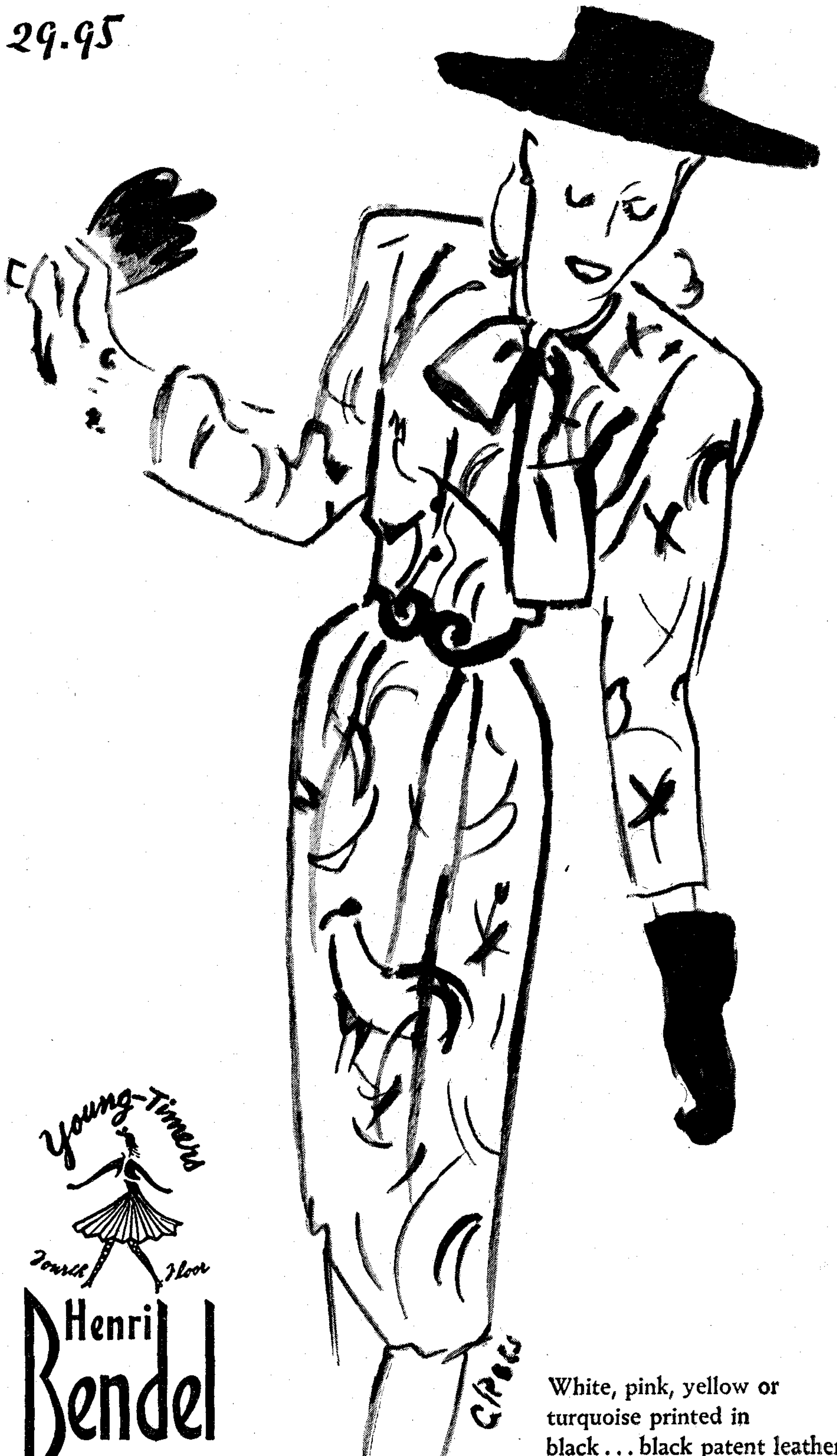
LENTHÉRIC

perfumes

© LENTHÉRIC, INC., 1945

Young-Timers enjoy the "earthy touch" in a rayon crepe strewn with roosters, breeze-blown sprays of wheat

29.95



White, pink, yellow or turquoise printed in black . . . black patent leather scroll motif at belt. Sizes 10 to 18.

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., March 25-27. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., March 27-29.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett in a murder play that would have been much better if somebody hadn't decided to get cute at the end. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 23. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., March 26. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., March 28. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., March 25-26.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., March 27.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., March 24.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., March 22. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., March 25-26.)

It Happened Tomorrow (1944)— About a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 27-29.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., March 27-28.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., March 28.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., March 26.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., March 24.)

Mr. Skeffington (1944)—Bette Davis as a giddy wife and Claude Rains as her long-suffering husband. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., March 25-26.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., March 27.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—Hitchcock film about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, and Macdonald Carey. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 22.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Tues., March 27.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. and Wed., March 27-28.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., March 26.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., March 24.)

Top Hat (1935)—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin music. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., March 25-26.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Life among banana pickers, with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Mon. through Wed., March 26-28.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Mon. through Wed., March 26-28.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., March 25-26.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., MARCH 22** (at 4 P.M. only): "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., MARCH 23-25:** "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert J. Flaherty. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., MARCH 26-29:** "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "The Last Card" (1915) with William S. Hart; and "The

FINE AMERICAN PERFUME

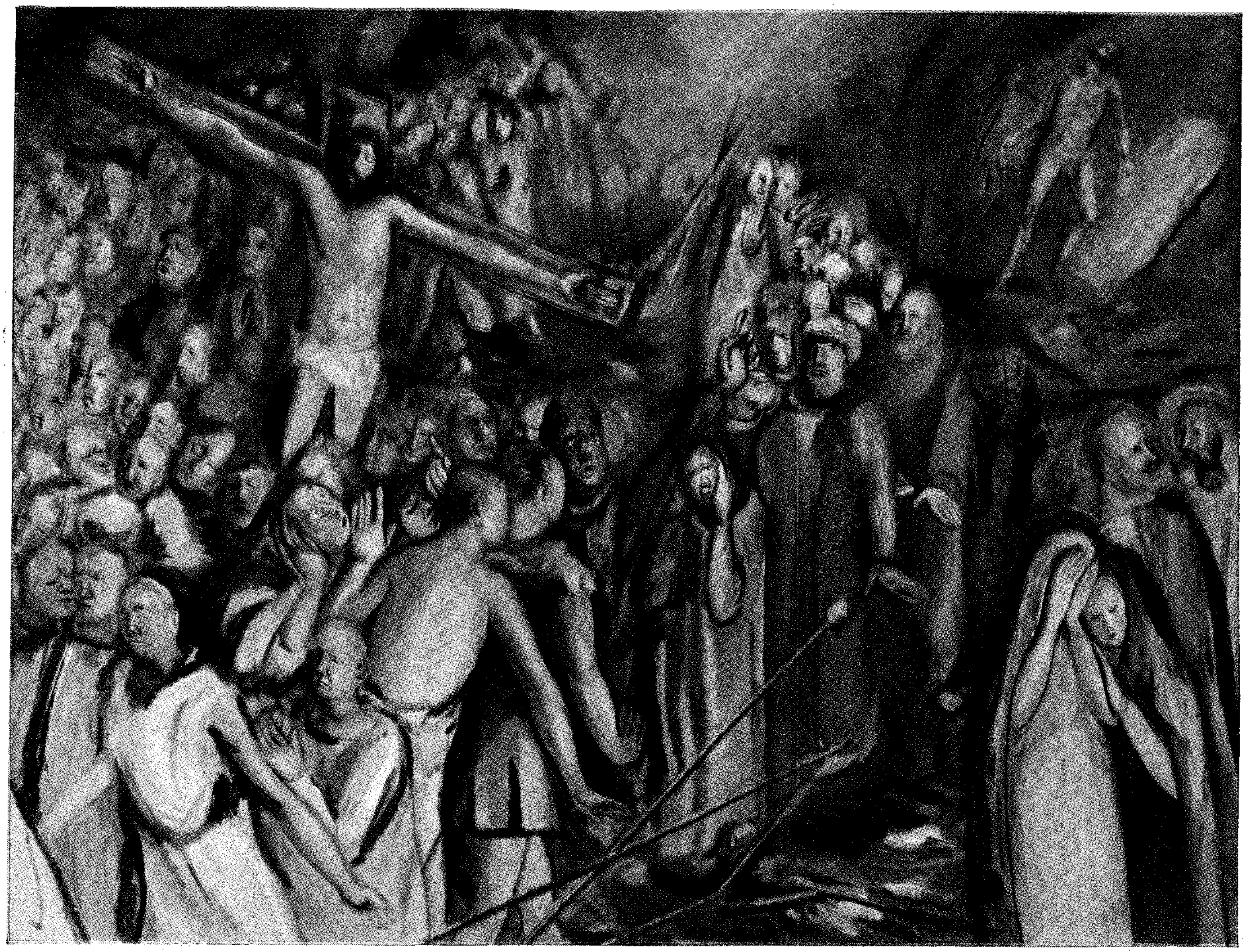
Heartbeat* *At An American Price . . . Three fifty the Ounce†*

WHEN HEARTS ARE HIGH

LEIGH

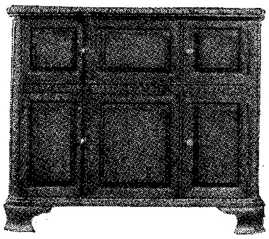
A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

†Plus Tax
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"The Passion According to St. Matthew," by Johann Sebastian Bach, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Fred Nagler. This immortal cantata has become a part of the traditional Lenten devotions. Portrayed is the scene described in these words: "Now the centurion and they that were with him, and were watching Jesus, when they saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, and said: 'Truly this was the Son of God.'" The artist has also depicted in his composition the phrase, "And the tombs gave up their dead, and there arose many bodies of the dead." Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write to Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

On a Far Hill



Now it is ended, and the ninth hour. Faces turn aside, in fear and sudden wonderment. The sky trembles. Presentiment moves among the crimson figures. Truly, this was the Son of God!

All the centuries, before and since, look down on this timeless scene. Its mystery remains forever contemporary . . . and music, returning the heart again and again to that far hill, has helped to make it so.

Be it the strong chorale, the opera, symphony or string quartet, the power of music to stir deep pools of beauty will be manifest to more people tomorrow, through the golden magic of the Capehart and the Farnsworth.

Then, all the engineering growth of many years will again be directed towards your greater pleasure. There will be phonograph-radios and radios with new precision of tone, glorious reception, record-changers of proved reliability, and, should you choose, FM . . . or, some day, television.

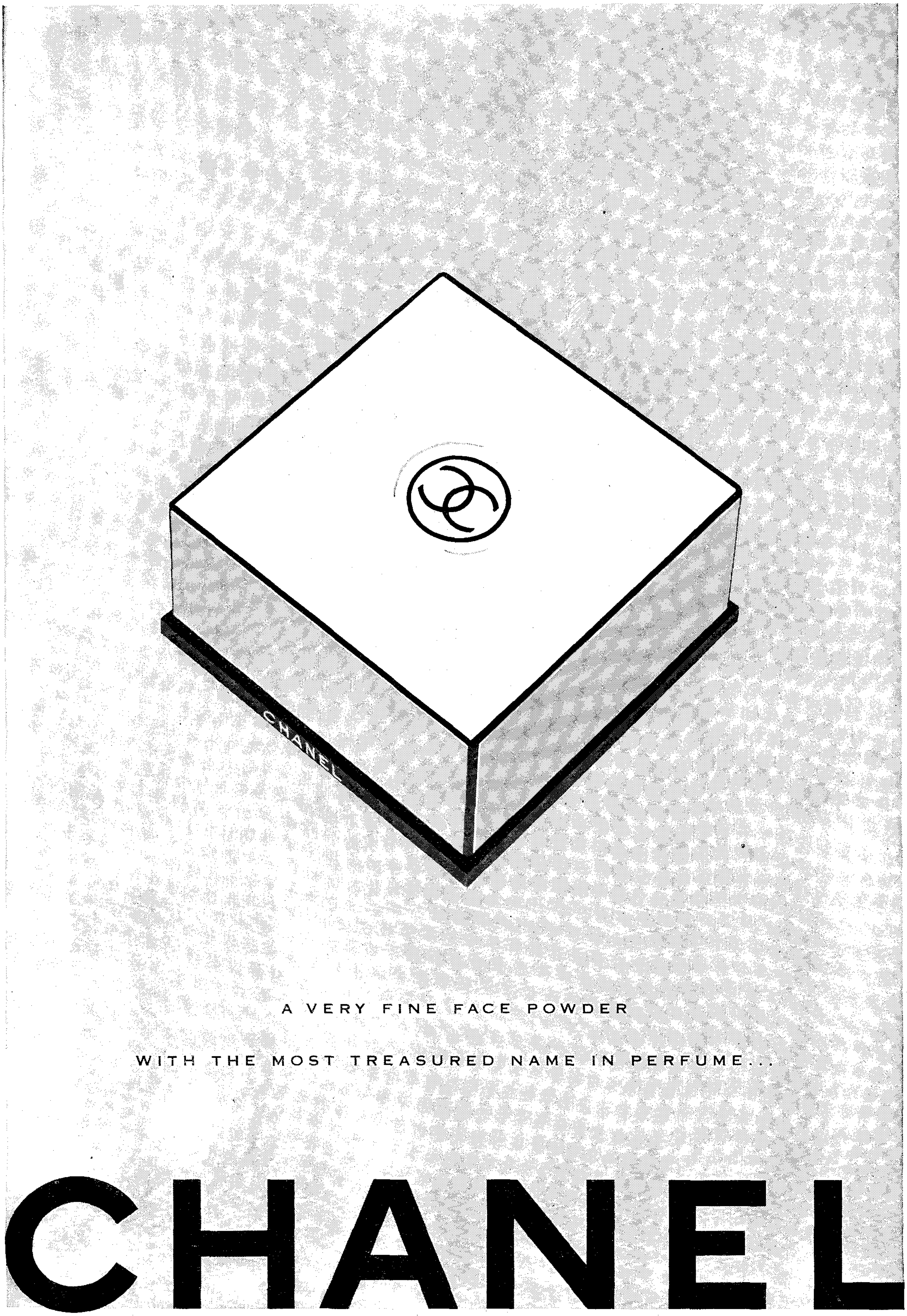
Distinctive cabinets, of many styles and sizes, will offer wide selection. Incomparable Capehart or popular Farnsworth, you will find in every price range highest possible quality and truest listening delight. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

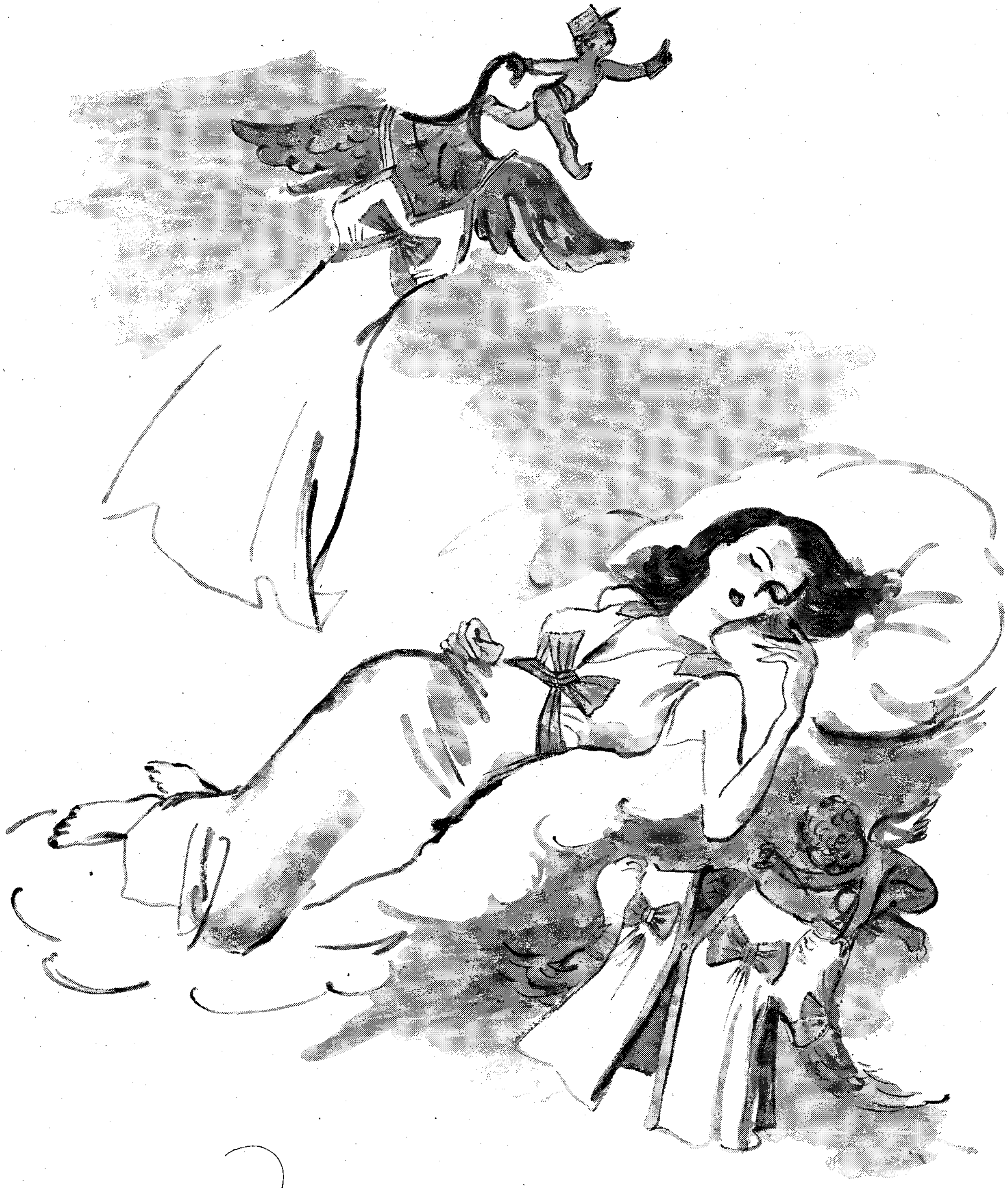
THE CAPEHART **THE FARNSWORTH**

Television · Radio · Phonographs

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON


CHANEL
A VERY FINE FACE POWDER
WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...
CHANEL

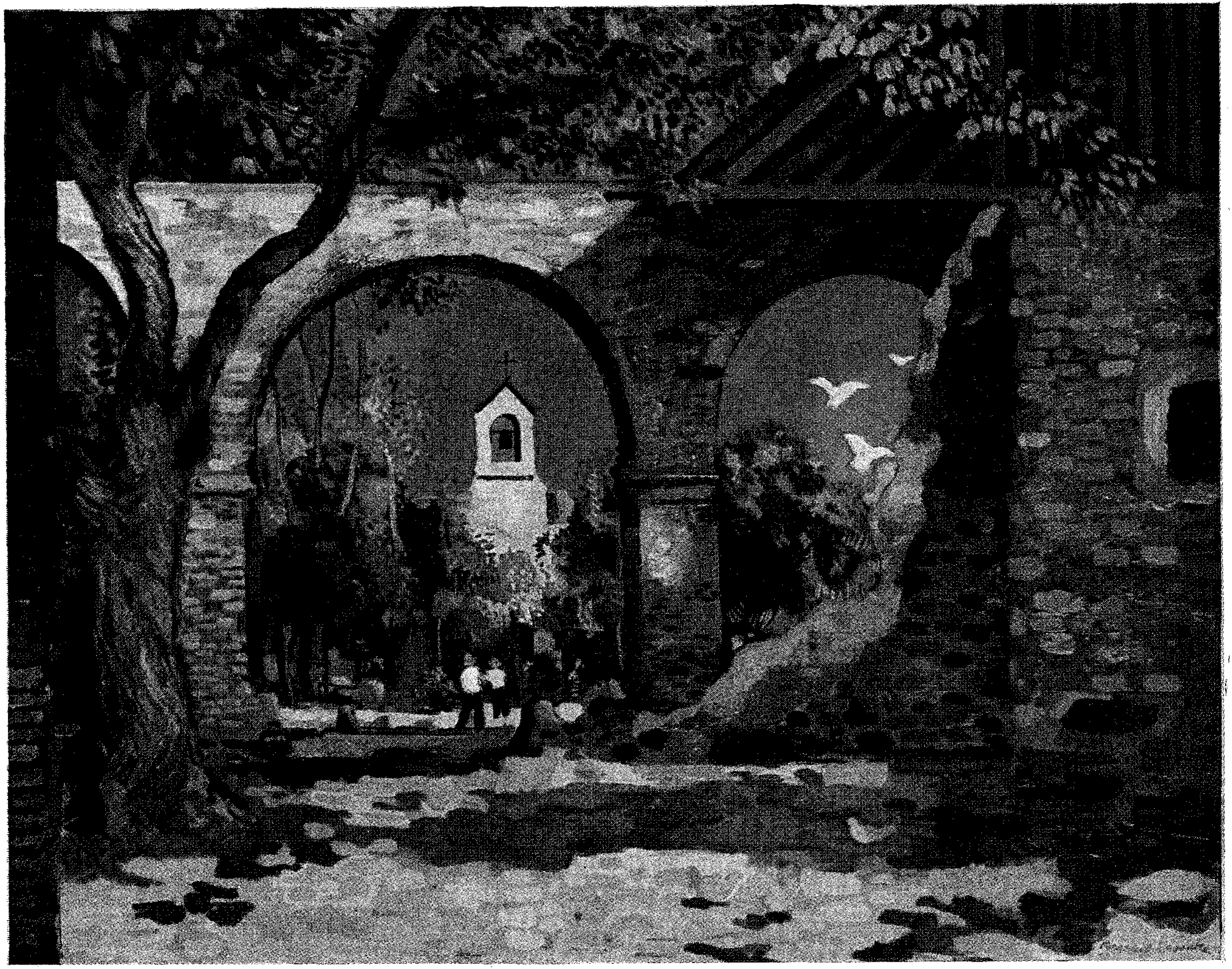


Kristina handmades*

Stitched by hand by peerless Latin needlewomen.
Exquisite lingerie series done with a pretty new bow-knot decor appliqued in shining rayon satin on creamy smooth rayon crepe. Tea-rose, white or blue.
32 to 40 sizes. Slip (tea-rose or white only) 8.95 Nightgown, 12.95 Bedjacket, 9.95

BONWIT TELLER, New York • G. FOX, Hartford • L. BAMBERGER CO., Newark • HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO., Baltimore

☆Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



San Juan Capistrano, California mission known for its inspiring peace and beauty, and for the legend of the swallows who have for over a century and a half sought sanctuary in its shadows on the selfsame day each year. Painted as it is today, by Bernard Lamotte for the De Beers collection.

Whate'er of peace **To two hearts united past all vicissitudes at last before the altar of their faith, there comes a sense of wondrous peace. These two-made-one will ever from that memory draw new strength and new courage. So too, in the new world they'll help to build through all their lives together, the engagement diamond, a radiant reminder of their sacred trust, will be a cherished inspiration.**

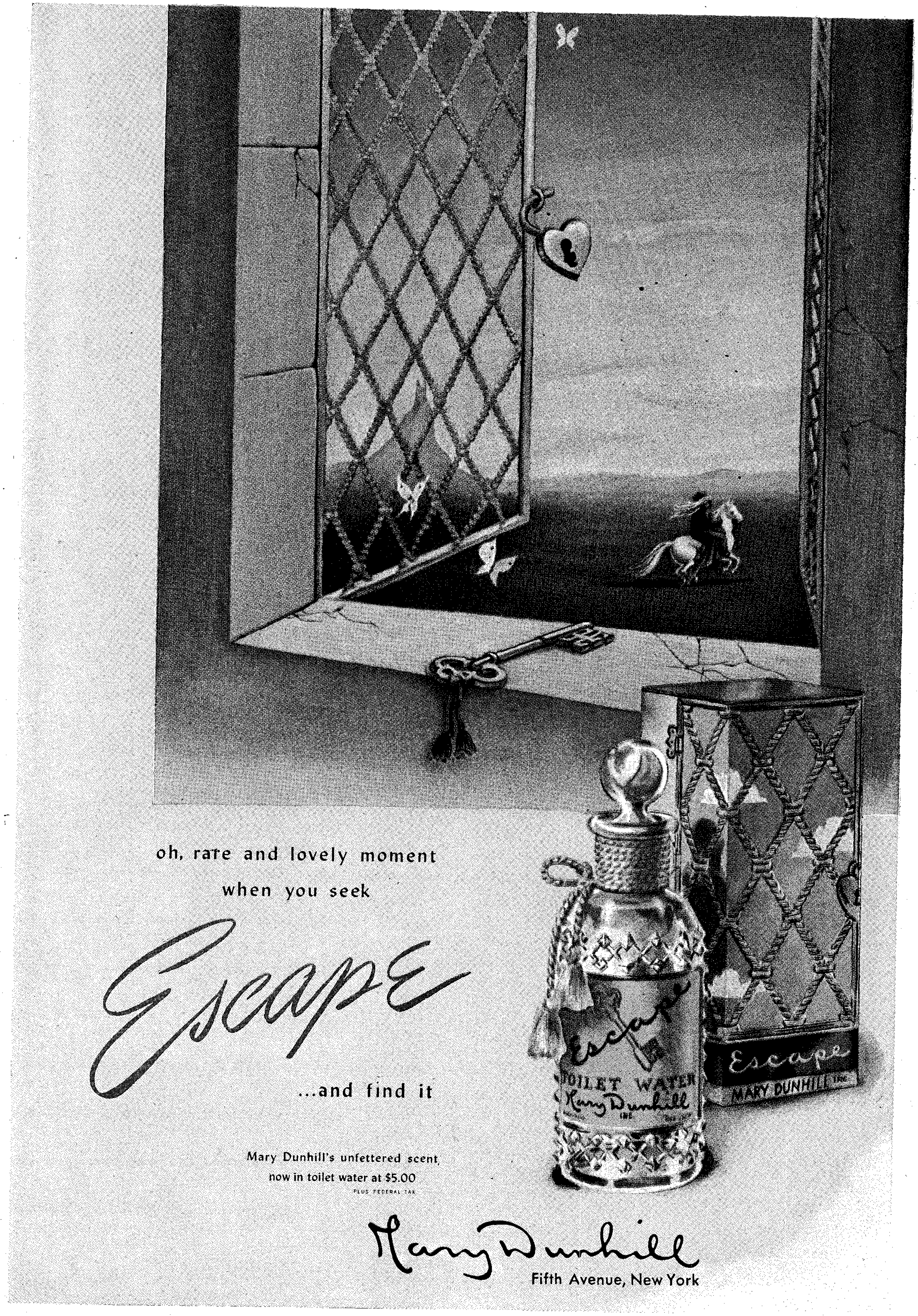
ONE-QUARTER CARAT	$85 to $150
ONE-HALF CARAT	$190 to $375
ONE CARAT	$540 to $835
TWO CARATS	$1375 to $2300

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds — a key priority for high-speed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED, AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

N. W. AYER & SON


Escape
TOILET WATER
Mary Dunhill
INC
Escape
MARY DUNHILL INC

oh, rare and lovely moment
when you seek

Escape

...and find it

Mary Dunhill's unfettered scent,
now in toilet water at $5.00
PLUS FEDERAL TAX

Mary Dunhill
Fifth Avenue, New York

Beauty

and

Protection

now go hand in hand

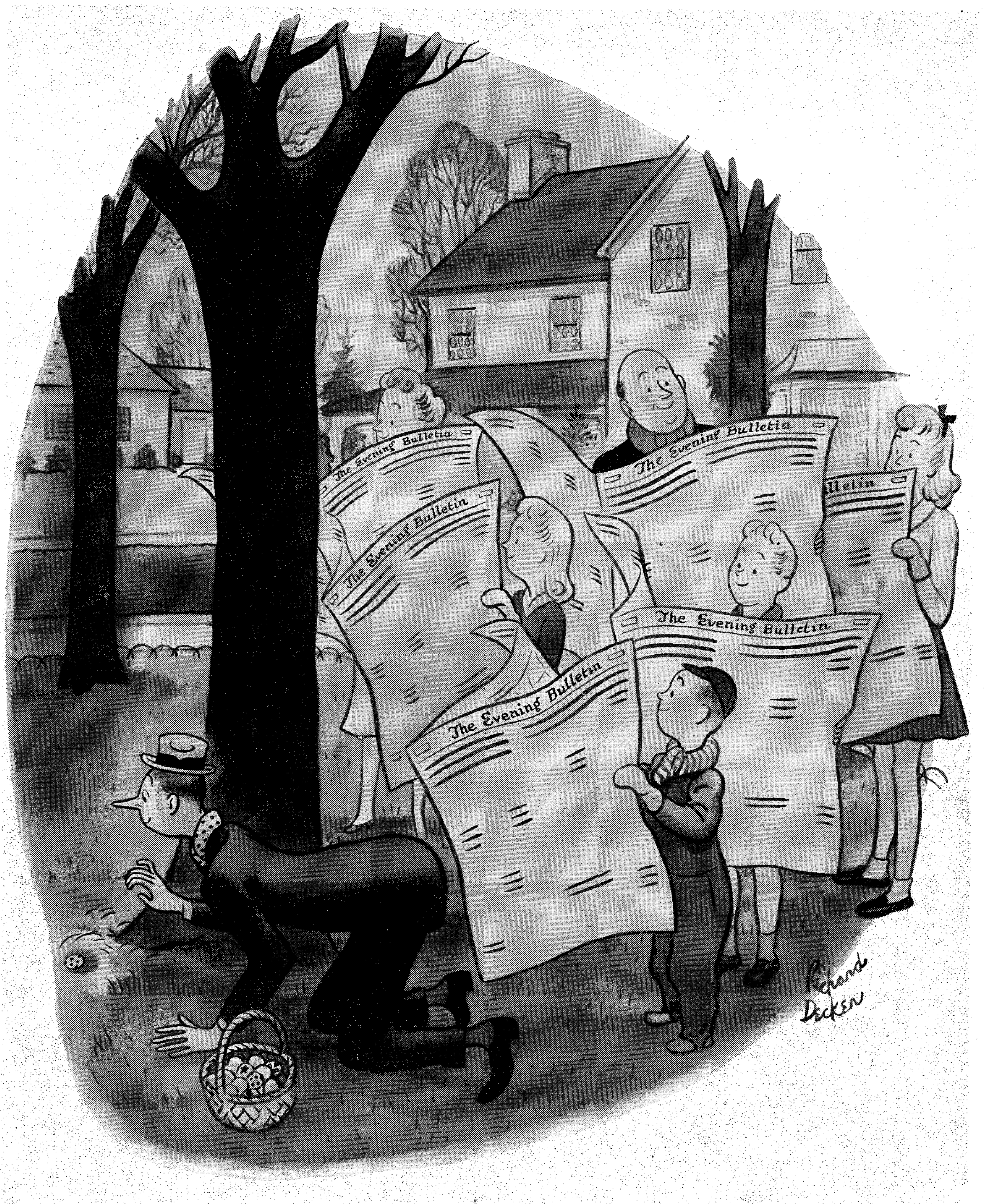
Rolex watches are purchased by fastidious men and women throughout the world for their beauty of design, exquisite workmanship and precision time keeping . . . Of equal importance to the discriminating purchaser, is the fact that in the famed Oyster Group it is our exclusive privilege to offer, the nearest possible attainment to perfection in waterproofing . . . The simple stem-locking device, a patented Rolex feature, is so designed that properly set, it assures complete protection of the precision mechanism within . . . Today, Rolex watches are assigned by priority to the armed forces; however see your local Rolex dealer; he may have one in stock. Priced from $87.50 to $500.

The patented Stem Locking Device . . . . an exclusive waterproofing feature of ROLEX OYSTER.

ROLEX

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS


The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

We wouldn't put the eager Easter Egger in this picture at all, except to admit that there *are* here and there people in Philadelphia who *don't* read The Bulletin — which is just a roundabout way of saying that nearly *4 out of every 5* Philadelphians *do* read it daily. This gives The Bulletin the largest evening circulation in America. Over 600,000!

(*Advertisement*)

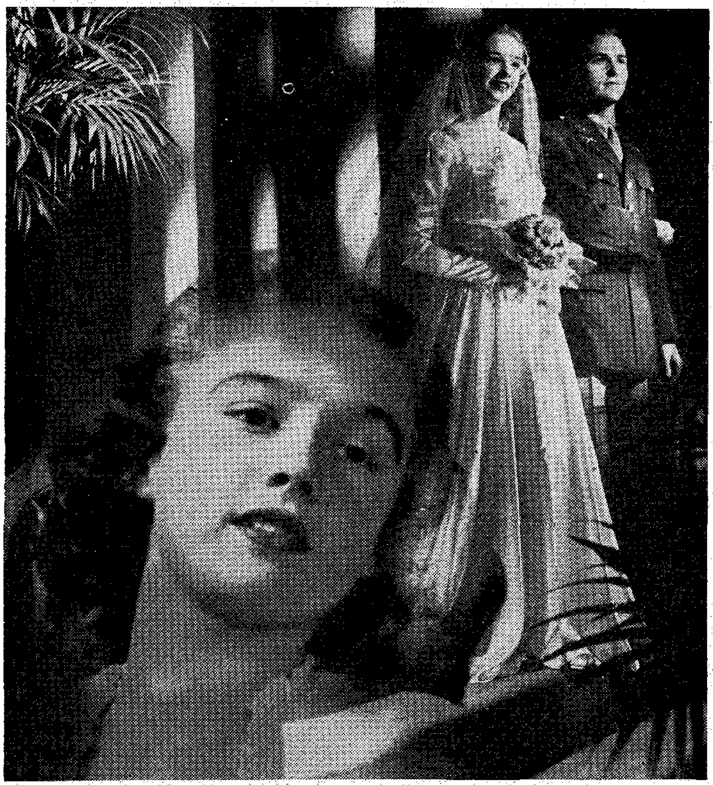
a new, enchanting make-up...

ANTOINE'S *Gay Gossip*

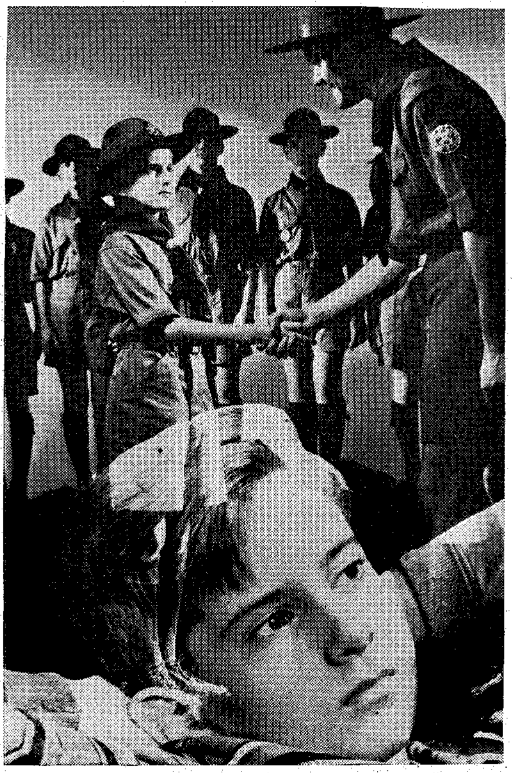
Whispers such lovely things about you. A new true pink for the season's sentimental, chalky pastels. Who but Antoine, the premier beauty stylist, would dream up such a luscious lipstick . . . deep, deep pink? The powder and foundation, pinky beige . . . and turquoise eye shadow to complement the bonbon hues. Gay Gossip? Yes, flattering beyond words. At fine department stores.

Antoine, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

note the GAY GOSSIP coiffure by ANTOINE



SHE SAID "I DO"... HE BECAME THE LEADER OF THE RATTLESNAKE PATROL



Music...and the two dreaming, and living their dreams. She at the church *with fluttery knees and heart,* and a vision of a man who must come true. The boy, seeing *himself for the moment not as tenderfoot* but as envied leader of the best patrol in town.

If you are moved by music...you know well how it awakens your memories, kindles dreams and ambitions. And you know, too, how much more you get out of your kind of music—be it symphony or swing—when you hear it at its best.

With Stromberg-Carlson FM you will hear music and all radio programs virtually without static and interference! Some radios may fall short of the full glorious range of tone possible through FM...so be sure you listen to Stromberg-Carlson FM before you buy your post-war radio or phonograph combination.

MORE THAN 300 RADIO STATIONS APPLY FOR FM: Within 18 months broadcasting facilities will be rushed to completion to serve 100,000,000 Americans through the miracle of FM. Yes . . . and Stromberg-Carlson plans FM receivers over a wide range of prices with models for every taste.

For the main radio in your home . . . there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1945, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Quick Change
LIQUID CAKE MAKE-UP
LUCIEN LELONG

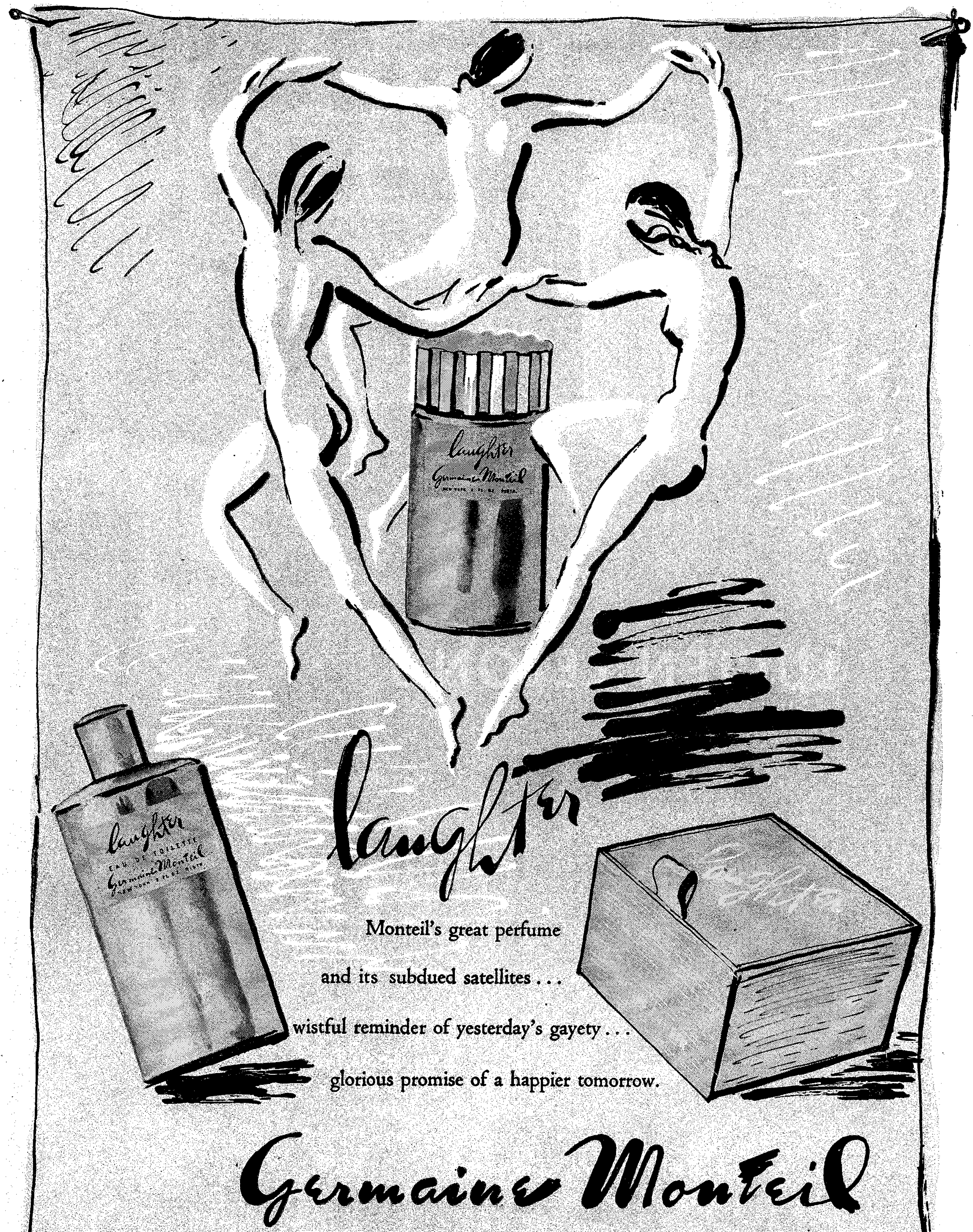
Nearest thing
we know to a
naturally perfect skin!
Whisks on in
seconds . . . lasts
day-long without
retouching.
$2 plus tax.

QUICK CHANGE LIQUID MAKEUP

LUCIEN LELONG

High sheen of color
for your lips in a
creamy-moist lipstick
that's frankly daring
. . . and delightful.
Twelve heavenly shades
to choose from!
$1 plus tax.

LUCIEN LELONG METAL LIPSTICKS


laughter
Germaine Monteil
laughter
Eau de Toilette
Germaine Monteil

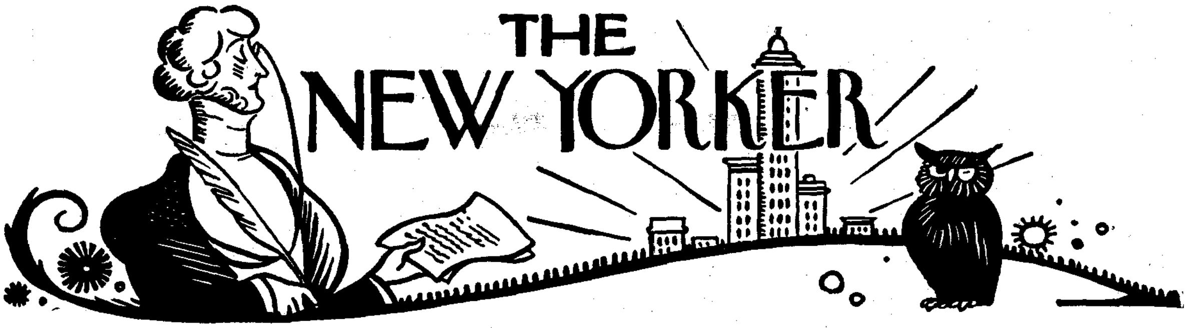
Monteil's great perfume

and its subdued satellites . . .

wistful reminder of yesterday's gayety . . .

glorious promise of a happier tomorrow.

Germaine Monteil

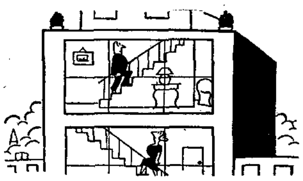


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

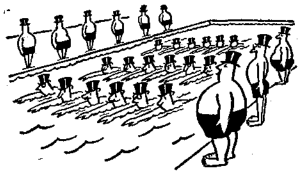
Notes and Comment

SEMANTICS NOTE: The officer in charge of intelligence for the United States Army and the officer in charge of counter-intelligence for the United States Army turn out to be the same officer.

ALL sorts of arguments have been trotted out by the residents of Greenwich Village who oppose the erection of a skyscraper apartment building on Washington Square. They say it would be against the public interest because it would cut off light. They say it would bring more people to the district than the schools and buses could take care of. They say it would ruin the looks of one of the city's distinguished blocks. And one resident added, "And above six stories, people don't have roots." This last was the argument that won us over to the anti-skyscraper faction. Above six stories, people don't have roots. We had never thought of it in quite those terms before, but now, whenever we go around town, our eye roves to the upper chambers of the high apartment buildings, the camp sites of the cloud-wreathed people who wander restlessly from duplex to triplex, nomads of the upper decks, reproducing their kind fitfully, hardly recognizing their own children, never staying long in one place, never feeding sugar to horses or leaning their elbows on the window sill or shouting down to flower-cart drivers—a remote, detached bunch, connected with earth only through an elevator shaft. We think Mr. Siegel, the skyscraper builder, is licked on this score alone. Nobody should put a lot of money into a home for the rootless.



IF things shape up normally in San Francisco, the delegates won't have much time for incidental stuff like world government; there will be too much other stuff going on. The Save-the-Redwoods League and the Garden Club of America will probably be among the first to move in, with blueprints for an international grove of *Sequoia sempervirens,* each tree to have one seat in the grove and the five biggest to have veto power. Billy Rose hasn't announced his plans for April yet, but they undoubtedly include a Tank of All Nations and precision swimming by the Aquadelegates. Some London women met the other night and drafted a charter of women's rights for submission at the peace table. Then, of course, there is the W.C.T.U., the bubble-dancing group, and the anti-vivisection group. One showman has an idea for seating the peace delegates on a glass-enclosed rotolactor, symbolic of global unity and American transparency. We rather think we'll be in San Francisco ourself, living in a little tent next door to the head man of Saudi Arabia and his trained sheep.



THE day Representative Alvin E. O'Konski of Wisconsin stood up in the House of Representatives and proposed that President Roosevelt withdraw our troops from all European fronts until the United Nations agreed on war aims, we got a terrifying idea. Suppose a lunatic were to be elected to Congress? Not just an eccentric statesman like Representative O'Konski, but an out-and-out madman. Suppose a candidate took it into his head to run on the platform that he could play "Goodbye, Old Paint" on the sweet potato better than his opponent or that if elected he would give every woman in his district a home-baked lemon-meringue pie—could we be sure he wouldn't win? And afterward, suppose he got up in the House or the Senate and proposed that we declare war on all our allies, or that we give a ton of peanut butter to every man and woman over fifty-five in America, or that we replace General Eisenhower with Westbrook Pegler, or that we move all the red-haired people in America to an island off the coast of Greenland—would he expose himself as insane, or even seem markedly different from the other senators and representatives? Would he be locked up? It seems by no means certain.

THE tired arm of the O.P.A. is going to have an increasingly hard time enforcing the price ceilings, according to the *New Republic,* which predicts an intensified bombardment by special interests. We feel that the O.P.A. might command more respect if American speech were more like the tongue of our German enemy, whose knack for assembling composite words gives the humblest of designations the ring of authority: *Treuhänder der Arbeit,* or *Reichsarbeitsdienst,* or *Nationalsozialistisches Wirtschaftsamt,* a platoon of syllables beside which names like O.P.A., W.L.B., and F.B.I. are, phonetically, pretty feeble. If the O.P.A. were backed up by a name that made half as much racket as *Preisüberwachungsstelle,* which is what the Germans call theirs, the mere mention of it would scare hell out of a troublesome butcher. The F.B.I. is respected, but where is the spy whose respect would not be greater if he thought the *Sicherheitsdienst* was on his tail? Of course, there's more to it than the mere regimentation of syllables—

you have to have the language for it to begin with, and we haven't. In Germany a man with an inferiority complex calls his affliction a *Minderwertigkeitsgefühe*, which in itself should fortify him. It is no wonder Germany overestimated her greatness; think of the anapaestic drive of *Kriminalpolizei* and the trochaic rumble of *Kulturelles Wiederaufbauamt* (Bureau of Cultural Reconstruction), words in which only the tone-deaf could have failed to hear the sound of marching feet.

Hands Across the Blotter

WEARING a plaid fore-and-aft cap and puffing on a fat meerschaum to get into the spirit of the thing, we headed north to West 115th Street last week to discuss crime and its detection with a group of Chungking criminologists who are over here to make a thorough study of how our cops do things. Out of a band of seven of these Chinese, four are currently in New York, living together in a small apartment. We managed to see only three of the visitors, since one of them was out taking fingerprints off a window on Amsterdam Avenue. When we arrived, we found Liu Deh-yao, who is chief of police of Kwang Ku County, north of Chungking, and Shiao Cha-pi, inspector of a district near the capital, poring over "Elements of Police Science," by Rollin M. Perkins, professor of law at the University of Iowa. They were grappling, to be specific, with a section headed "Uttering a Forged Instrument" and seemed glad to abandon the subject to tell us about Chinese police methods. Since 1936, Liu Deh-yao said, the Chinese government has operated what it calls the Central Police Academy (run more or less on the lines of our F.B.I. school), which all the ranking police officers of China must attend. Liu, who looked to us as though he still had his adolescence ahead of him, turned out to be twenty-seven; Shiao, the oldest of the lot, is thirty-four. To show us how he looks on his official strolls around Kwang Ku, Liu put on a trim black broadcloth uniform. "Now I represent law," he said. "Bad men are hiding from me." The uniform made him look very much like a cadet from Culver, but for all that Liu is a highly experienced policeman, who graduated from the Central Academy in 1939.

We asked Liu, whose English was tidier than Shiao's, how Chinese police procedure compared with ours. "Much the same," he said "Maybe Chinese are more busy because fire department also belongs to police. Many years ago police were not nice to bad men, even chopped heads off, but now all is scientific. Big crime is picking pockets; Chinese have small hands." Liu was happy to report that the Chinese police have no Dillingers or Baby Face Floyds to contend with. From all we have heard, when a bad man gets as formidable as Dillinger in China, he becomes a political boss. We asked how Liu and Shiao had happened to join the cops. "In China," Liu said, "policeman is very important. Now it is necessary to put everything in order and imbue people with new ideals. Good policemen do this, and any Chinese student has ambition for police work."

At that moment, a small, round-faced youth bounced into the room. As soon as he was introduced to us, he handed us a card that said, "Zee Sheng-shee, Instructor, Central Police Academy, Chungking, China," and launched into a tumultuous monologue. "My father," he announced, "was a civil engineer. I have two brothers. One is interpreter for the U.S. Air Force in China, the other is at high school. I am a hundred and eighty-nine years old." "Twenty-nine," corrected Liu. "Yes," continued Zee, unabashed. "Once I broke a case of forgery at school. Criminal signed forged name to check. I studied. Police took him away. Another time at school, police gave me a bullet. I studied. Discovered it was shot from suspect's pistol. Many things of your police are like ours. But in China all cases of less than one hundred dollars Chinese are handled by police without court. That is faster than U.S. system. I have graduated from F.B.I. school." Breaking in on Zee, we inquired about the life the visitors are leading here. "Every day we go to study police methods at eight," said Zee. "We come home at five or six. We are tired. We don't know any Chinese girls. So we listen to the radio and study and play Chinese checkers." Except for an occasional jaunt to Mott Street for some *moo goo gai pan*, this bleak routine has been adhered to since the men arrived here in May of last year. We inquired about the three other Chinese policemen who are over here, and Zee told us that two of them are at Washington State College and the other is studying in the Traffic Institute at Northwestern University. "All will be later the scourge of bad men," said Zee proudly. "The Generalissimo is honorary head of our Academy. For him we study."

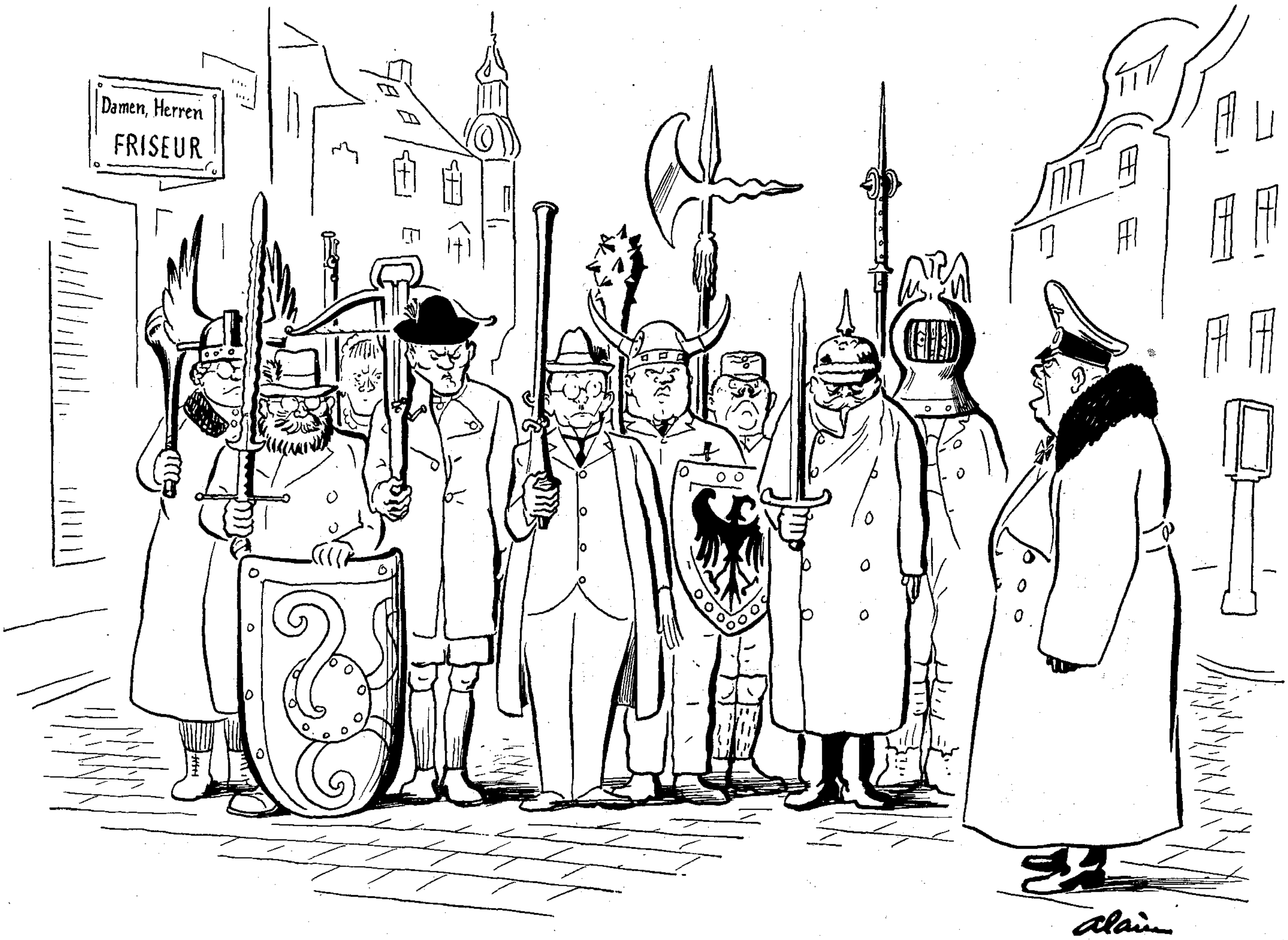
Trying Hard

WE'RE sorry to say we know a wishy-washy character who actually allowed his subscription to *Life* to lapse. Nothing happened, however; no lapse. The magazine kept coming. Not only that, but he has just received a letter from the management apologizing for the fact that some issues have been mailed late. The manpower shortage, *Life* explained.

Low Ceiling

WE ventured into the upper reaches of the Barbizon Hotel for Women the other afternoon to attend the March meeting of the New York City branch of the National League of American Pen Women, at which, we had been glibly assured by an item in Charles Ventura's society column in the *World-Telegram*, Mme. Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller, the author, speaker, poet, singer, and linguist, was scheduled to demonstrate her ability to sing two notes higher than Lily Pons, who can touch G above high C. It turned out that Mr. Ventura had given us a bum steer. Mme. Bates-Batcheller, a fine figure of a woman in a sombre print dress and a large flowered hat, was on hand all right and she favored the gathering with several songs, but the highest note she struck was a simple high C. This disappointed us more than it did the Pen Women, who apparently had not happened to read Mr. Ventura's announcement. Nevertheless, because Mme. Bates-Batcheller is remarkable for more than her voice, we did not come away empty-handed.

Along with approximately the full membership of the local Pen Women's branch, we closed in on Mme. Bates-Batcheller for an informal question session. What with one thing and another, not all of our questions reached her and not all of her replies got through to us, but we made out well enough. The first



"Now are there any questions?"

• •

thing we learned was that Mme. Bates-Batcheller *has* an unusual set of vocal cords. "I am the only one who ever had a photograph taken of my vocal cords," she was saying as we got within earshot. "That was in Paris, where I made my home for thirty years, until 1941. My doctor said he had never seen such perfect cords. There is something about them that makes them phenomenal. He said I had the technique to hold them still, so he took pictures of them. I sustained a note for fifteen seconds while he made the pictures."

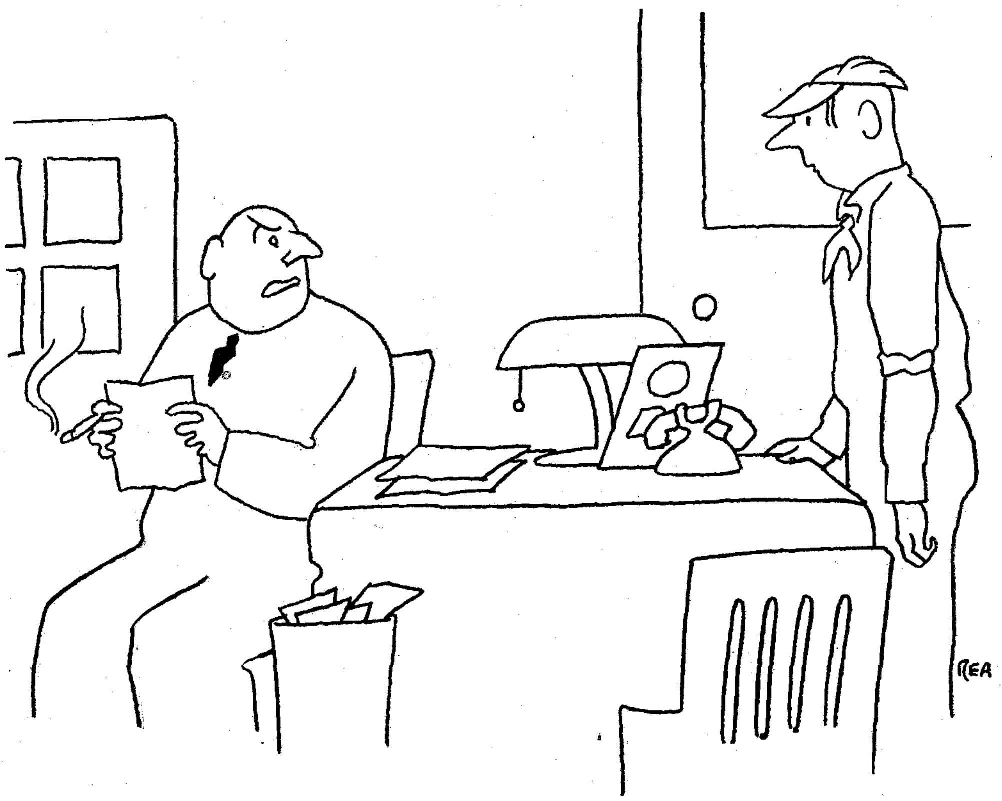
Mme. Bates-Batcheller is a member of an old Boston family and is descended from Henry I of France and Edward I of England. This background qualifies her for membership in many select organizations, among them the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the Society of Cincinnati, the National Society of Americans of Royal Descent, the Colonial Dames of America, the Daughters of the Colonial Wars, the Daughters of the Founders and Patriots, the Colonial Daughters of the Century, the Daughters of 1812, the Daughters of the Barons of Runnemede, and the Magna Carta Dames. Also, she is a Pen Woman. Her talents have brought her many honors. At the time of our meeting, she was wearing seven of her more important decorations, which she identified for everyone as the Order of Mercy (England), Order of Alfonso XII (Spain), Order of Elizabeth (Belgium), Order of Jade (China)—oh, you know. "I have sung before all the courts of Europe," she said, in reply to a question. "Singing never tires me."

She wrote her first book, a privately circulated collection of fairy tales, when she was thirteen. Her musical career began with a violin concert a year later. "I eventually gave up the violin," she explained. "One cannot do everything." Her most recent book is "France in Sunshine and Shadow," which she described to us as "my own hair-breathing experiences and marvellous getaway." She is now occupied with a historical novel. "I think I will call it 'Courage and Romance in Old New England,'" she said, "because that is exactly what it is."

When the crowd began to thin out a bit, we asked Mme. Bates-Batcheller why she had let Mr. Ventura down. "This ceiling is not high enough for my high note," she replied succinctly. "There is not enough air for the vibrations. Here it would not sound pretty. I gauge my voice for the pleasure of the listener. Mozart's sister-in-law had a very high voice, like mine." As we slipped away with our answer, Mme. Bates-Batcheller swung into a new topic. "On my lecture tour of 1938," we heard her say, "I was the first person to announce the value of Stalin."

Dialect

THERE'S a Newton Pharmacy which maintains a tiny white delivery car, on both sides of which its name is lettered. On the near side, "Pharmacy" is correctly spelled, but on the off side it's missing a letter, so it reads "Phamacy." The driver has a ready answer for people who rib him



"Of course, it isn't just *the Little Steel Formula, Hutchins. We ourselves hate to give wage increases."*

• •

about this. "It's just the New England in us," he tells them.

Harvey, Inc.

THE invisible rabbit now has a business agent and before long will manifest himself, not in the flesh but in soap, costume jewelry, fabric designs, woolly toys, and the like. George Kamen, his business agent, happens to be a nephew of Mickey Mouse's business agent, Kay Kamen, and he predicts for his invisible client a career as lustrous as Mickey's. The licensees are equally enthusiastic. "Harvey will be the most talked-of stuffed doll in the country!" the owner of the Harvey-stuffed-doll rights exclaimed to us last week. "He will be greater than the Shirley Temple doll, which attracted only girls. Harvey will attract girls, boys, and people." Selling the right to reproduce, in various media, the likeness of an invisible rabbit involves one obvious difficulty. Kamen has circumvented it by commissioning an artist to draw Harvey. The Harvey depicted is a pot-bellied, juicily grinning bunny wearing a collar with blue polka dots, a red bow tie, and a battered silk hat with holes cut for the ears. One jewelry man, planning a Harvey brooch, said he thought Kamen's Harvey looked like a rather seedy mouse, but what Kamen says goes.

The Harvey hairdo will be upon us shortly. Alice Hughes, who writes a syndicated column addressed to women, thought this up, and the Harvey hairdo rights were bought by Town & Country Hairdressers. Some ladies (though not Miss Hughes) will appear at Easter in a Harvey hairdo—the back hair all pulled forward in two high rabbit's-ear-shaped whorls, and the inside of the whorls dusted with iridescent lacquer. "It gives girls a conversational icebreaker," Miss Hughes told us. "A girl walks into a room and someone says, 'My God, you look like a rabbit!'" Macy's already has on sale a pin-and-earrings Harvey set, made of gold-plated silver, with rhinestones. Harvey is simply outlined in stones, without collar, tie, or hat. One of the salesgirls told a lady we know that some customers have bought the set without realizing that it represented Harvey. "Some didn't even realize it was a rabbit," she added. Lightfoot Schultz, a firm of soap manufacturers, is bringing out a Harvey-shaped cake of soap which will, it says, "smell like a breath of spring, a real bunny smell." There are to be various Harvey print fabrics for women's and children's clothes. Mary Chase, who wrote "Harvey," has been approached to do a children's book in which Harvey will not be, as he is in the play, the figment of an alcoholic imagination.

The consent for the use of Harvey in connection with any merchandise must be given by Brock Pemberton, an invisible theatrical producer six feet one and a half inches tall and the man who put on "Harvey." But Mr. Pemberton is not money-mad; he has his standards. Magicians have asked permission to incorporate Harvey into their act—no dice. The rabbit's-foot people got the cold shoulder, too. Likewise Milton Berle, who wanted to interview Harvey over the radio. Mr. Pemberton, furthermore, has dealt with several more or less innocent infringements. For instance, one of the department stores, in an advertisement, made an unsanctioned reference to Harvey in speaking of a print dress showing rabbits; the shop took its scolding like a little man and apologized in a subsequent advertisement. A restaurant with a toy department had to be warned by Mr. P. not to refer to any of its rabbits as Harvey. And if you go into a certain couturière's and ask to see the Harvey Hat, the salesgirl will tell you they're not supposed to call it that any more.

Good Faith

A FEMININE member of the nursery-school set, accused of having kicked her little brother, entered a vigorous defense. "I did not kick him," she said. "I swear it on my honor as a waiting-list Brownie."

Electric Chair

THERE are practically no limits to how far we will go in pursuit of that old bawd Progress. Only last week, for example, we went up to Chappaqua and had a talk with an inventive dentist we had heard about named Richard Wilson Page, who, we are convinced, is to the future of his profession what Henry Ford was to the horseless carriage. In any movie version of Dr. Page's life (we're only thinking out loud; we haven't readied a treatment yet), Mickey Rooney ought to play the part of Dr. Page, who has blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and looks about fourteen. Actually, he is thirty-three, is married, has three children, and has been practicing in Chappaqua for twelve years. He has his office in his home, a simple white Victorian structure which he has been repairing steadily and with increasing desperation ever since he bought it. "I came up here," Dr. Page told us, "liked the location, and offered the owner of the house sixty-five hundred dollars for it. After I'd moved in, I learned that the owner had been holding out doggedly for a flat five thousand."

Dr. Page led us from his waiting room, where he had been repairing a loose window sash, to his office, which seemed to be furnished with the usual ghoulish equipment. He seated himself on a small, unsteady stool. "I became a dentist," he said, "because I like working with my hands. Once I made an electric motor that was only a quarter of an inch in diameter—smallest electric motor in the world at that time, I was told. I figured I'd enjoy making plates and crowns and that filling cavities and extracting teeth wouldn't be too much of a bore. I went to N.Y.U. Dental College and taught there after I'd graduated and started practice. I came out here because I didn't want to kill myself trying to be a big-shot dentist in New York.

"I set up shop with about three thousand dollars' worth of standard dental equipment—this stuff here. The trouble is, it doesn't work right. If, for example, you change the position of a patient's head to work on a particular tooth, you have to change everything else—the instrument tray, the drill, the lights, your own position. Furthermore, you can't work sitting down, which is naturally the least tiring way to work. These stools they sell us are a lot worse than having to stand up." Dr. Page pointed to a door that led into another room. "Take a look in there. That's what I invented to make things easy for myself."

We poked our head through the doorway and saw, filling a room from wall to wall, a combination altar, throne, and Link aviation trainer, surmounted by enough apparatus to bring Boris Karloff to life. We expected momentarily to hear the crackling of dynamos and the crunching of heavy feet. Instead, Dr. Page said mildly, "I built it myself down in the cellar. Made it out of plywood, linoleum, gears, chains, oak, stainless steel, rope, and rubber. Sit down and try it." We climbed several steps and sat down on the throne. Dr. Page got into a seat suspended from the ceiling by several lengths of jointed pipe and snapped on a light. "This is my orientation light," he said. "It makes a cross mark on your mouth." We swallowed uneasily. "With the three electric motors under this platform," he went on, "I can raise or lower any part of your chair or my seat, so your mouth is always in the right position." At that moment, Dr. Page pressed a lever and our feet began to rise above the level of our head. "Most chairs pivot from a point below the seat," he said. "With this apparatus, everything pivots in relation to the patient's mouth, including me, and I never have to change my lights, my tray, or the position of my drill, and I can work sitting down." Dr. Page pressed another lever and returned to a normal sitting position. Then he rode up and down a few times on his seat to show us how flexible the whole arrangement is. We asked what his patients thought of it.

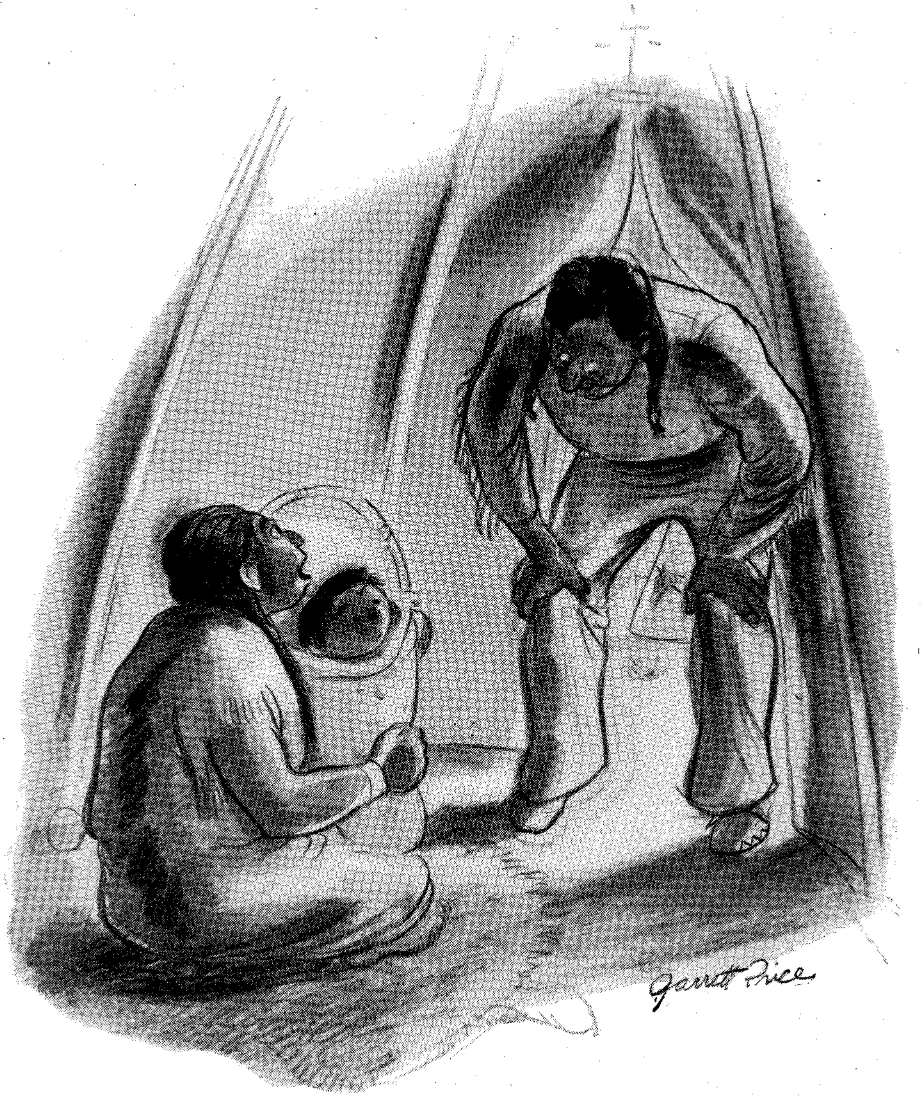
"They like it," he said. "That is, I *think* they like it. With the first man I tried it on, the mechanism jammed, and he had to climb down over the side, but since then everything's gone fine. What my patients like best, though, is my latest invention—a set of water and air hoses attached to the end of my drill. I keep the drill cool by squirting water into the cavity as I work. The cool drill cuts down pain and makes the drilling four or five times as fast. I use the air to blow the water out of the way of the drill, so I can see what I'm doing. I've also got a light that attaches right to the drill. Another invention I'm working on is a sort of magic lantern with which a patient can read while being treated. The contents of a magazine or newspaper will be flashed onto the ceiling. The patient can turn the pages as he goes along. Haven't got that perfected yet, because I'm afraid of thinking too hard. When I start thinking too hard about my inventions, I can't keep food on my stomach. Then *I* have to see a doctor."

Encore

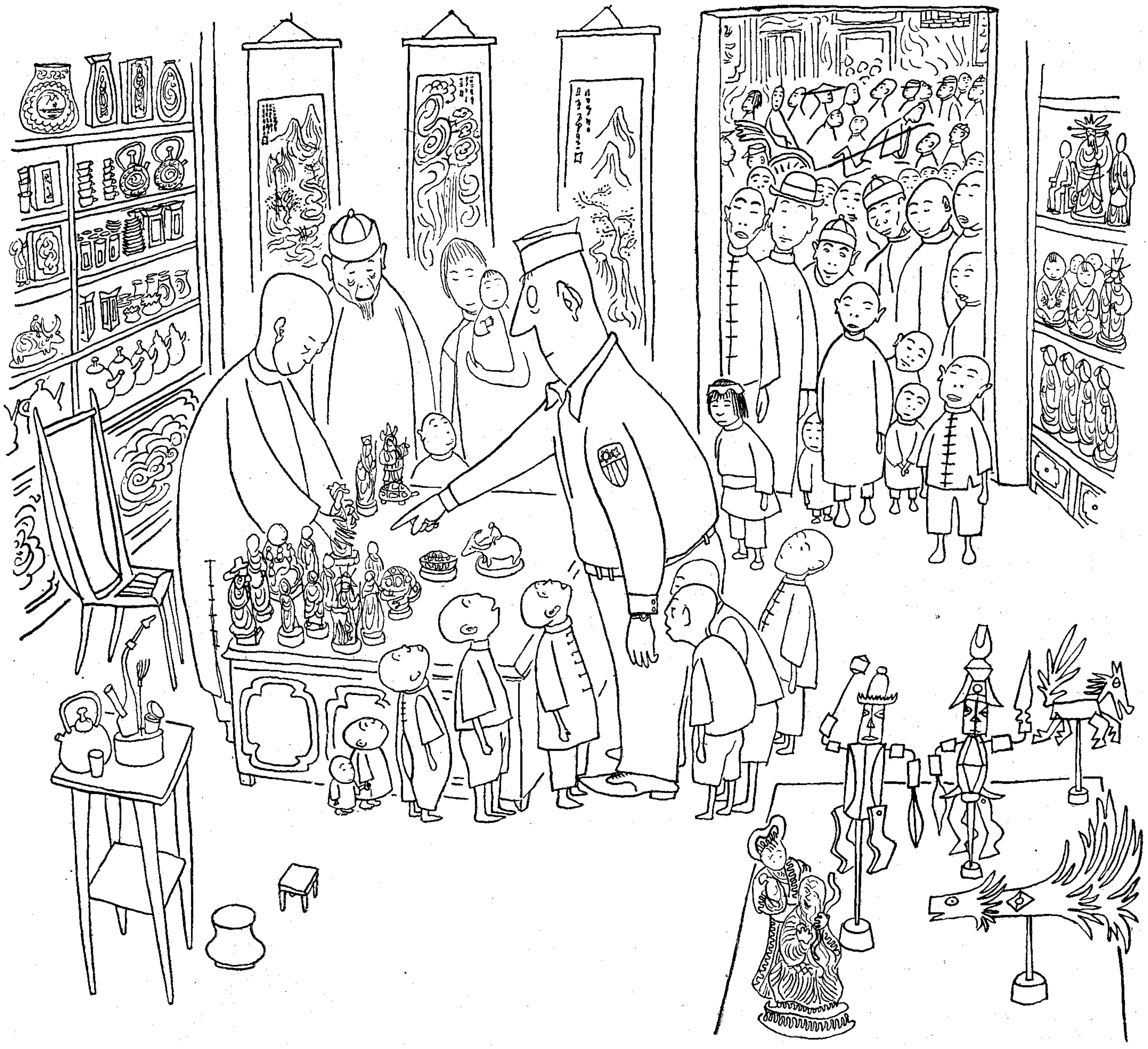
SOMEWHERE or other outside of New York where the Theatre Guild "Othello" stopped off for a one-night stand, this conversation was overheard after the performance:

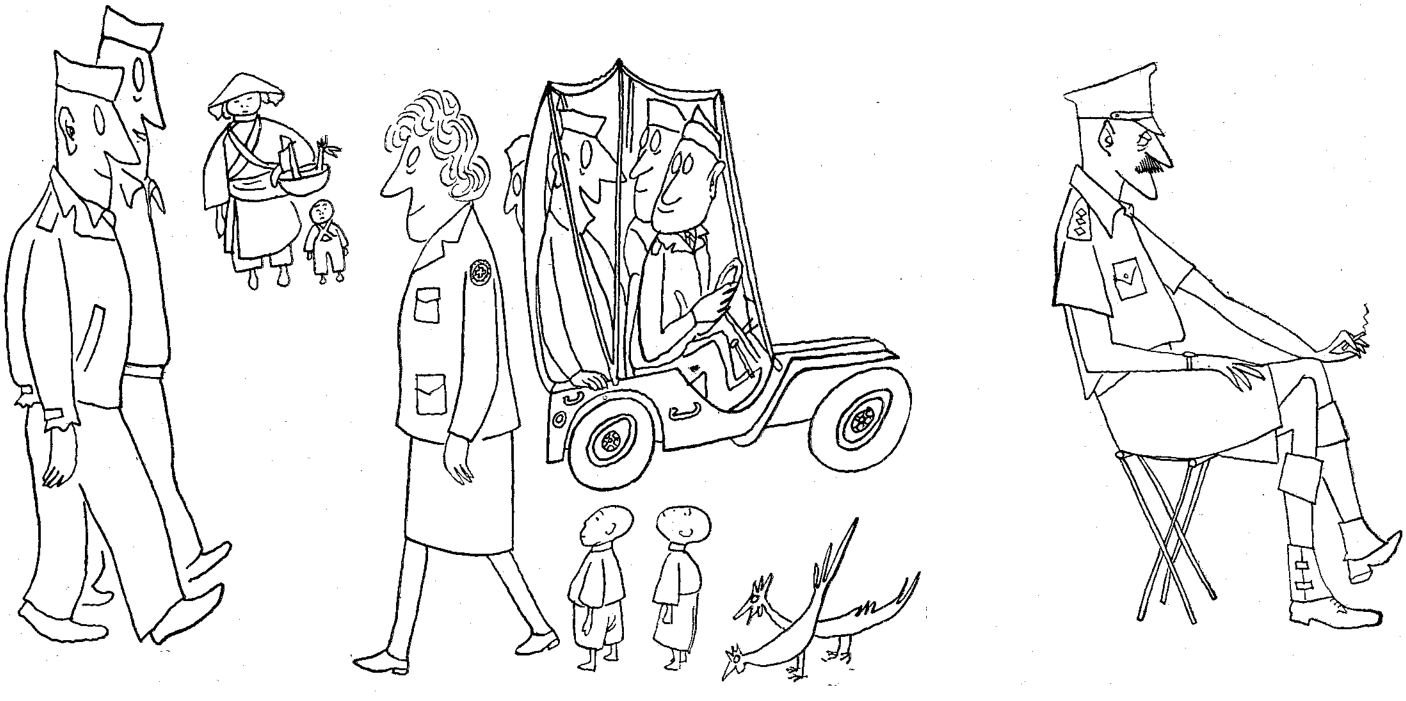
"Wonderful, wasn't it?"

"Wonderful. Too bad they couldn't have worked in a chance for Robeson to sing 'Ol' Man River,' though."

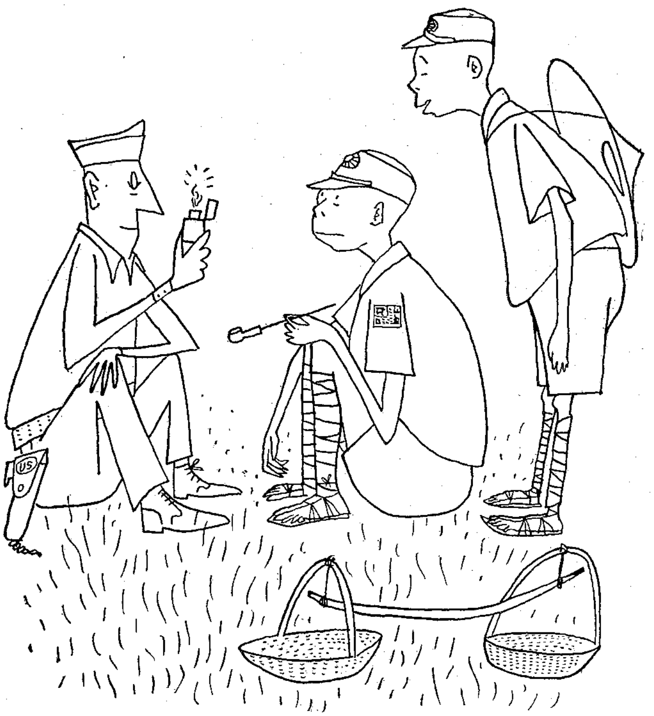


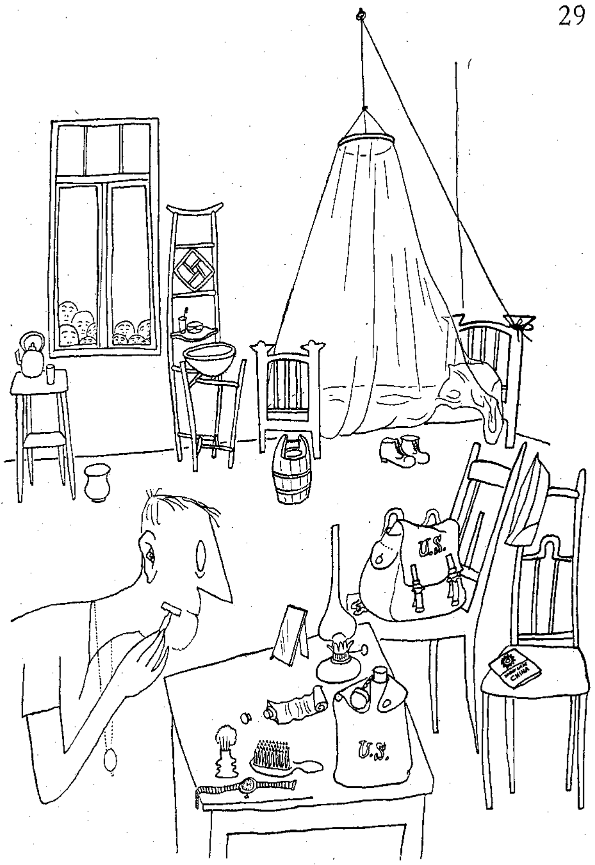
"He said his first word today—'Ugh.'"

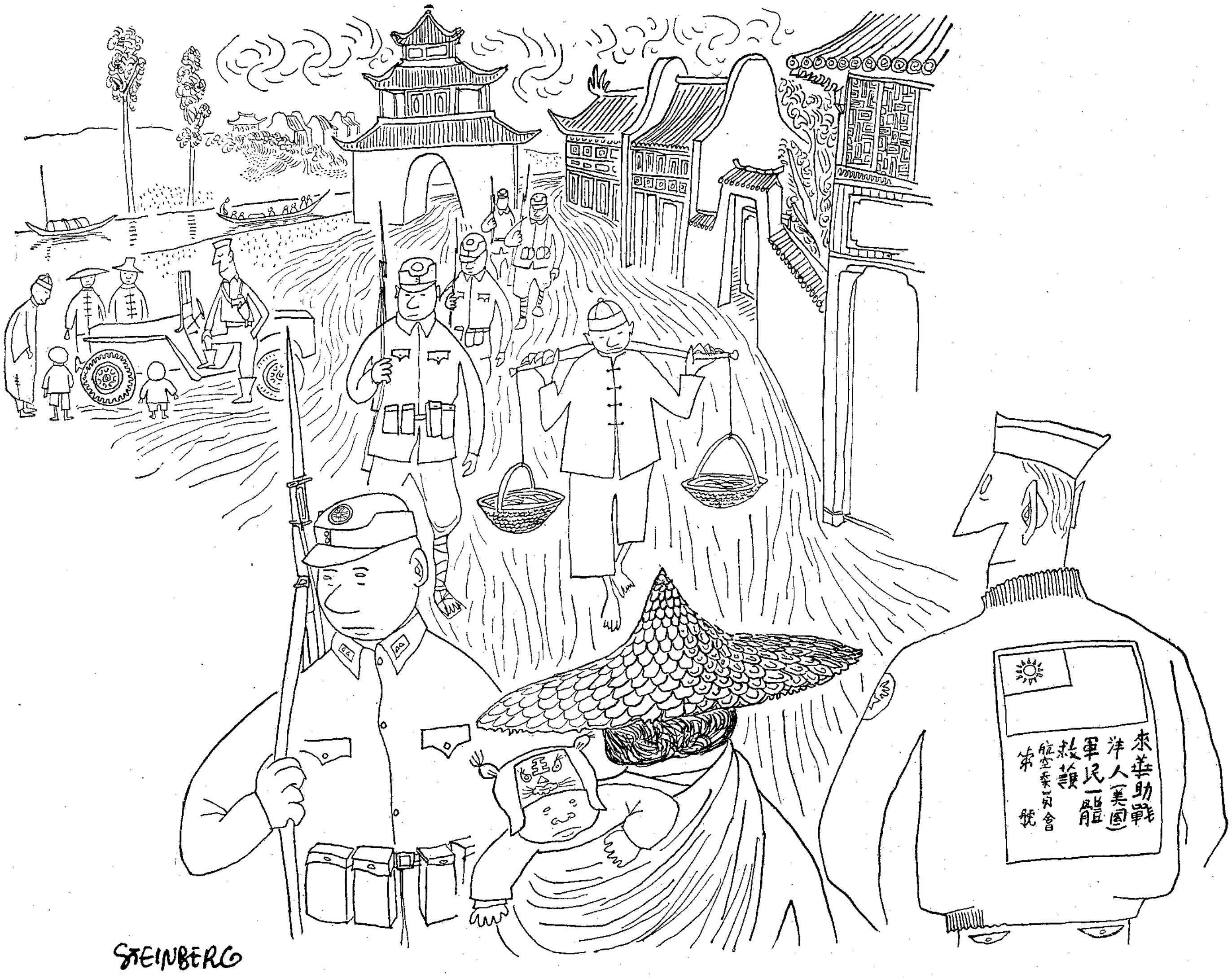




CHINA






來華助戰
洋人(美國)
軍民一體
救護
航空委員會
第　號
STEINBERG

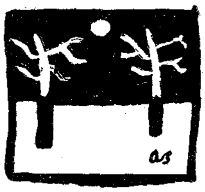
THE BLACKOUT

"I CAN'T remember anything that happened," the English boy said. "It was like a blackout, sort of."

He twisted his thin body uneasily on the couch where he was lying, and for a second his face, which seemed much too startled and meek and vulnerable for a soldier's face, was turned up toward the doctor sitting beside him. Then he looked very quickly away.

Queer sort of looking bloke for a doctor, he thought, noticing transiently, beside his shoulders, the crossed legs in shabby gray trousers, the worn brogues with mended soles. He wished that the doctor were not there. The doctor's presence made him uneasy, although there was nothing to cause uneasiness about the look of the man.

The couch was comfortable. If the boy had been alone in the room, he would have quite enjoyed lying there with a pillow under his head. The room was small and there was nothing at all alarming about it. The walls were pale green, enclosing no furniture but the couch, the chair on which the doctor sat, and a desk. There was a calendar with a bright picture hanging over the desk. The boy could not see what was in the picture because in order to look at it properly he would have had to turn his head round in the doctor's direction. The sun was shining outside the window, which was open a bit at the top. The glass panes had been broken in an air raid and replaced by an opaque plastic substance, so you couldn't see out. The boy wondered what part of London he was in, what was outside the window. He thought he would like to get up, open the bottom half of the window, and have a look, and also to examine the picture on the calendar. The presence of the doctor prohibited him from doing these things, so he looked down at his hospital tie and began fidgeting with the loose ends of it. The tie had been washed so often that it had faded from red to deep pink and the cotton fabric had a curious dusty pile on it, almost like velvet, which communicated an agreeable sensation to the tips of his fingers.



"Which is the last day you can remember clearly?" the doctor asked.

"The day I was due to leave London to rejoin my unit," the boy said, reluctantly detaching a fragment of his attention from the pleasant feel of the tie.

"Do you remember what date it was?"

"September the eleventh." He wasn't likely to forget that date, so hypnotically, fascinated with dread, he had watched it racing toward him through the telescoped days of his embarkation leave.

"Do you know what the date is today?"

He shook his head, looking down at the tie, and his very fine, long limp hair fluffed on the pillow.

"It's the eighteenth. You started remembering things when you were brought in here yesterday, so that means your blackout lasted five complete days, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," the boy said, and waited in apprehension for the bad part to begin.

Why can't they leave you alone? he was thinking. Why must they go on poking and prodding at you when all you wanted was to be left in peace? It wasn't as if you would ever be able to tell them what they wanted to know, or as if they'd ever understand if you did. His fingers, pleating the ends of the tie, gripped more abruptly the softness from which they no longer derived any satisfaction.

"You remember everything that happened while you were on leave quite distinctly?" the doctor asked him.

"Yes, oh, yes," the boy said at once, speaking fast, as if he hoped, by bringing the words out quickly, in some way to terminate the matter without touching on what was most painful.

"And where did you spend this leave?"

There now, it's begun now, the bad part's beginning, he thought. And, recognizing helplessly the preliminary movement of that thing which from the outset had filled him with a profound unease, he remained silent, while his mind ran from side to side, seeking the unknown avenues of defense or escape.

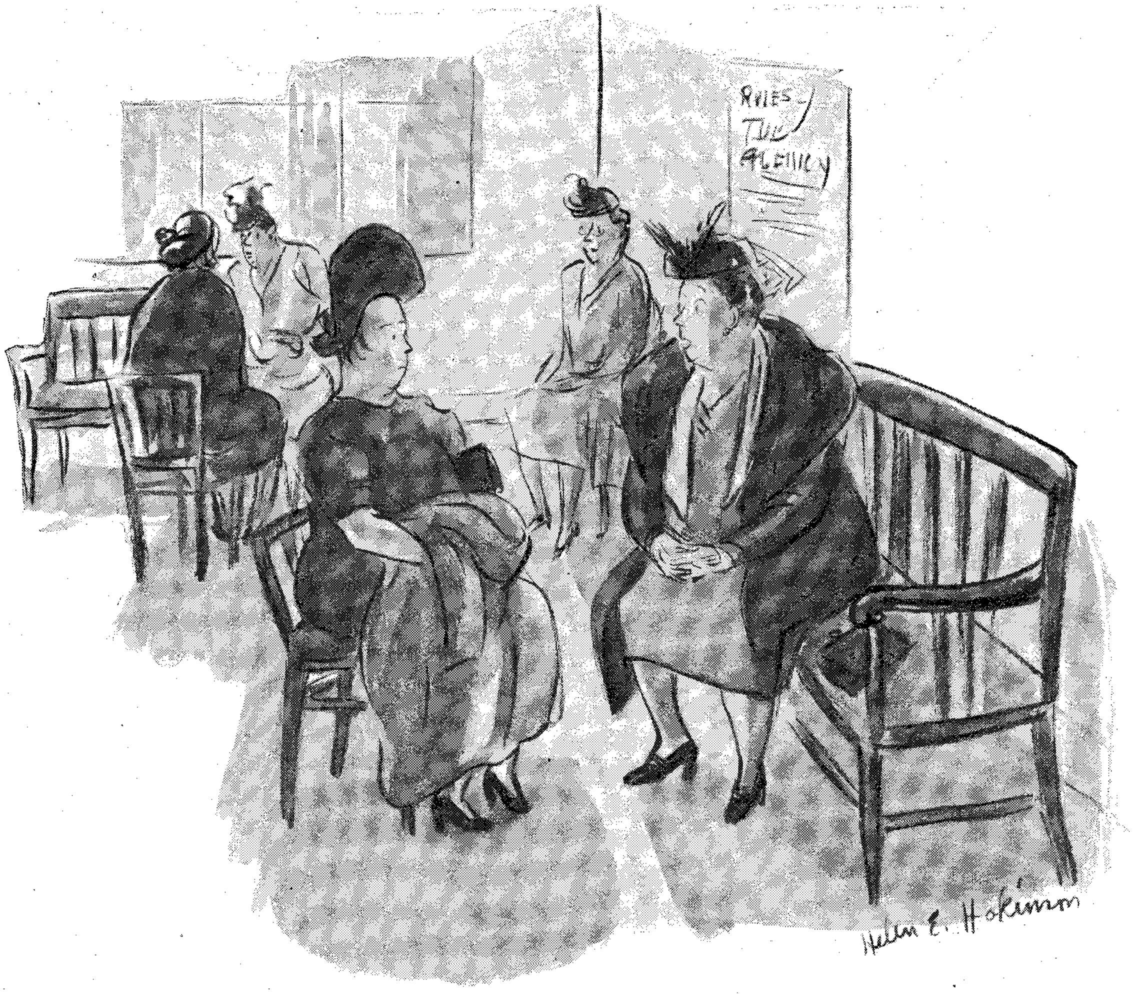
"Well, where did you spend your leave?"

The doctor's voice was casual and almost friendly, but there was much firmness in it, and also there came along with it the dangerous thing preparing to launch its attack, the thing that could not be trifled with.

"I went home to my auntie," the boy said, whispering.

AS though looking back down a long tunnel, he began remembering now that tenement place off the Wandsworth Road, the water tap out on the landing and the room always chockablock with the washing and cooking and the dirty dishes and pots that his mum never could keep upsides with, what with her heart, and his dad coming in drunk as often as not and knocking her about till the neighbors started opening their doors and threatening to call a policeman, and himself feeling shaky and sick and trying not to make a noise with his crying as he hid there crouched up in a ball of misery, under the table. His auntie used to come sometimes visiting when his dad was away, and she was not old at all, or frightening or frightened at all, but so pretty and young and gay that maybe that was the reason he always thought the word "auntie" was a word you used as a kind of endearment, in the way "sweetie" and "honey" were used. When he was eight years old, his dad got t.b. and gave up the drink, but it was too late then; his mum was dying already. And when his dad died, later on, in the sanitarium, he felt only happier than he had ever been in his life, because he was going to live with his auntie forever and ever and there would be no more shouts or rows or crying or staring neighbors.

He remembered the little dark house where the two of them lived in Bracken's Court. Tiny and old-fashioned and a bit inconvenient it was, with those steep stairs with a kink in them where his dad would surely have broken his neck if he'd ever come there after closing time, but cozy too, like a doll's house, and they'd always been happy in it together, even after the arthritis stopped his auntie from going out to her dressmaking. When he left school, he'd been taken on as messenger at the stationer's, and later he had got a salesman's job inside the shop and worked hard and was getting along well, so that it hadn't seemed to matter too much that she could do less and less of the work they sent her at home, because he was earning almost enough to take care of them both and soon it would be more than enough, the way things were going. Then the war had come, and she had got worse. She had those bad headaches often and couldn't manage the crooked stairs. Then he had been called up and he had hated it all—hated the Army, hated leaving home, hated losing his good job, hated the idea of being sent overseas to fight, but most of all hated leaving her badly off, financially insecure, bombs falling, perhaps, and she alone with her crippling pains and no one reliable to take care of her, she who had always been sweet and lovely to him and deserved to be taken care of more than anyone in the world. When he thought of what might become of her if he were taken prisoner or killed it was more than he could bear, and he almost wished she were safely out of it all. Yes, when she went down with flu, or whatever it was, during his last leave, he almost hoped she wouldn't get well, it broke his heart so to leave her like that. But these were some of the things that never could be explained, and he only wished to be left alone and not be made to remember.



"New Canaan isn't really *in the country. It only* looks *like the country."*

• •

But the questions had to go on.

"What are the last things you remember doing before you left your aunt's house that final day?" the doctor wanted to know.

"I spent a goodish time straightening up and cleaning the place so as to leave everything shipshape," the boy said. "My auntie being an invalid more or less, I wanted to leave things as easy for her as I could."

Out of the end of his left eye the boy saw the doctor's crossed knees and the feet in their mended shoes, and for an instant rebellion rose in him because this was a man, no different from himself, who by no divine right of class or wealth or any accepted magic sought to force memory on him. But there was something beyond that. Beyond just the man who could be opposed with obstinacy, there was the frightening thing which he had to fight in the dark, and he knew that he dared not remain silent because his silence might be to that thing's advantage, and he went on, speaking low and mumbling, as if the words came out against their will.

"We had tea about four. Then I went up and packed my kit. Then it was time to go for the train. I said goodbye and started for the station. King's Cross I had to go from."

There was a long pause, and at the end of it came the doctor's voice asking if that was the last thing he could remember, and the boy's voice telling him that it was, and then there was silence again.

"That's queer," the boy said suddenly into this silence. And now his voice sounded changed—there was astonishment and dismay in it—and the doctor uncrossed his knees and looked at him more closely, asking him, "What's queer?"

"I've just remembered something," the boy said. "That time I told you about when I left the house, it wasn't the last time, really."

"Not the last time you were in the house?"

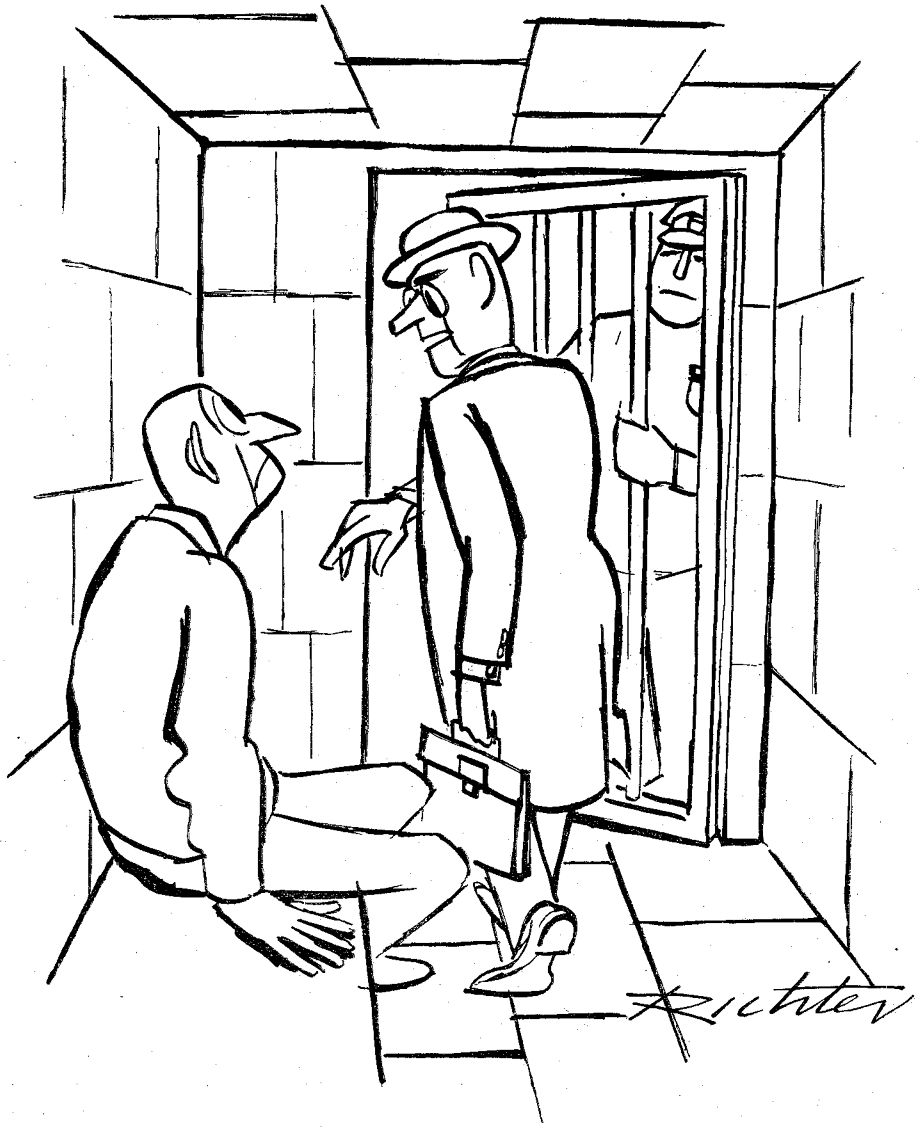
"No. I've just remembered. It's just sort of come back to me somehow. When I'd gone part of the way to the station, I found I'd left something important behind—my paybook, I think it was—and I had to sprint back to fetch it."

The doctor took a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket and lighted one with his utility lighter, which didn't work the first time he thumbed it, and blew out a little smoke. He seemed in no hurry at all about asking the next question.

"Can you remember how you were feeling when you went back?" he said finally.

"I suppose I felt a bit flustered, like anyone would, about leaving my paybook," the boy said, defensive suddenly, and blindly suspicious of some unimagined trap.

Looking into the tunnel, he remembered fumbling under the mat for the key which was left there for the next-door woman who came in to give a hand. Was it as he came in or as he was going out again that he stood at the foot of the stairs, where they crooked in the angle of a dog's hind leg out of the living room? It was dusk, and he remembered the silence inside the house as though there was a dead person or somebody sleeping upstairs. Yes, she must have been asleep then, he thought, but whether he went up to her was not in the memory—only the noise of his Army boots clattering away on the paving stones of the court, and as he



"Now don't do anything till you hear from me."

• •

came out into the high street a church bell was ringing.

The doctor asked, "What happened afterward?"

"I can't remember anything more," the boy said.

"Nothing whatever? Not even some isolated detail?"

"Yes," he said after a while. "I think I remember looking for the station entrance, and a big bridge with a train shunting on it up high."

He was aware of danger skirmishing all about in the green-walled room, and as he lay there on the couch, his eyes were still down where they seemed safe, on the pink ends of the tie, his hands clenched now and his neck and shoulders gone tense, and he didn't know if it were through his words or his silence that the danger would strike.

Why did a church bell keep ringing in the tunnel like that? It was a very deep tunnel into which he was being forced. He did not want to go down in the tunnel again. He was afraid. But because of the unknown thing, whose immediate agent was the casual, near-friendly voice, nothing could save him from that black exploration split by the doleful and ugly clang of a distant bell.

"As if someone had died," he said out loud.

"Who do you think might have died?"

No, no. Not that. Don't let it come, the boy thought, fighting desperately against what had all the time been waiting there behind every word, the worst thing, the intolerable pain, the fear not to be borne. And at once his nerves started to twitch and tears sprang in his eyes, in case she might not have been sleeping but dead in the silent room at the top of the steep stairs; investigated or not by him, he was, agonizingly, somehow unable to know.

Running in panic along the tunnel, he remembered the alleyway, like something in a film he'd seen once, blank walls leaning nearer and nearer to suffocation, and, at the bend, a lamp bracket sticking out with a dangling noose, only no corpse was at the end of the rope. And always the hurrying Army boots and the bell ringing, till he did not know if it was the noise of his own steps or the church bell clanging inside his head. The noise was part of his hunger, and he remembered, further along the tunnel, scrounging about at night where a street market had been and finding, finally, in the gutter, a piece of sausage, gray, slimy, like the wrist of a dead baby, and the terrible thirst that came on him afterward, and how he drank out of a horse trough, scooping the water up with his hands, and it seemed all wrong, because they killed animals painlessly. Then there was that open space, a heath or a common, where he had vomited and lain on the ground, his hair in the rough grass. He felt weak and stiff from the vomiting and clouds of insects were round him, settling on his face and hands and crawling over his mouth because he was too weak to flap at them, but in the end it got dark, and the insects went away then and left him in peace.

FASTER and faster he ran to escape from the tunnel and the tolling noise of the bell. And at last he was outside, the tunnel was getting smaller and smaller until it vanished, and there was respite from the tolling; nothing left now but the room with the doctor quietly smoking, sunshine outside the window, the calendar on the wall.

The boy was not lying on the couch any more but bending over with hunched shoulders, as if hiding from something, his head on his raised knees in the posture a person might take crouching under a table, and though he was crying, he was no longer thinking of the tunnel or of the dangerous, secret thing which had scared him so terribly or about anything he could have put into any words.

"It was like a blackout. A blackout. I can't remember," he kept on hopelessly mumbling, amongst the tears. —ANNA KAVAN

•

Lady Clark Kerr's address was given as 3 East Sixty-first Street, New York.... According to reports here she has been prominent in New York society life, including Cafe Society.—*The Times.*

Uptown or Downtown?

"WHERE THIEVES BREAK THROUGH"

FOR a long time our house in the Presbyterian mission compound at South Gate, just outside Shanghai, was a popular mark for Chinese thieves. My father was a missionary, so it wasn't that we were notoriously wealthy in anything but spiritual treasures; we were just law-abiding Christians, which was exactly what the thieves wanted. And the thieves' persistence furnished my sister and me plenty of excitement during the years we were growing up in China.

Elaborate precautions were taken each night to ensure against these visitors. Before the servants went to their quarters, in another building in the compound, the cook and the table boy carried upstairs the drawers of silver from the sideboard in the dining room and put them on the floor under the big brass-knobbed bed in Mother's and Father's room. After the servants left the house we bolted the doors and latched the windows. But we had so many doors and windows that it was never very difficult for a talented thief to break in, and many did.

One of our earliest adventures caught us when Father was away and Mother had a bad cold. About midnight Mother heard the cook shouting to her from the back door. She went to a window, and the cook told her that he had seen a thief get into the house through the kitchen. He had run to the back door as soon as the thief got in and had locked it. He was now boldly standing guard. All Mother needed to do, he said, was to go through the house and catch the thief. Mother suggested loudly that the cook might like to come in and help, but the cook, recalling his early military training, thought he would be more useful as a sentry at the back door.

Mother lit an oil lamp and locked the door at the head of the servants' staircase. Then she went down the main stairs, lamp held high, and began to search the rooms, wondering meanwhile what she would do if she encountered the thief. Working through the house, she finally came to the kitchen, but still no thief. She unlocked the back door, and the cook came in. Mother was indignant and said that the cook had been dreaming. The cook protested. Mother insisted that she had looked everywhere except under the kitchen table. The cook bent over at this, and there was the thief, huddled under the table. A docile man, he crawled out and brushed off his blue trousers, bowed to Mother and the cook, and then waited quietly until the Chinese police could be called to take him away.

In the meantime Mother's cold was no better. When she got upstairs she blew her nose with such decision that she burst an eardrum. It was impossible to get a doctor until morning, so Mother lay down, in anguish, for the rest of the night. My sister and I always felt resentful toward that thief, since from that day on we were continually being drilled in the correct manner of blowing the nose. This involved opening the mouth, rolling up the eyes, and snorting so gently through one nostril and then the other that the act became little more than an empty gesture.

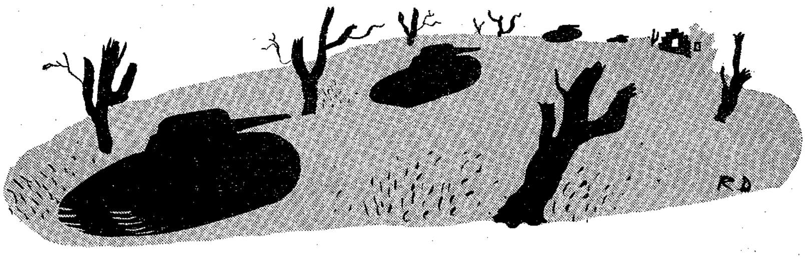
Sometimes the thieves didn't actually get into the house. If we heard a screen being ripped downstairs, we threw open a window and shouted angrily until the thief retreated. According to one family legend, my sister, at the age of thirteen months, scared off a thief one night by crying, and I noticed that we were never troubled when I was having an attack of asthma. But the thieves were a nuisance. Mother and Father could not understand why we suffered from them so frequently. The cook hinted that he could take care of the matter if left to his own devices, but, when we did catch a thief, Father insisted that the thing be handled legally, through the Chinese police. The cook would usually offer to take the thief to the police station himself, saying that it was a nuisance to send for the police and then have to wait an hour with a desperate man on our hands. Father's answer to this was that none of the thinly clad men, most of whom trembled a little in their cotton shirts and trousers, had so far seemed very violent. The cook would then suggest that the thief would be likely to behave in a mean Oriental way and bribe the policeman or the magistrate. That, said Mother and Father, made no difference. The law was the law.

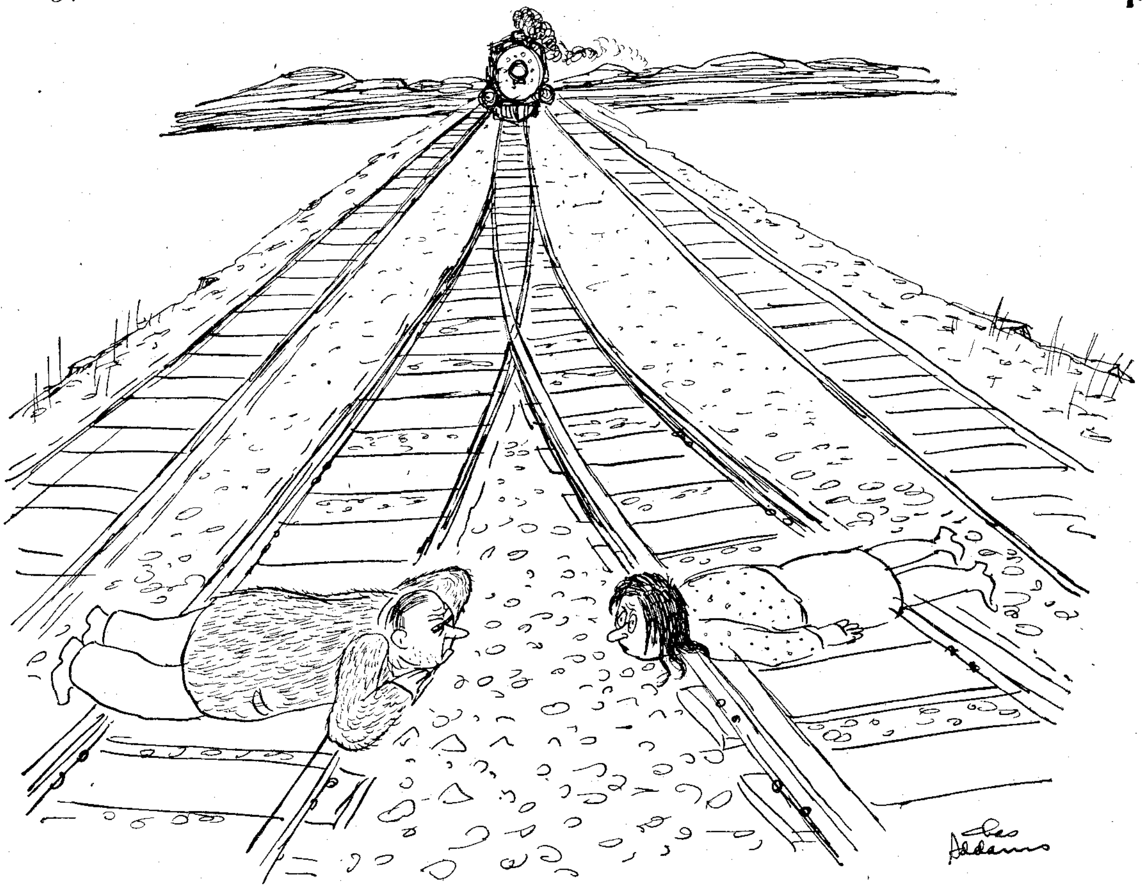
Why the thieves persisted so continued to be a mystery to Mother and Father. They rarely got away with anything, and a good number of them were caught. My own theory was that our house was known as an easy mark and was used as a regular step in the training of apprentice thieves. Subsequent events tended to support this theory, which, at the time I advanced it, everyone jeered at foolishly—everyone but the cook.

AT times the routine varied from the customary sneak-and-run technique. The wall which enclosed our compound was a flimsy affair made entirely of mud coated with plaster, so one enterprising thief spent a number of nights digging a hole through it. One morning, after we had heard him at work, we inspected his tunnelling from the other side of the wall. A few more taps would have brought him into the compound. This fellow, I am sure, was an apprentice being given training on a special assignment, for anybody could have climbed the wall. My sister and I managed it any time we wanted to, making things more comfortable for the thieves by knocking off all the glass splinters set in it. Every four or five months someone would notice that the glass was gone and a new supply would be plastered in. After a week we would have taken care of this in order that we might walk along the top of the wall without hurting ourselves.

When we found the hole, I had just been introduced to the French Revolution. I proposed to the family that we arrange a guillotine on our side of the wall and let down the knife as the thief crawled through. No one ever took me seriously on the subject of thieves, which was a pity, and my suggestion was discarded. Instead, a mason was called and he repaired the wall. That night we heard the thief coming to his hole. After a few minutes of silence a muttered and rather filthy Chinese oath came over the wall. My sister and I laughed out of the nursery window at this, but we stopped when we heard the thief laughing back as if he enjoyed the joke as well as we did.

Our noisiest thief we failed to catch. He sneaked upstairs one night, making no sound in his cloth shoes, and got all the way into one of the bathrooms. Here he came upon a pair of Father's trousers hanging over the back of a chair. Probably thinking to look for a billfold or a watch, he picked up the trousers,





SUICIDE PACT

• •

but he was in for a bad shock. It so happened that one of Father's pockets was filled with a dollar's worth of Chinese coppers. At that time it took something over two hundred coppers to make a dollar, and as the thief lifted the trousers from the chair the money began to spill out and clang to the floor. The thief let out a frightened shriek and charged for the stairs, still holding the trousers, so he was followed by the noisy copper cascade as he yelled for mercy from the devil who was following him through the foreign devil's house. We could hear his shouts of terror as he sailed through a window downstairs and streaked out into the night. We later found Father's trousers, caught on the window sill.

About a year later we had our last thief. It was a Sunday morning. My sister and I were walking home from church after an unusually short service when we heard howls and screams coming from our back yard. Instead of rushing in, we peeked through the back fence. There we saw the cook and the table boy, each with a lithe bamboo rod in his hand, flaying a man tied to one of the clothes poles. The man was stripped to the waist and was yelling bloody murder. When the cook was satisfied that they had done a thorough job, he untied the man and kicked him out the front gate.

We waited a few minutes before going into the compound through our back gate. Everything was serene. The cook said Sunday dinner would be ready shortly.

I paused in the kitchen for a few minutes.

"It's about time we had another thief, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, I think they're tired of coming here now," the cook answered, bending over the stove.

"Well," I said, "it just goes to show that by being a good, law-abiding Christian you can break down anything, doesn't it?"

The cook looked at me and I looked at the cook.

"Yes," he said at last, as he put the Yorkshire pudding on a platter. "Yes, being a good, law-abiding Christian certainly does break down a man's patience in the end."

As a matter of fact, the cook had never been a good, law-abiding Christian, or even a Christian. On this score, both he and his wife, the amah, were a source of recurrent embarrassment to our parents. This arose from the extreme sincerity of these two servants. Although most of the Chinese who worked for the other missionaries who were our neighbors had welcomed salvation as they would an extra bowl of rice, this was not true of our servants. Naturally, it was a rather sore point in the family that the servants who were in daily contact with us should not see the light a little more quickly. Every six months or so this affair would come to a head, and a graceful ritual followed.

This ritual never varied. Mother, who of course saw more of the servants than Father did, would approach the amah—as woman to woman—and suggest that perhaps the time had come. The amah was all agreement. To her it seemed a good thing. If it were only herself, yes. But—and there was always this suspense-filled but—but her husband, the cook, was not yet sure. He still had a few minor scruples. And until they were overcome, was it not a good thing for husband and wife to live together in harmony? She was quite ready, certainly, but would it not be presumptuous to make up her husband's mind? My mother would invariably agree—as woman to woman.

Now it was Father's turn to tackle the cook. The cook, it always appeared, was about a half step closer than he had ever been before. And yet, and yet, there were indeed certain things of which he was not quite sure. As my father would readily understand, this was a serious thing, a thing to be thought on deeply. Now, certain persons were much too willing to do this thing. There were even, the cook would suggest, certain Chinese very near to us who did it simply as a matter of convenience. And yet this was a thing to make a great difference in one's life. If one did this thing, certain established customs, customs such as the ten-per-cent squeeze on the comprador's monthly bill, would have to be given up, even though this was a very old and very honorable custom in China. Now, as my father could see, it would be very easy just to give lip service and go on taking the squeeze, as indeed certain not too distant persons were well known to do. But with him it was different. He knew my father was a good man, a sincere man, who would wish to be dealt with well and sincerely. And until he could be certain of these things, the very honesty which, he might say, my father was forcing upon him made it necessary that he hesitate. If one did this thing in a real way, it must be done wholly and with an open heart.

There was, of course, no answer, and we would settle down to another six months of patient brooding, fortified by a vast admiration for our cook's honesty, so superior to the attitude of many not too distant persons.

My sister, upset by the cook's perennial doubts and suspicious of his delays, once set about trapping him into salvation through an Oriental scheme of her own. After a series of preliminary negotiations, including the proper number of red herrings, she led him, indirectly and cleverly, as we both thought, into a contract that practically guaranteed his conquest for Christ. According to the terms of this contract, and she saw to it that the amah and I were present as witnesses, the cook would be converted the moment my sister was able to say the Lord's Prayer in Chinese faster than he could.

The battle was all but won. My sister spent a few days practicing. She could be heard ripping through the Chinese cadences of the Lord's Prayer at all hours, picking up speed and polish until she could do the whole thing in a breath and a half. It began to look like an easy victory, and we were both jubilant at the thought of telling our parents that the cook was converted at last.

At the first trial my sister sat on the kitchen table and the cook stood beside her. The amah and I acted as starters and judges. On our count of three, my sister's piercing treble and the cook's light baritone burst into a duet of sibilants and explosive vowels. At "Thy kingdom come" my sister had a lead of two syllables, which she held until the cook pulled even on "our daily bread," and they coursed together until "Thine is the kingdom," when the cook spurted, and just as my sister was screeching "for ever and ever" the cook shouted his "Amen."

The amah and I applauded. We agreed it had been the best Lord's Prayer we had ever heard. Nor was my sister overly dismayed at first; a little more practice, and the cook's soul would be safe in the everlasting arms.

For two weeks we had almost daily contests. Time after time the cook's soul was on the verge of being snatched from everlasting torment, but at "Amen" after "Amen" he shot ahead and was lost to God. My sister developed really furious speed. She got down to one breath, and there was no question that the cook was hard pressed. When the contests reached this point the cook was not saved only because my sister failed to be Oriental enough. I noticed that the amah sometimes looked a little embarrassed. Sensing foul play, I listened very carefully the next time and was quite sure the cook had skipped "the power and the glory." I suggested haltingly to my sister in private that she herself might well do a little squeezing in such a good cause, but she was made of sterner stuff than I and would have none of such double-dealing.

We had reached an impasse. There was no use accusing the cook; he was still a heathen. If he had already been a Christian, we could have brought him to account. As it was, what did we know about the honor of the heathens? Perhaps it was honest from his point of view. Perhaps my sister had better abandon the project. Reluctantly, after a few nearly breathless attempts, she did. The cook gave us especially choice handouts for some days, until the slight look of guilt faded from his face and we all went back to normal.

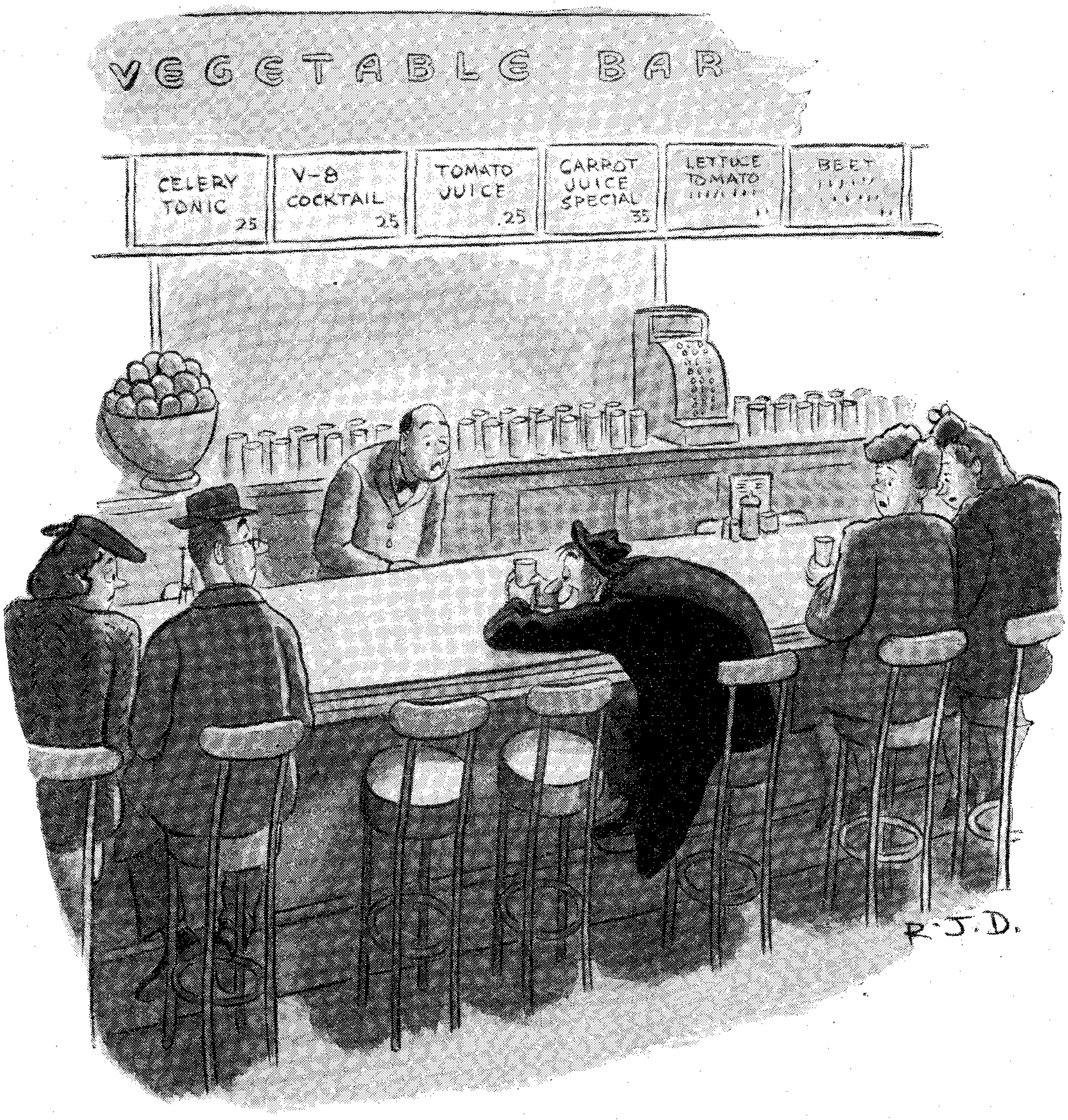
—John J. Espey

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*James Hilton in Photoplay*]

And so Knox realizes that the uplift of Hollywood's brow, however desirable, is only worth while so long as both feet are kept on the ground, the ground being the heart and understanding of the people.



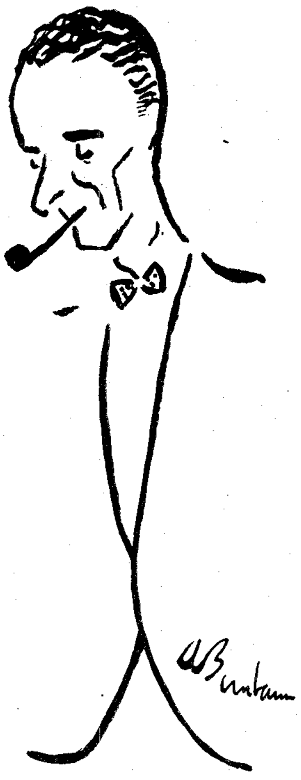
PROFILES

U. S. ARTIST—II

A MAGAZINE illustrator, an art critic once remarked, is a businessman with a knack for drawing—a definition that satisfied the critic but wounded the feelings of a lot of illustrators. It was particularly distressing to Norman Rockwell, probably the best-known illustrator of them all. Rockwell, who for the past thirty years has been painting covers and illustrations for the *Saturday Evening Post* and who has been described by *Time* as "probably the best-loved U. S. artist alive," is a reticent man not given to sounding off in public, but he occasionally strikes out in defense of illustrators. He believes that neither art critics nor the public will ever properly appreciate illustrators until they pause to consider the special handicaps under which illustrators must work. "For one thing," he says, "the illustrator is limited by the fact that all magazines are physically deeper than they are wide. And for another thing," he adds, "all of our women must be beautiful, and it is hard to be artistic in such circumstances. Women readers, or maybe magazine editors, can't seem to stand a picture of a homely woman." Rockwell says further that a cover must be painted so that no essential or beautiful portion of it is obscured by the magazine's name and price or by the sticker that carries a subscriber's name and address. Velásquez and Rubens never had to worry about things like that—a fact people sometimes forget. The illustrator is also limited in the ideas he can use, because of the public's tendency to become agitated over anything it can possibly construe as unconventional. Several years ago, Rockwell painted a *Post* cover of a pretty young lady studying the photographs of two boys in an apparent effort to make a choice. This aroused the indignation of many people—especially New Englanders—who held that no respectable girl would think of having more than one boy friend and that Rockwell's picture tended to undermine the morals of American youth. An artist for another magazine once did a picture in which a farmer who was thawing a frozen pump with a kettleful of boiling water had allowed some of it to spill on his dog. The dog was running away, howling. This so upset the nation's dog lovers that the magazine never used that artist's work again.

"You've got to make your ideas foolproof to succeed in illustration," Rockwell once said in a speech to some young students. "People are always trying to read various religious or sinister meanings into your work, so you can't be subtle. You've got to be obvious. You've got to please both the art editor and the public. This makes it tough on the illustrator as compared with the fine artist, who can paint an object any way he happens to interpret it, then say, 'I know all about this,' and nobody can very well dispute him. The illustrator, on the other hand, is subject to furious criticism if his paintings of objects vary from the actual." Rockwell recalls that he once painted a picture of an obsolete type of Connecticut River steamboat and made a slight mistake in the joints of the walking beam. Few living human beings have ever seen this particular sort of craft, the last one having blown up about the time of the Civil War, but fifty captious experts on Connecticut River boats wrote Rockwell. For many years people have been confusing Norman Rockwell with Rockwell Kent, the landscape artist and book illustrator, so inevitably Kent heard from a few experts, too.

It is Rockwell's belief that the reason many illustrators have a sheepish feeling about their profession and yearn to be fine artists is that critics snub their work. "My creed," Rockwell says, "is that painting pictures of any kind is a definite form of expression and that illustration is the principal pictorial form of conveying ideas and emotions and telling funny stories. The critics say that any proper picture should not tell a story but should be primarily a series of technical problems of light, shadow, proportion, color, and voids. I say that if you can tell a story in a picture, and if a reasonable number of people like your work, it is art. Maybe it isn't the highest form of art, but it's art, nevertheless, and it's what I love to do. I feel that I am doing something when I paint a picture that appeals to most people. This is a democracy, isn't it?"



Norman Rockwell

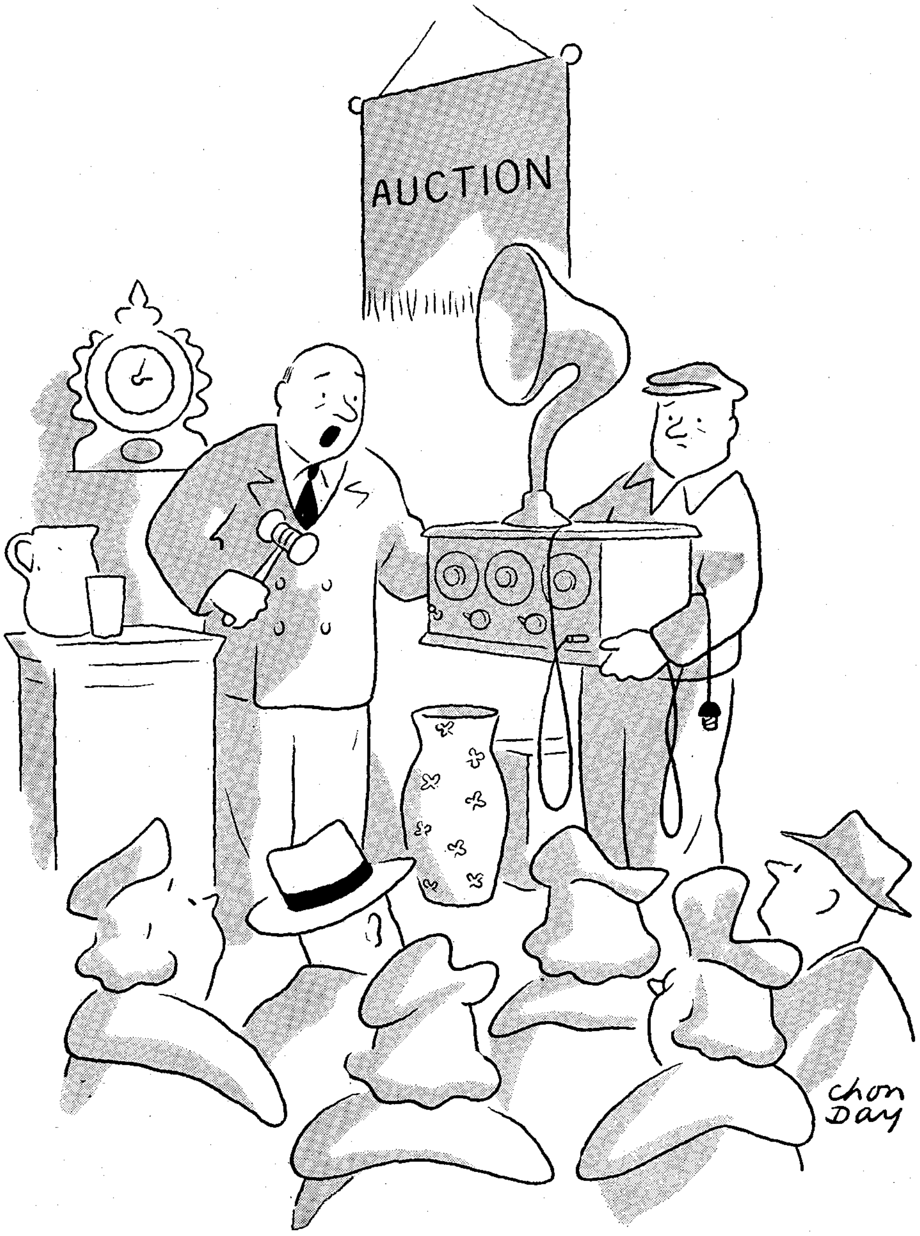
IN the past twenty years, Rockwell has made more than a million dollars from his painting but, the critic's definition of an illustrator notwithstanding, he looks upon himself as a poor businessman. He recalls that for three years he painted the official Boy Scout calendars without getting paid, under the misapprehension that he was engaged in a non-profit endeavor. He has continued to paint the annual Boy Scout calendar, but now he gets paid. When he first accepted money for these pictures, he got two hundred dollars apiece, but this has been doubled and redoubled many times and he now gets eighteen times as much for painting a Scout tying a half hitch as Gainsborough was paid for his "Duchess of Devonshire" and forty-five times what Rembrandt got for "Bathsheba After the Bath." He now does the Scout calendars, as well as three or four others a year, for Brown & Bigelow, a firm in St. Paul. While Rockwell was getting higher and higher prices for calendar pictures, he was being hounded by advertising agencies which insisted on pressing large wads of cash upon him to paint pictures for them. This made him unhappy, because he didn't like to paint advertisements and he hated to say so. He preferred to accept much smaller wads of cash and paint simple, cheery pictures of school kids, country people, and Santa Claus for the *Post*. He couldn't be stern enough, however, so he made promises. Whenever a deadline came, he passed the buck to his wife and went into seclusion, and in extreme cases he sent word that he was mortally sick and then lit out for some distant part of the country, usually southern California. Walter Winchell inevitably heard of one of these illnesses and his Sunday-night radio audience gathered that Rockwell was in a hospital and about to die, whereas actually he had just arrived, safe and sound, at the home of a friend near Los Angeles for a visit. He thereupon *did* have to take to his bed.

Rockwell hung around southern California off and on for quite a while, but he decided to give up this refuge after several unsettling experiences. For instance, he got a message that Josef von Sternberg, the movie director, wanted to meet him and had invited him to the Hollywood set he was working on. The artist arrived as a scene was being shot. Von Sternberg stopped everything, shook hands with Rockwell, assembled the cast, and launched into an enthusiastic discourse on the works of Rockwell Kent. "But Mr. von Sternberg," Rockwell interrupted when he got the chance, "I am *not* Rockwell Kent. My name is Norman Rockwell." Von Sternberg backed away. "Lights!" he shouted. "Action! Camera!" On another occasion, when Rockwell was to address a women's club in a Los Angeles suburb, he was met at the door by the president, who was wearing gloves that reached to her armpits. She clapped her hands, like an Oriental potentate summoning the dancing girls, and two Boy Scouts and two Sea Scouts in uniform sprang forward and marched Rockwell onto the speaker's platform. Still another time, Rockwell was bewildered to find himself driving around Los Angeles in an open roadster with an actor who was playing Abraham Lincoln in a movie and had kept on all his costume, including a tall, rusty hat and a black cape.

One of Rockwell's last misadventures in southern California was painting a *Post* cover of a jury, for which he had chosen as the models twelve prominent men and women members of a country club outside Los Angeles. They posed for four or five days and Rockwell completed what appeared to him, in California, a highly satisfactory picture. When he got back to Arlington, Vermont, which was then and still is his home, he unwrapped the picture and was dismayed to discover that the twelve California club members not only didn't look like jurors but didn't even look like people. He junked the cover and started all over again, using twelve of his neighbors around Arlington as models. They really looked like a jury.

The main reason Rockwell is convinced that he is an inferior businessman is that he now has put all his artistic eggs into just two baskets. For more than twenty years he painted covers and illustrations for many magazines besides the *Post*—the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *American*, the old *Life*, *Judge*, and the *Literary Digest*—but for the past few years he has done magazine work only for the *Post*, under an agreement that allows him just one additional professional activity, his calendar pictures for Brown & Bigelow. The fact that he now works for only two companies, large as they are, sometimes disturbs Rockwell. He is likely to awake in a panic in the middle of the night, shake his wife into consciousness, and ask, "What in God's name would we do if the *Post* should stop using my stuff? What if they should get tired of me?" The *Post*, which has published two hundred and sixty covers and countless other pictures by Rockwell since 1916, has shown no signs of tiring. The editors seem to be as nervous about keeping Rockwell satisfied as he is about keeping them satisfied. When, three years ago, the *Post* acquired a new editorial staff, the new editor-in-chief requested the outgoing art editor to telephone Rockwell, as his last official act, and break the news of the shakeup as gently as possible. "Tell Rockwell that the new editors love him and think he is even more wonderful than the old crowd did, and we want to use everything he can send us," the new editor said.

Rockwell had no objection to making an agreement limiting his magazine work to the *Post*. He doubts that it is good business, but he thinks he is happier that way. He knows that the *Post* likes the things he enjoys doing and he has a kind of straightforward adoration for the magazine. He goes through a period of anxiety whenever he submits a cover to the magazine, but it practically never rejects one. "I'm really almost religious about the *Post*,"



"Only $200 for this proven, time-tested instrument!"

he says. "Long ago I used to kneel down and pray before starting a *Post* cover. Now, when you look at some of them, you begin to wonder about the power of prayer." He has come to consider himself an old *Post* retainer and believes that as long as the magazine is interested he probably will be too. "I guess I inherited that sort of sentiment from my father," Rockwell once said. "He was an old retainer, too. He worked for forty years as the New York office manager of a cotton-goods concern that had its headquarters in Philadelphia. His salary was so small he was ashamed of it, and he never told us how much it was, but I've never in my life seen anyone more devoted to a business firm. He particularly idolized its president, whose name was Wood. My father used to come home some evenings with a firm step, his shoulders erect, and a look on his face like a man who has been through a wonderful experience. When we had all been served at the supper table, he would sit back and announce, 'Mr. Wood was in the office today.' We would put down our forks and inquire in a breathless way, 'Gee, what did Mr. Wood have to say?' Then my father would spend maybe an hour telling us every word he could remember that Mr. Wood had said to him and that he had said to Mr. Wood. He used to do that every time Mr. Wood came to town, until he got a fatal illness and the company let him go."

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY SIT

In every generation
While elders talk and pray,
Some child has saved a nation,
Some tot has won the day.
On burning decks they linger
Or act the Spartan tyke
Or plug with chubby finger
That hole within the dike.
But nowadays let voices praise
With vigor and with power
Those thrifty juveniles who keep
(While off to cinemas we creep)
A watch upon our infants' sleep
For fifty cents an hour.

Come drink to them in bitters
Or toast their fame in stout—
The adolescent Sitters
Who Sit while we go out.
With toil they do not fret them
Nor unattended roam.
You have to go and get them,
At midnight see them home.
Upon their front teeth glisten
The golden dental brace
While to the Voice they listen
With rapt, enchanted face.
They cast their looks on comic books,
They like a fire that's lit,
A largish bowl of candy
And Benny Goodman handy,
But still with me it's dandy
So long as they will Sit.

They're hep to jive and jitters,
Wear down the telephone,
But ah, the darling Sitters
Are all the help we own.

For Queens are in the kitchen
Counting up the points,
And Kings, perforce, must pitch in
To turn the rationed joints,
And maids are boiler fitters
And every nurse a Wac,
But look—here come the Sitters
To earn their childish jack.
No nursery rage can they assuage,
No cradle can they rock,
But on our sofas they can Sit
And turn the nearest dial and knit
And ease our conscience while we flit
To movies down the block.

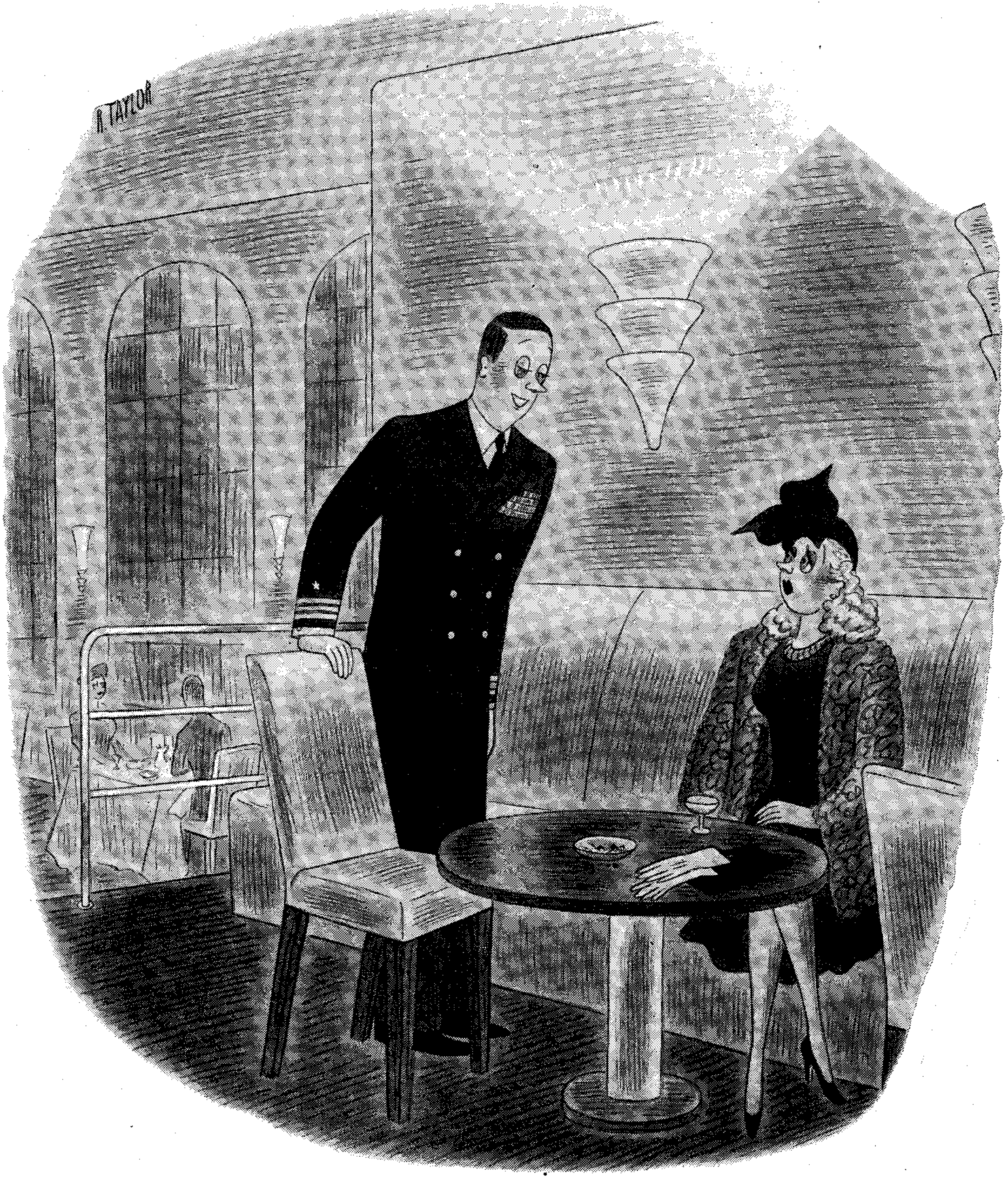
Let craven cooks be quitters
And all the faithless crew,
The green, the teen-age Sitters
Will see the crisis through.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

• •

IN the days of Mr. Wood, the Rockwell family lived on the fourth floor of an apartment house at 103 Amsterdam Avenue. Norman was born there on February 3, 1894. He was the elder of two sons. His brother, J. Waring Rockwell, Jr., a toy manufacturer, is now serving with the Red Cross. Norman first demonstrated his talent for drawing at the age of six, when he began sketching battleships, inspired by Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. His talent may have been inherited. His father was an amateur artist and his maternal grandfather an Englishman who immigrated to Yonkers and began painting dogs and roosters for the sportsmen of the region. Subsequently he worked out a novel assembly-line system of producing landscapes, many years before Henry Ford. He would seat his twelve children around a long table and place himself at the head. He would then show them all a landscape he had painted, and assign each of the children to paint one particular object into the picture. He was now ready to start rolling. With one picture after another, he would copy a background onto a canvas and pass it along for his family to make their individual additions. For example, the daughter who became Rockwell's mother would paint in a moon, one of his uncles-to-be a lake, another a tree, one of his aunts a hill, another a cow, and so on. When a canvas returned to Grandfather, at the end of the line, all he had to do was put on the finishing touches and his signature. He got as high as $19.50 for some of these mass-produced landscapes and could have made a fortune if there had been enough art lovers around Yonkers.

Rockwell's mother became especially impressed by her son's drawing ability when she saw a sketch he had done of Scrooge after hearing his father read "A Christmas Carol." Norman was thirteen and in the eighth grade. His family enrolled him in the Chase School of Art, on Sixth Avenue. He later transferred to the National Academy of Design and then to the Art Students League, where he studied under Thomas Fogarty and George Bridgman. He was an earnest student. While he was at the National Academy, he and two other boys signed a pledge in blood that they would never allow themselves to make



"Sorry to be late. I had to change my ribbons to my blues."

more than fifty dollars a week out of their painting and would live the life of a stoic and strive only for the higher things in art. At the Art Students League, where he was surrounded by some mighty solemn fellows, he was considered the most solemn student in the place and was called The Deacon. After two and a half years of formal art education, Rockwell began to get discouraged and decided that he would rather make money than be a stoic. He left the League and then left high school, in the middle of his second year there. He applied to the publishing firm of McBride, Nast to let him do free-lance work and was given several assignments by Condé Nast, the president. The first one was illustrating a children's book called "Tell-Me-Why Stories." He next illustrated a volume on camping by Edward Cave, editor of *Boys' Life*, the Boy Scouts' magazine. Rockwell, whose knowledge of natural history was based on a couple of hurried trips to the Central Park Zoo, did pen-and-ink sketches of grizzly bears, moose, and so on. For doing this work, he was given a canoe. Shortly afterward, Cave hired Rockwell as art editor at fifty dollars a month. Rockwell's duties were to paint most of the covers and do the illustrations every month for at least two stories, such as "Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol," "In the Land of Gold, or What Happened to Scout Alan Worth in Alaska," and "Saved by the Rolling Hitch—a Thrilling Story of the Sea." He supplemented this income by doing illustrations for *St. Nicholas*, the *American Boy*, and a children's monthly called *Everyland*, as well as for some of the books by Ralph Henry Barbour, including "The Crimson Sweater," "Onward and Forward," and "Four Afloat."

By this time, after having had several studios in New York, Rockwell, then twenty-two, was living in New Rochelle and sharing a studio there with Clyde Forsythe, a newspaper sports cartoonist. It was largely because of Forsythe's encouragement that Rockwell decided to attempt something beyond illustrations for children's magazines. Forsythe persuaded him to try the *Saturday Evening Post* with a few cover pictures dealing with boys. Rockwell did one of a disgusted boy in a Sunday-best suit, wheeling a baby carriage and being followed by some boys wearing baseball uniforms and jeering, another of a fat man at bat in a boys' baseball game, and a third of a skinny youth with glasses training to be a strong man with weights and a book of instructions by Sandow. He took the covers to Philadelphia without much hope of success, but the *Post* bought them, paying $225 for the lot. Rockwell had found his now famous *Saturday Evening Post* manner on his first try. He went from Philadelphia to Atlantic City and there got married to an upstate girl he had been courting for some months.

A year later, the United States declared war on Germany and Rockwell tried to enlist in the Navy. He was rejected because he was eight pounds underweight, but he filled up on bananas, warm water, and doughnuts that night, went back to the recruiting station in the morning, and was accepted. His naval career turned out to be unexpectedly like his civilian career. He was rated a painter and varnisher, third class, and ordered to a base in Ireland to paint insignia on airplanes, but he never got across the Atlantic; his transport put about in mid-ocean and he found himself at the Charleston Navy Yard, where he spent the rest of the war. The commandant installed him in the officers' quarters and put him to work painting portraits of visiting dignitaries, on the theory that this would improve the morale of the Navy and shorten the war. Since Rockwell was allowed to continue his work for magazines, he made considerably more money than the commandant. He got so sick of painting gold braid, however, that he applied for his discharge a few minutes after hostilities ended, and he managed to get himself mustered out three days later, even though he was right in the middle of a portrait of the captain of a cruiser.

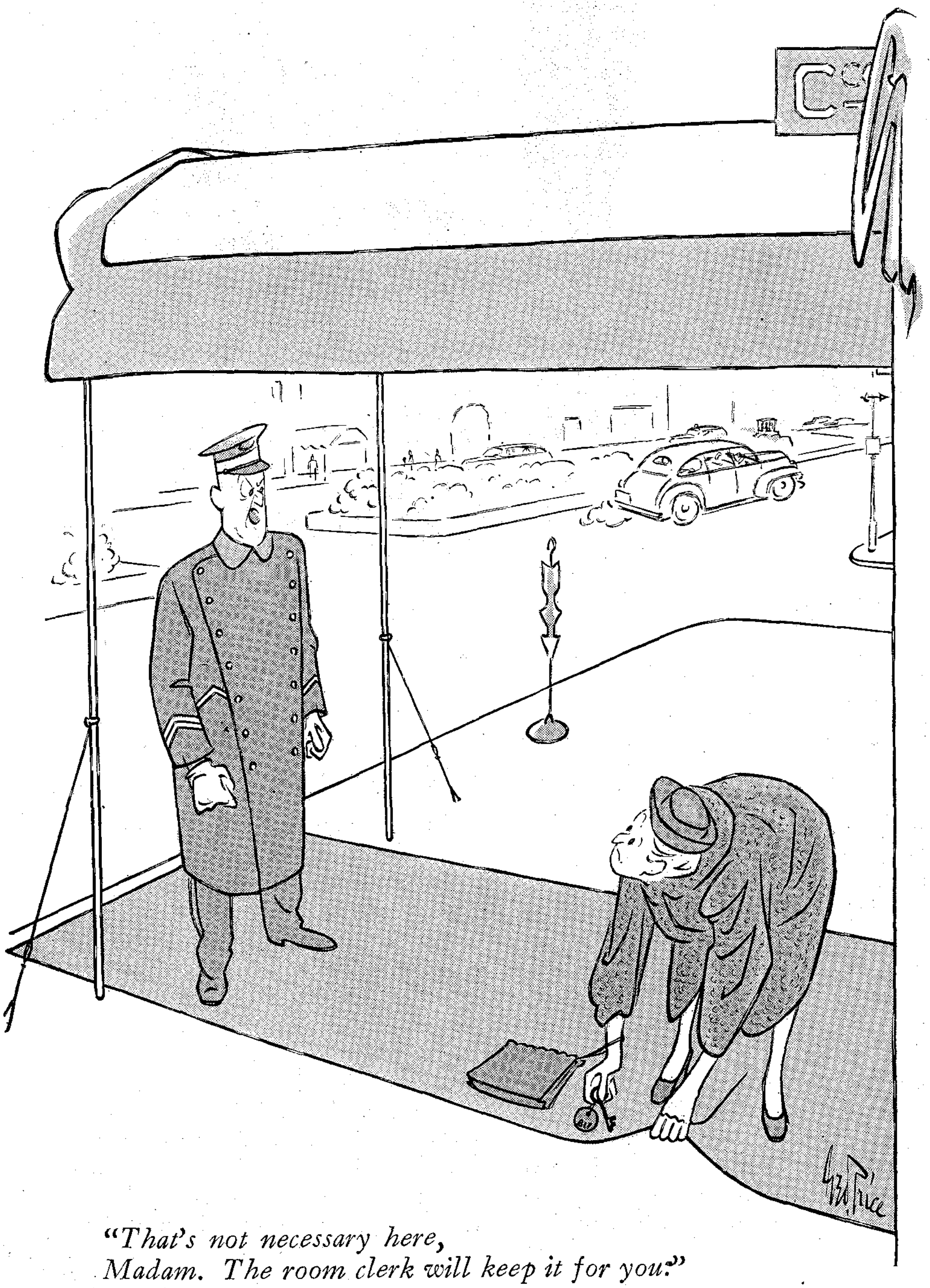
ARLINGTON, Vermont, where Rockwell now lives with his second wife and their three sons, is a village of twelve hundred people. Before going there, he more than once tried to live and work in New York, but he was never happy here for long, or even unperturbed. He had his first studio when he was sixteen, on the top floor of a brownstone house on West Forty-eighth Street, off Broadway. He and his studio mate considered it pleasant that pretty and agreeable young ladies, who were plentiful on the lower floors, came up to chat and watch them paint. Then Norman's father came for his first visit and, quickly realizing that the building housed a flourishing bordello, ordered his son out. Rockwell and his friend found a room on Macdougal Alley but couldn't meet the rent. Then they moved into an old building near Brooklyn Bridge with several other young artists and slept in hammocks, did a little painting, and fired air rifles at birds and cats on nearby roofs. They were presently all evicted.

Rockwell, by then seventeen, moved alone to a room on East Thirty-eighth Street. There he met a *Saturday Evening Post* writer named John Fleming Wilson, who aroused in him a craving for adventure. Wilson soon told Rockwell that he had arranged with Scribner's for the two of them to go to Panama for two years. Rockwell had his teeth inspected and bought two dozen pairs of pajamas and twenty pairs of sandals under the impression that that was all people wore down there. He also bought a few pith helmets and an elephant gun and said goodbye to his friends. Wilson disappeared two days before they were to sail, and Rockwell never saw him again. His father took over the pajamas and other equipment and sent him to the Catskills for a rest.

Rockwell returned to work three months later and moved to New Rochelle, where he figured he would meet fewer extraordinary people. After ten years he tried New York again. By this time he was a highly successful artist, and he took a studio in the Beaux Arts Studios next to his friend Joseph Leyendecker, another artist. They considered their quarters peculiarly desirable because Texas Guinan was operating a night club on the roof. Soon after Rockwell moved in, Leyendecker told him of an odd rumbling sound in the wall at the head of his bed. The two made inquiries and found that a dumbwaiter ran along there, transporting food and liquor from the basement to the club. They chopped a hole in the wall and from time to time thereafter would grab food and drink, if they found anything they liked, as the dumbwaiter rumbled by.

One day, on Sixth Avenue, after he had been at the Beaux Arts for three months, Rockwell saw a small, stooped man walking along followed by a large woman who was beating him over the head with an umbrella. When Rockwell got back to his studio he found he was too disturbed to paint. The next day he was having his lunch in a Childs and watching the girl in the window flip wheat cakes when a man on the sidewalk looking at her fell over dead. The artist left his meal unfinished, went to his studio, and started packing, and the following day moved back to New Rochelle once more.

During the next few years, Rockwell, then in his thirties, and his first wife made several trips to Paris. He also engaged in what he looks back on as "a mad social whirl." He was then making

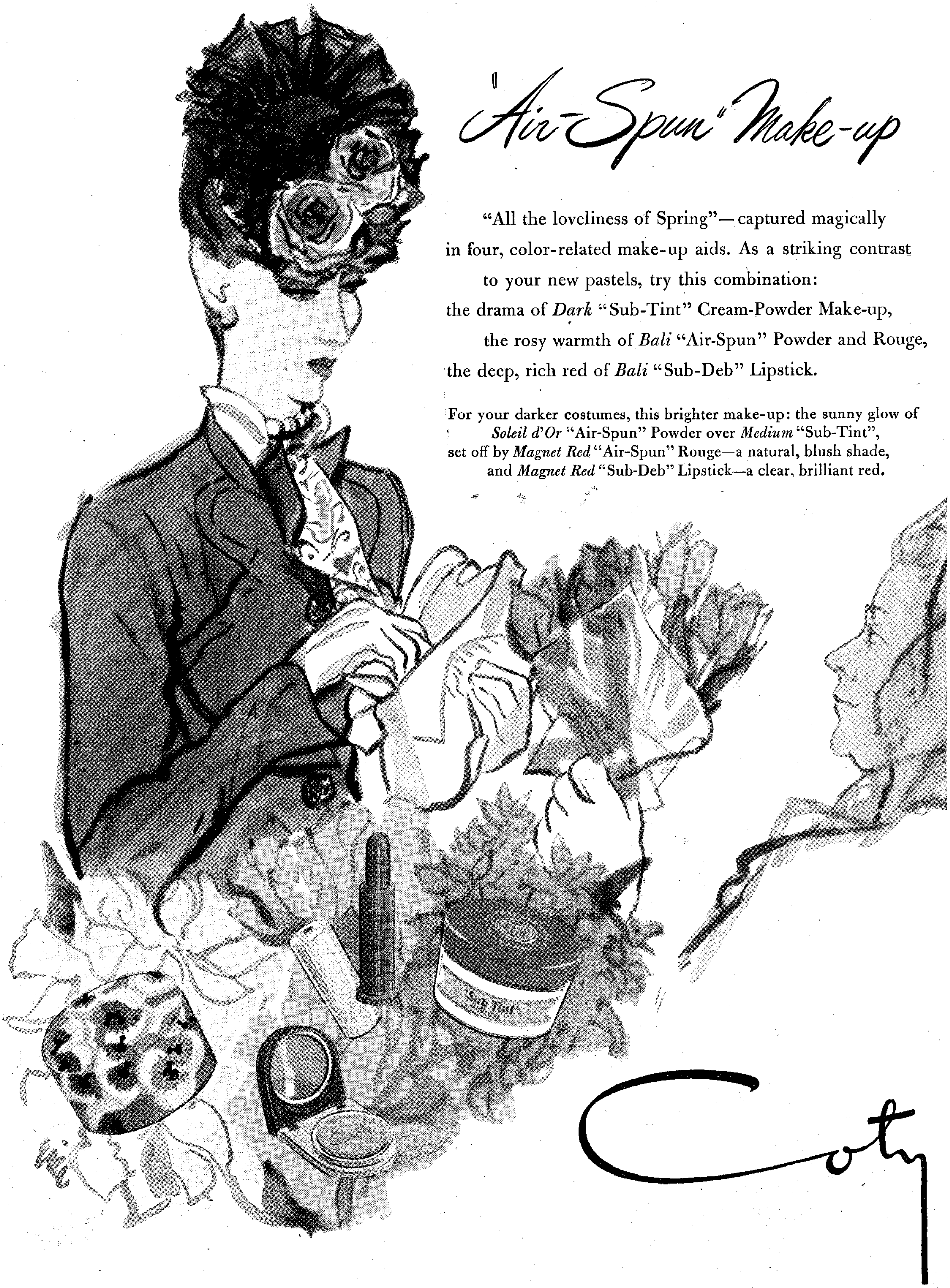


"*That's not necessary here, Madam. The room clerk will keep it for you.*"

"Air-Spun" Make-up

"All the loveliness of Spring"—captured magically in four, color-related make-up aids. As a striking contrast to your new pastels, try this combination: the drama of *Dark* "Sub-Tint" Cream-Powder Make-up, the rosy warmth of *Bali* "Air-Spun" Powder and Rouge, the deep, rich red of *Bali* "Sub-Deb" Lipstick.

For your darker costumes, this brighter make-up: the sunny glow of *Soleil d'Or* "Air-Spun" Powder over *Medium* "Sub-Tint", set off by *Magnet Red* "Air-Spun" Rouge—a natural, blush shade, and *Magnet Red* "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—a clear, brilliant red.



Coty

ANNO 1695

Ask for your cordials by name . . .
a name famous for two-and-a-half centuries

de Kuyper
CORDIALS

APRICOT *Liqueur*

APRICOT LIQUEUR
DE KUYPER

CREME DE *Cacao*

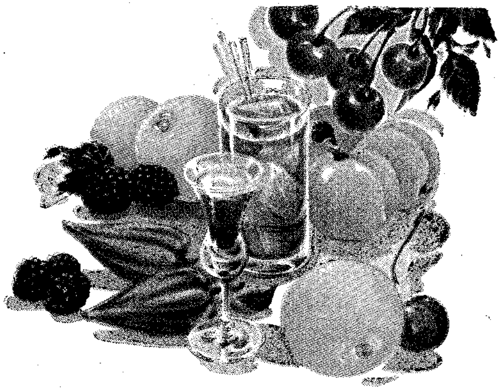
CREME DE CACAO
CREME DE CACAO
DE KUYPER

BLACKBERRY *Liqueur*

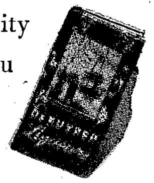
BLACKBERRY LIQUEUR
BLACKBERRY LIQUEUR
DE KUYPER

CREME DE *Menthe*

DE KUYPER
DE KUYPER
CREME de MENTHE



FOR the past ten years, de Kuyper Cordials have been made in America *identically* as in Holland for centuries. Experts trained by the de Kuyper family employ the same secret formulae, the same costly and unhurried methods as used abroad. Known and enjoyed the world over as perfect after-dinner liqueurs, these fine cordials are winning new popularity as ideal ingredients in delicious mixed drinks.* Next time you entertain, serve de Kuyper Cordials. Twelve varieties available at stores everywhere. Ask for de Kuyper by name.



DE KUYPER
Liqueurs

Creme de Menthe, 60 Proof; Creme de Cacao, 60 Proof; Blackberry, 70 Proof; Apricot, 74 Proof: *Write for free recipe booklet. Dept. NS5, National Distillers Prod. Corp., P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y. C.

about $45,000 a year, mainly by painting advertisements, after all. He bought an expensive house in New Rochelle and built himself a studio there that cost $18,000. "Gosh, that studio was a mess!" he says. "I built it at the height of the antique craze, and it was patterned after the Wayside Inn at Sudbury. Everything was imitation antique." The Rockwells belonged to a country club and a beach club in Westchester. "It was the thing in those days for people who gave parties to ask an artist," Rockwell says, "and I went high, wide, and handsome. The Deacon was on the loose." Both in Paris and in New Rochelle, he affected an opera hat, a cape, and a silver-headed stick by night, and drove about by day in a Packard roadster with the top down.

Late in 1928, Rockwell and his wife were divorced and he moved back to New York and set himself up at the Hotel des Artistes. He continued to lead a gay life, although, he recalls, his friends told him his work was slipping. Then, early in 1929, a pair of events brought the convivial phase of his career to an end. A man and a woman killed themselves in the apartment next to Rockwell's, and the next day a man who lived in the apartment right above him did the same thing. This man, Emil Fuchs, an artist who had painted Queen Victoria and other royal personages, committed suicide because of ill health and possibly because his work was considered dated.

Rockwell went to California for a vacation soon after that, and there he married his present wife, who was a school teacher in San Gabriel. Rockwell has never again lived in New York. Several times he has considered returning, but something has always happened to warn him away. Once, on a tentative visit here, he went into a garage to get his car, opened the door of the office to see if the attendant was in there, and a lion jumped out at him. On another visit, he was almost hit by the body of a man who jumped from a building on Fiftieth Street.

THE richest subjects in art, as far as Rockwell is concerned, are still the everyday people of America, especially old men and boys. Sex, he thinks, is a blind spot of his. When he paints a woman, she invariably looks motherly. "Lord knows, I used to try to be sexy," he says. "I'd paint girls in low-cut dresses with big heavy lips and drooping eyes, but when I'd finished they all looked like fine wives and mothers." He suspects that this artistic limitation may be the result of the influence of his early outdoor illustrations and his work for the Boy Scouts.

Rockwell takes a personal as well as a professional interest in his Vermont neighbors, who pose for most of his pictures of everyday Americans. A year or so ago he wrote a friend a description of the people who had posed in a *Post* cover which showed a young soldier, whom he had named Willie Gillis, leaving an Army camp post office with a package of food from home and followed by a group of large, tough-looking soldiers who were eying the package. "The Willie Gillis in the picture lives in West Rupert, population 400," Rockwell wrote. "He works in a sawmill, and, due to some stomach operation, is undraftable. I picked him from among five models I tried out. The sergeant to his right is Jesse Watson, chief game warden of Bennington County. You will notice that the index finger of his right hand is missing, but he is still known as the best shot in the county. A swell guy. The fellow at Gillis's left is Jim Egerton, a farmer and my nearest neighbor. Jim has four kids and is famous for his maple sugar. The man at the extreme right is Frank White, a local carpenter. A very good workman. He also posed as a truckman on another cover and as one of the men at the anvils in the blacksmith-shop picture of a year ago. On the extreme right is Gene Pelham, a photographer and painter. The other two guys are clerks in a local general store."

The model who made the record number of appearances in Rockwell's pictures died before the painter moved to Vermont. He was James K. Van Brunt, a well-known character around New Rochelle for several decades. He was a veteran of the Civil and Spanish-American wars, a small man—the exact height of Napoleon Bonaparte, he occasionally pointed out—of fiery spirit. In New Rochelle they say he stamped so hard in the Memorial Day parades that his footprints can plainly be seen in the asphalt. He had a mustache that measured ten inches from tip to tip, and

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
Tallulah BANKHEAD in PHILIP BARRY'S FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

A New Musical SING OUT, SWEET LAND!
by Walter Kerr
ALFRED DRAKE
BURL IVES • Bibi Osterwald • Alma Kaye
International Thea. Columbus Circle at 59th
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Acclaimed by all critics as one of the greatest productions of all time!
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARGARET WEBSTER'S Greatest Triumph
VERA ZORINA CANADA LEE in THE TEMPEST with ARNOLD MOSS
BROADWAY Theatre, B'way at 53 St. Evs. incl. Sun. 8:30
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30. No Mon. Perf.

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The new musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & works of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

The MESSRS. SHUBERT present
Dark of the Moon
A Legend with Music by HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
46th ST. THEA. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
UP IN CENTRAL PARK
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY, 7 Ave. & 59 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

BOBBY CLARK IN
Mexican Hayride
By HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
COLE PORTER SONGS
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44th St. W. of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
April 1st thru April 29th
S. HUROK presents
RUSSIAN BALLET
By The Ballet Theatre
Every Eve. Incl. Sun., 1.20 to 4.80. Mats Every Sat. & Sun. & Thur., April 5, 1.20 to 3.60, tax incl. Mail Orders Filled
2000 SEATS $1 to $1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

2ND YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Royal BEAL Betty CAULFIELD
BIJOU THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play." —MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

"Always funny, sometimes profoundly touching." —CHAPMAN, Daily News
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
Evs. 8:40, $1.20-$3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

an unusual collection of trophies which he kept under glass bells. Among them were a pile of shavings from a steel mill he had visited in 1908, a seashell from Atlantic City, and a tiny heap of ashes that had fallen from a cigar smoked by Ulysses S. Grant. Rockwell painted Van Brunt as everything from an old tramp roasting hot dogs over a fire to a wealthy broker in a morning coat. The huge Van Brunt mustache finally became almost as well known as the beards of the Smith Brothers. Rockwell then decided that it had been overdone and told the old man he'd have to shave it off. Van Brunt, who had come to regard himself as one of the great models of history, did so reluctantly. Rockwell did only one picture of him, as an early Colonial painting a tavern sign, before the old man found that life without his mustache wasn't worth living. With Rockwell's consent, he set about growing another, but it wasn't successful. The old mustache had been deep brown tinged with iron gray and had had a firm and graceful sweep. The new one was mouse-colored, scraggly, and droopy. Van Brunt died a year later, and Rockwell has felt guilty about the thing ever since.

IT is not generally known that Rockwell has had his moments of modernism. In 1929, under the influence of friends, he took up dynamic symmetry, which is based on a theory that all paintings can be reduced to converging straight lines, and experimented with it for two years. He abandoned it because the cover dimensions of the *Saturday Evening Post* aren't in dynamic proportion. In 1932 he went to Paris, with his wife and his only son, to study. "I was about thirty-eight at the time," he says, "and thought I ought to get into abstractions, whatever they are." He bewildered the instructors at several Paris art schools, some of whom said frankly that they didn't know what they could teach a man who got as much for two or three magazine covers as they made in a year. He stayed in Paris seven or eight months, painting, among other things, two abstract covers for the *Post*, which the editors gamely printed. "My best efforts," he recalls, "were some modernistic things that looked like very lousy Matisses. Thank God I had the sense to realize they were lousy and leave Paris." To the great relief of the *Post*, he then settled back into his old groove.

The *Post* has come to consider Rockwell's pictures the most typical feature of the magazine. Nothing else draws as consistently large a public response as his covers. In 1929 he did one of a little girl showing her broken doll to an old physician, who was listening to the doll's chest with a stethoscope. The *Post* still gets letters from people who want copies of it to frame. There was another Rockwell cover, of a boyish-looking girl, which started a national argument as to whether she was a girl or a boy. Among the letters this brought was one from the distraught warden of a penitentiary who said that the argument had become so heated in his prison that the inmates were scuffling in the corridors. Two years ago, Rockwell did an April Fool cover of an elderly couple playing chess. The *Post* published an explanatory note in the issue saying that Rockwell had deliberately made forty-nine errors in the picture and inviting the public to find them. The public wasn't satisfied just to find them; it wanted to write letters about them. The magazine got a hundred and forty thousand letters, the largest number ever written in response to anything it has published. One came from two intense gentlemen in Argentina who reported that they had found a hundred and sixty-six mistakes.

Most painters are less responsive to Rockwell than are the readers of the *Post*. They either ignore his work altogether or actively object to it, holding that it is too photographic, that it is not spontaneous, that it is too sweet, or simply that it is not art at all. A few artists disagree with these opinions. The most vocal one of this group is George Grosz. "He has excellent technique, great strength, and a clearness of touch that the old masters had," Grosz has said. "His things are so universal that he would be appreciated anywhere."

Once a year, Rockwell has a sort of homecoming, when he journeys down to New York from Vermont to address the Society of Illustrators. He has become the Society's most popular speaker. During an open forum following one of

his talks a couple of years ago, another illustrator expressed the opinion that illustrating was just a way to make a living. "You do your job, you get your check, and nobody thinks it's art," he said. Rockwell was horrified. "Oh, no, no, no," he said. "How can you say that? No man with a conscience can just bat out illustrations. He's got to put all of his talent, all of his feeling into them. If illustration is not considered art, then that is something that we have brought upon ourselves by not considering ourselves artists. I believe that if we would say, 'I am not just an illustrator, I am an artist,' the work of all of us would show great improvement. I like to think that we can create another golden age of illustrators, like the one thirty years ago, when men like Edwin Abbey and Charles Dana Gibson and Frederic Remington and Maxfield Parrish were painting. Maybe they were not the greatest of artists, but they were conscientious. They worked hard and they had great talent. I believe that we could recreate the public interest in illustration that those men knew. This is important now, because there are a lot of things that need to be said about good will and good relations between nations and men. I think we illustrators ought to help say those things. I know that I sound like a Boy Scout," Rockwell said in conclusion, "but a few more Boy Scouts wouldn't hurt anything."

—RUFUS JARMAN

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Rockwell.*)

•

She looked at the sleeping boy, at the tired white face and the wild black hair and the large brown eyes hidden by the still eyelids.—*From "While Still We Live," by Helen MacInnes.*

Penetrating woman, isn't she?

•

NEW YORK (AP)—Supreme Court Justice William H. Munson directed today acquittal on one count charging exertion in the trial of building trades union officials Joseph S. Fay and James Bove.
—*Port Chester Item.*

We'll have none of *that* in our society.

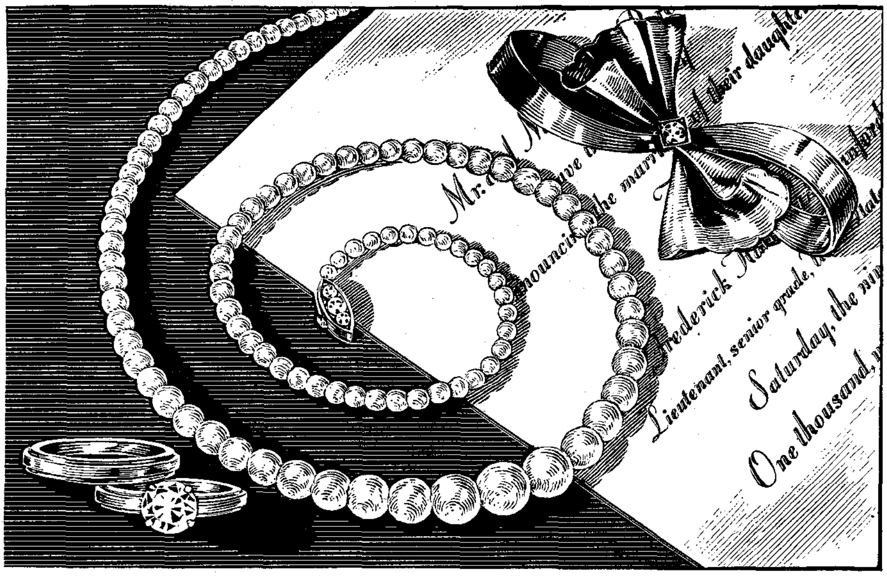
•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Herald & Express*]

When The Earl of Sandwich hit upon the idea in 1762 of taking two slices of bread and putting a filling between he probably had no idea that the Theater Mart would some day serve two million sandwiches during the 11-year run of "The Drunkard."

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22



PALLADIUM WEDDING RING	$19.50
SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING	1000.
PEARL NECKLACE WITH DIAMOND CLASP	3100.
GOLD AND DIAMOND BROOCH	84.

PRICES INCLUDE 20% FEDERAL TAX

FINE WEDDING AND PERSONAL STATIONERY

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

White Lace
by de heriot

White Lace
de heriot
White Lace
de heriot
White Lace

Delicate as moonbeams...romantic as a bride's bouquet...with a fragrance haunting as the memory of young love

IN NEW YORK CITY B. ALTMAN & CO.

DE HERIOT, INC. • 4650 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD • HOLLYWOOD 27, CALIFORNIA

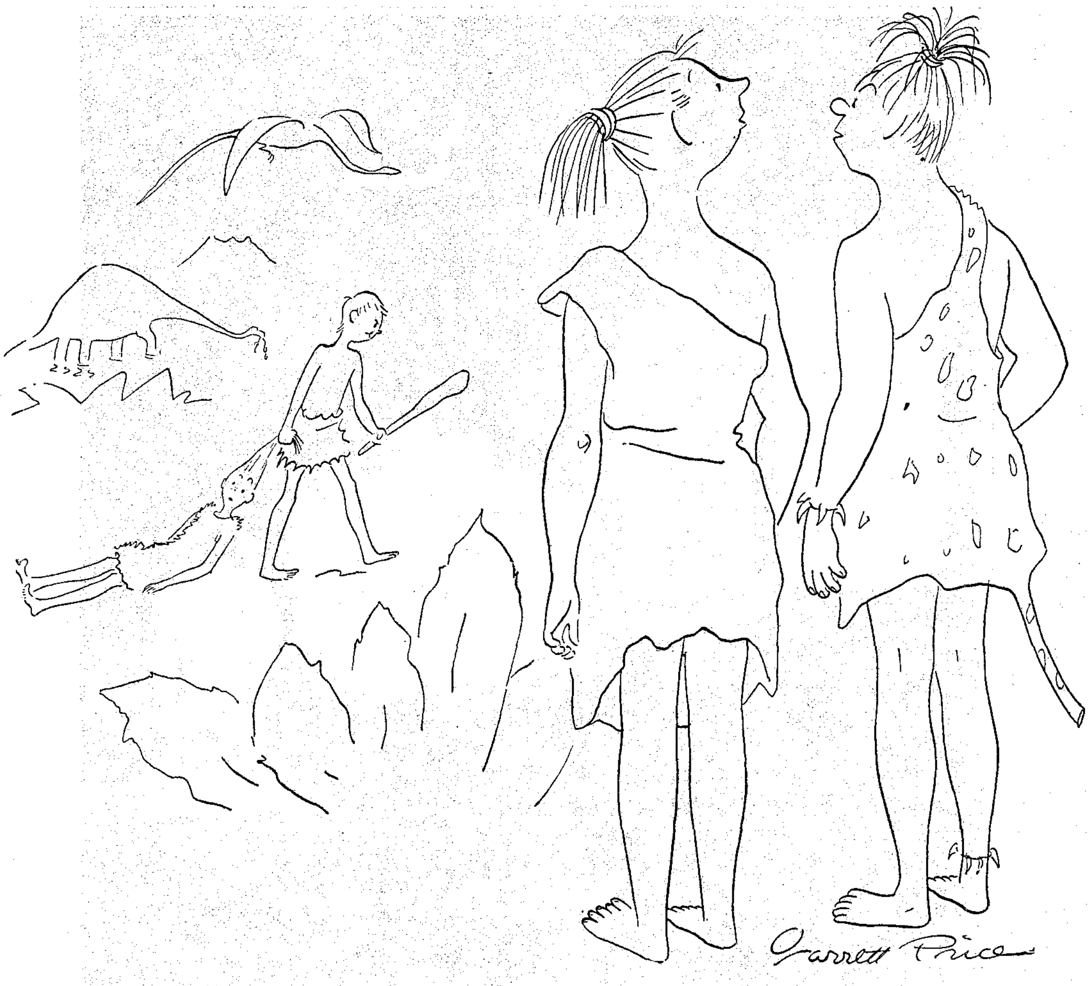
THE THEATRE

SPOOKS AND WITCHES

In "Foolish Notion," Philip Barry has what must have looked like a fine idea for a play, the services of Tallulah Bankhead, and a very handsome production by the Theatre Guild. He has, in fact, just about everything except that continuity of mood necessary to transmit an author's emotions to the spectators. In this case, as a matter of fact, it isn't easy to tell just what Mr. Barry's emotions are. He is witty, sentimental, and mystic by turns, but no atmosphere on the stage is sustained long enough to allow the members of the audience to quite identify themselves with it. Mr. Barry is a volatile man. This is an attractive quality, but conceivably dangerous in a playwright.

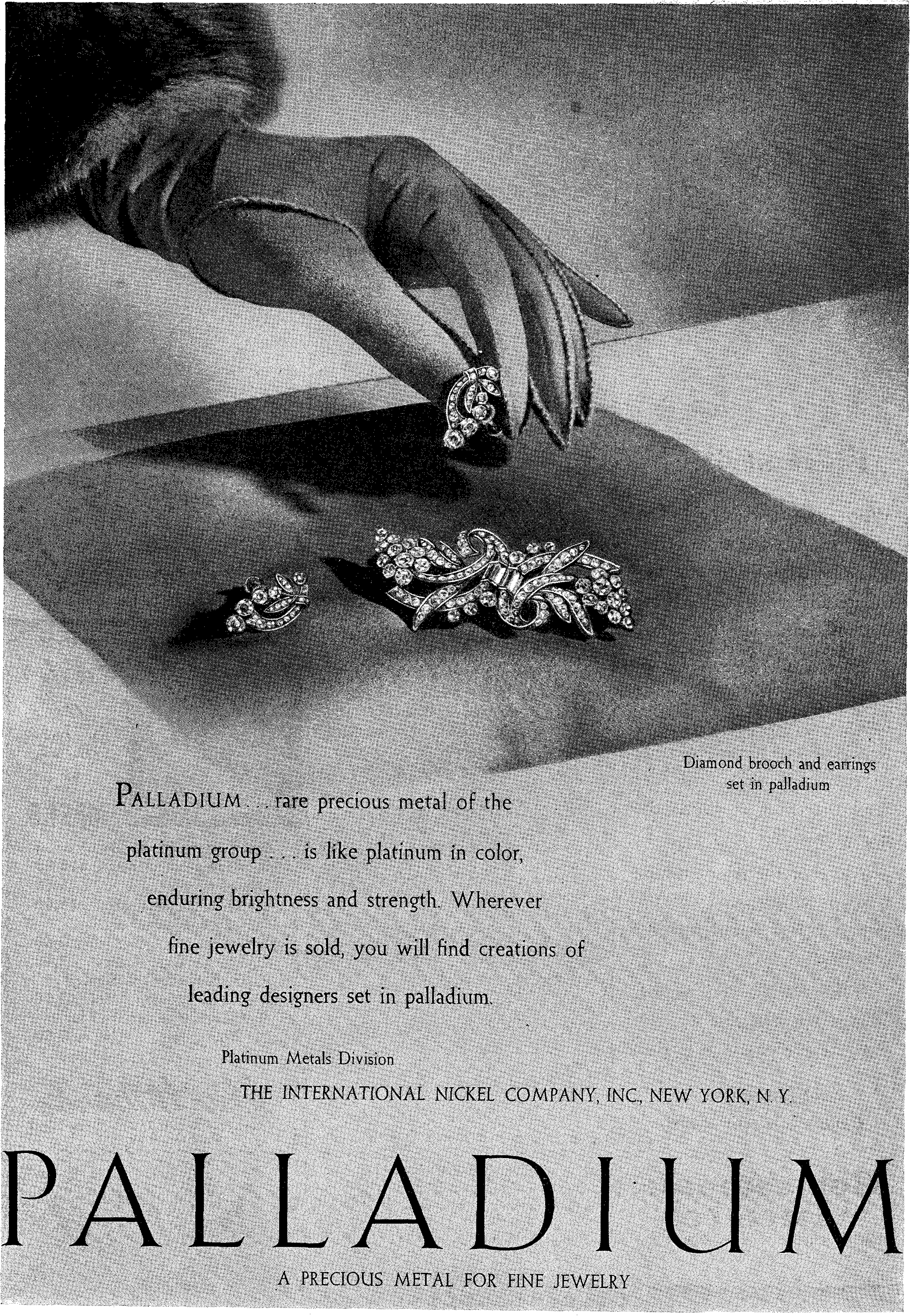
"Foolish Notion" has no story in the usual sense. It is made up of a series of episodes, some real, some imaginary, involving the return of a soldier, long believed dead. Each character who has been importantly linked with him in the past pictures his homecoming in terms of his or her own private habits of thought. A leading man, who had been about to marry a theoretically widowed actress and had known the missing man as a drunkard, sees him coming back just as he always was; the actress's father, a vaguely sporty old party, imagines a tender reconciliation; an adopted daughter, whose mind seems to have been somewhat addled by the radio, works up a fine melodrama around an adulterous plot to assassinate the hero with knives or poison or maybe both; the actress has a lovely scene in which she sees herself receiving a vase containing her husband's ashes and puts on an act with them that would impress Duse. As you can see, it is all moderately complicated and somewhat various in content.

Throughout these assorted maneuvers, Miss Bankhead gives another example of her rare accomplishments as an actress. Lines that really aren't especially funny are made to seem so because of the peculiar accent given them by that deep and celebrated voice; scenes that might be painfully whimsical in any other hands are redeemed by her curiously ironic style; confused or incredible situations grow almost plausible just because almost anything is possible when Miss Bankhead is around. I'm afraid that she isn't quite enough to save Mr. Barry's play from its fundamental shapelessness, but I can't think of anybody who could have made a better try at it. She is supported by, among others, Donald Cook, as the leading man; Aubrey Mather, as the genial father; and Henry Hull, as the hypothetical corpse, who has a different costume and accent every time you see him.



"I wouldn't worry. It's probably just a case of puppy love."

"Dark of the Moon" is one of those specimens of native American folklore that almost always sound intolerable in synopsis. This one, adapted from something called "Barbara Allen," an item certainly unfamiliar to me, deals with a witch boy who takes up with a mortal girl, a trollop from the Smoky Mountains, and then spends a good deal of his time ducking the local Baptists and sighing for the days when he used to ride around on eagles, accompanied by beautiful female witches. I am sure that that much is enough to keep you out of the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, but the fact is the piece has a good deal to recommend it. The music—regional songs and Baptist hymns—is cheerful and humorous; the witches, who are clearly typical small-town Southern girls, almost too tired to move, in spite of their supernatural qualities, struck me as pretty funny; and the folk atmosphere, especially in a revival scene, complete with all the paroxysms of the devout, is sustained and convincing. The piece, I suppose, is a combination of a good many odd ingredients—there are traces of such widely diverse exhibits as "Okla-



Diamond brooch and earrings set in palladium

PALLADIUM . . . rare precious metal of the platinum group . . . is like platinum in color, enduring brightness and strength. Wherever fine jewelry is sold, you will find creations of leading designers set in palladium.

Platinum Metals Division
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PALLADIUM

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELRY

First strike!

Who shall describe the first strike of the season in terms adequate enough for the fortunate angler! Just words are not sufficient.

Every angler knows there is much more to fishing than filling a creel. So the wise ones go ready for any weather so that discomfort will not spoil the sport or touch the happy mood.

Much of the joy of fishing is to go well prepared with the right tackle, clothing and accessories.

Tell us what you require. If it is not available we may have suggestions to help you.

Send for booklet on
Clothes for Active Sports

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

homa!," "Tobacco Road," "The Devil and Daniel Webster," and maybe even "The Tempest"—but on the whole I had a diverting time at it. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have the principal rôles, and there are a lot of other fascinating people around, too.

A COMEDY centering on the activities of a marrying parson in some Maryland Gretna Green may sound like a promising notion, but it is one that is apt to wear a little thin before three acts are over. At least, it did in "Happily Ever After," a vehicle for Gene Lockhart, at the Biltmore. First, it seems that Mr. Lockhart was never actually ordained, having spent a good part of his life with a medicine show, so the twenty thousand children resulting from his unions are all bastards. Then, in the end, it turns out that everything is all right, since he is really a deacon in the church, for reasons I forget. There are agreeable things in "Happily Ever After," especially Mr. Lockhart, but not enough, unfortunately, to make its future look really bright.

"IT'S A GIFT," at the Playhouse, is one of those comedies in which a reputable institution, sheltering young women, is mistaken by most of the cast for a disorderly house. It is quite a nuisance, in spite of the always welcome presence in the cast of Whitford Kane.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

While resting on our back porch Monday noon an unusual thing happened when a great blue heron or crane came lumbering up in its awkward flight from the river, and attempted to perch on a tree in our yard but not finding a suitable place, this elongated stork like bird winged its way back to the river. We were glad it didn't leave a diapered youngster on our door step, as it would've been used for cannon fodder 25 years hence when some political party wants to keep in power, or we have a war with Russia.—*Tionesta (Pa.) Forest Republican.*

Yes, the thing worked out pretty well all around.

•

CHANGE OF NAME

I, SENDAPPERUMA ARATCHIGE (Asoka) ABEYASIRIWARDENA SILVA, do hereby inform the GOVERNMENT OF CEYLON and the GENERAL PUBLIC that I shall henceforth be known as SENDAPPERUMARATCHIGE ASOKA ABEYASIRIWARDENA and sign all documents accordingly.
S. A. A. SILVA.
—*Ceylon Daily News.*

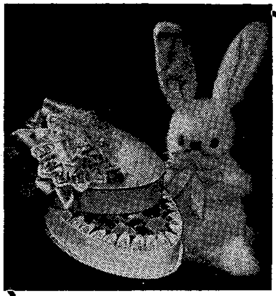
O. K., Silva.

SPRINGTIME AT THE HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

Springtime at The Homestead traditionally begins with Easter Sunday, which this year will be April First.

Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, or our New York office in the Waldorf.

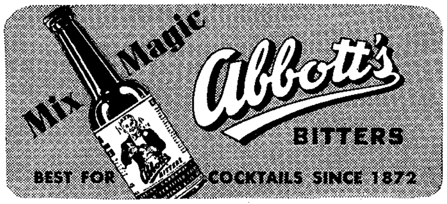
THE Homestead
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



Easter at ALICE H. MARKS

Gay Easter eggs filled with good things to eat (illustrated) $15.00
Others from 5.50
Easter Bunny (illustrated) 10.00
Easter candies that are different from 2.00
Or Marlee Chocolates 2.50
Easter Boxes for the Service Men and Women from 5.50
And Cuddly Easter Toys for the Youngsters from 5.50
Parcel Post not included.

Alice H. Marks
6 East 52nd St., N. Y. 22 PLaza 3-7282
SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.



OF ALL THINGS

THE peace feelers which Germany is reported to have put out do not seem to have reached Washington. Our sensitive President says that he has not felt a thing.

•

American troops have cut the six-lane Ruhr superhighway. Elsewhere in Germany, our superfortresses are busily dropping superbombs on the supermen.

•

A Tokio commentator says that the fighting on Luzon "has begun to assume an aspect." Even in his prime, Dr. Goebbels never did quite as well as that.

•

There is no confirmation of the Swiss report that von Rundstedt has lost his command of the German armies on the western front. It is clear, however, that he has lost his command of the situation.

•

San Francisco warns us that it cannot provide bed and board for all the onlookers at the United Nations Security Conference. It seems that far too many people are singing "California, Here I Come."

•

A Senate committee reports that the 1944 elections were the most expensive in history. The extravagant Democrats squandered over seven million dollars, while the thrifty G.O.P. managed to get along on less than twice that much.

•

There is reason to hope, world conditions being what they are, that the unemployment of the Duke of Windsor is only a temporary matter. It should not be too hard nowadays to find him a job he will want to keep.

•

At this writing, the soft-coal miners and operators are in a state of complete disagreement about the new contract. Fortunately, there is ample evidence that the backbone of the winter is broken.

•

Our citizens are beginning to recover from the mental strain of making out their income-tax returns. Now we can all settle back and try to understand the Bretton Woods economic agreement.

—Howard Brubaker

LISTEN: MARCH 24, 1945

First news that Americans crossed the Rhine reached the U.S. shortly after 2 p.m., Thursday, March 8.

A couple of minutes later CBS short-wave beamed it back in German to Germany and in Spanish and Portuguese to Latin America, thereby causing dismay in one hemisphere, delight in another.

★

Librarians ought to know a good deal about the usefulness of books. So, when the "Booklist" of the American Library Association and the chairman of the ALA lending section choose the 100 books of 1944 which are "outstanding," and which have "permanent value . . . immediate significance . . . wide appeal," good authority speaks. One of the hundred happens to be "World Words," the notable pronunciation book compiled by CBS' speech consultant, Prof. W. Cabell Greet, and based on his realistic effort to see that when CBS pronounces hard ones like Lwow and Kyaukpadaung they are correctly spoken. The book was published by the Columbia University Press with some assistance from the Network.

★

If you're interested in the *quality* of radio acting, here are some of the brilliant performers who are now both audible on CBS and visible on Broadway:

Burl Ives—*Radio Reader's Digest* (Sunday, 9 p.m. EWT) and "Sing Out Sweet Land."

Arnold Moss and Charlotte Keane—*The Goldbergs* (Mon.-Fri., 1:45 p.m. EWT) and "The Tempest."

Howard Smith—*The Aldrich Family* (Friday, 8 p.m. EWT) and "Dear Ruth."

Joan Wetmore—*This Life is Mine* (Mon.-Fri., 9:45 a.m. EWT) and "Hope for the Best."

Ethel Owen—*Casey, Press Photographer* (Tues., 11:30 p.m. EWT) and "Laffing Room Only."

Billy Redfield—*Wilderness Road* (Mon.-Fri., 5:45 p.m. EWT) and "Snafu."

Rolfe Sedan and Gilbert Mack—*Grand Central Station* (Sat., 1 p.m. EWT) and "A Bell for Adano."

Walter Greaza—*Crime Doctor* (Sun., 8:30 p.m. EWT) and *Our Gal Sunday* (Mon.-Fri., 12:45 p.m. EWT) and "The Overtons."

The time will certainly come when you'll be able both to see and hear them act on CBS.

★

Those irrepressible kids. You recall that station KOY (CBS affiliate) in Phoenix whooped up a scrap-paper drive. Well, as a part of it Al Johnson at KOY broadcast an offer to the kids: one free movie ticket for each 10 lbs. of scrap paper they turned in. (There are about 15,000 families in Phoenix town.) He made plans for one show at one movie theatre.

Bad guess. For 13,000 children turned up in their school yards with 210,000 pounds of paper. So instead he engaged five theatres and ran two Saturday forenoon shows at each.

★

A writer sent in a script to the director of Armstrong's *Theatre of Today* (CBS–Saturdays, 12 p.m. EWT). The story was about a war plant worker who took home some defective copper tubing to use in his victory garden. The tubing was part of a homing device used on aircraft carriers. A German agent stole the tubing, pieced out the design of the whole device, turned it over to the Japs, who were thus able to sink several American carriers.

CBS' Department of Editing questioned the advisability of broadcasting the story, even though it was fictional, and submitted the matter to the Office of Censorship. Washington censors were quite upset. Just how (they wanted to know) did the writer obtain his secret and confidential information? The writer said it was just an idea. Washington said "If you dream up any more gadgets like that, send 'em along. We'll use 'em."

So a different show went on the air.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PERSIAN GULF COMMAND

III—THE WHIRLING MEN

IRAN is the country in which the officers and men of Major General Donald H. Connolly's Persian Gulf Command have just completed two years of service, roasting in the summer sun, shivering in the winter snows, mildewing in the rains of early spring and late fall, suffering foul diseases, feeling achingly out of the war, but at the same time wrestling four and a half million long tons of American supplies to the Russians over a cruel terrain, assembling a hundred and forty-three thousand motor vehicles for the Red Army, working miracles of technology. Quite an outfit, the P.G.C., and Iran is quite a place.

For two and a half millenniums, Iran was erroneously known to the outside world as Persia. The Greeks of the sixth century B.C. were to blame. There was then a province in southwest Iran called Pars, the Greek word for which was "Persis." In the way that the word "Yankee" has been stretched to cover a Mississippian or a resident of southern California, the Greeks called all Iranians "Persai," no matter what province they came from, and the Romans picked up the misnomer and bequeathed it to Western civilization. The Iranians are a patient people, and it was not until 1935 that they got around to asking the other nations of the earth to call the country by its true name. Nobody seems to have brought up the question of changing the Persian Gulf to the Iranian Gulf. Hence the Persian Gulf Command.

Anyone who has been to Mexico is reminded of it during a stay in Iran. When you get down to specific details, the two countries are enormously different, but these are some of the likenesses: great stretches of desert and big mountains rising abruptly from them; cities on the high plateaus; urban sophistication and rural primitiveness; palm trees; extremes of heat and cold; shocking poverty, beggary, superstition, undernourishment, disease, and a seeming fragility of physique beneath which there is apt to be amazing endurance and a genius for surviving horrible injuries; spectacular bird life and an abundance of fish and game; foreign exploitation of natural resources; love of colorful dress and pageantry; tribal communities within the framework of civilized society; exciting rhythms in song, in drum beats, and in the clapping of hands; the chants of street vendors; a past filled with explosive violence and political murder; widespread artistic and craft skills among the humble, and a cleverness at quickly learning modern techniques; a thirst for knowledge among the educated, and a proud, touchy nationalism and a bitter cynicism toward the Big Brother nations; remains of ancient cultures that pop the eyes of visiting archeologists; a brunette, sun-tanned citizenry.

Another similarity is the talk you hear from the grousing foreigner. In Iran he may be of any Western nationality, including even the Mexican. The weather in many parts of Iran, he says, is perfectly ghastly; Iranian servants steal; Iranian office help know nothing of filing systems; Iranian workmen are lazy; there is no proper sewage disposal in Iranian cities; salted peanuts cannot be bought in the bazaars (this from a Detroit automobile man); Iranian women do not practice organized physical culture (this from a homesick Soviet lady relay racer); Iranian trains do not run on time; you can buy a better Persian rug in London, New York, or Buenos Aires, and cheaper; there are fleas in the Iranian neighborhood movie theatres; Iranian caviar is too salty and Iranian vodka (sheer popskull to Americans) doesn't have enough kick; the Iranian lower orders are illiterate; there is no getting the better of an Iranian merchant; they ought to grow more grass in the goddam country; Iranian prices are outrageous; my dear boy, you should have been here in the days of the old shah—not the father of this present chap, but the one before *him*.

On the other hand, I found foreigners in Iran with patience and sympathetic curiosity, such as the old English governess who became an expert on Iranian tribal lore, the archeologist who would call on Iranian farmers and listen to Iranian stories in exchange for telling them about fantastic machines that burn oil and manufacture cubes of ice, and the Negro sergeant who learned to write poetry in Iranian. Of a number of enthusiasts I encountered during a long stay in the Persian Gulf Command, my favorite was an American botanist who once lived in Michigan and now works at an agricultural college outside Teheran. About eighty per cent of the Iranian population is engaged in agriculture or stock raising, and the government, in its efforts to encourage the adoption of modern methods, has sought the help of foreign experts. This botanist makes delicious wine from grapes he is experimenting with. He has found that the Iranians are great lovers of poetry. The most unlettered peasant families in the remotest villages, he says, know by heart yards of the "Shahnama," or "Book of Kings," which is the Iranian national epic, written by the medieval

To sunny San Diego

Just now this famous old route of the Spanish conquistadores is thronged with soldiers and sailors—and marines. Tens of thousands of them have ridden on this stainless steel Santa Fe train the "San Diegan" and hailed it as "a train of this modern world." Its speed and comfort are serving the war cause well.

The gleaming beauty of the "San Diegan" is also a promise for the future. On progressive railroads from coast to coast you will see many more of these Budd-built stainless steel trains, to be built for post-war travel. Budd builds of stainless steel for strength and safety—builds entire trains, reclining chair cars, sleeping cars, dining and tavern cars, lounge and observation cars. Budd-built equipment is distinguished for its modernness, for its advanced ideas of passenger comfort and convenience, for sound economy in railroad operation.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA • DETROIT

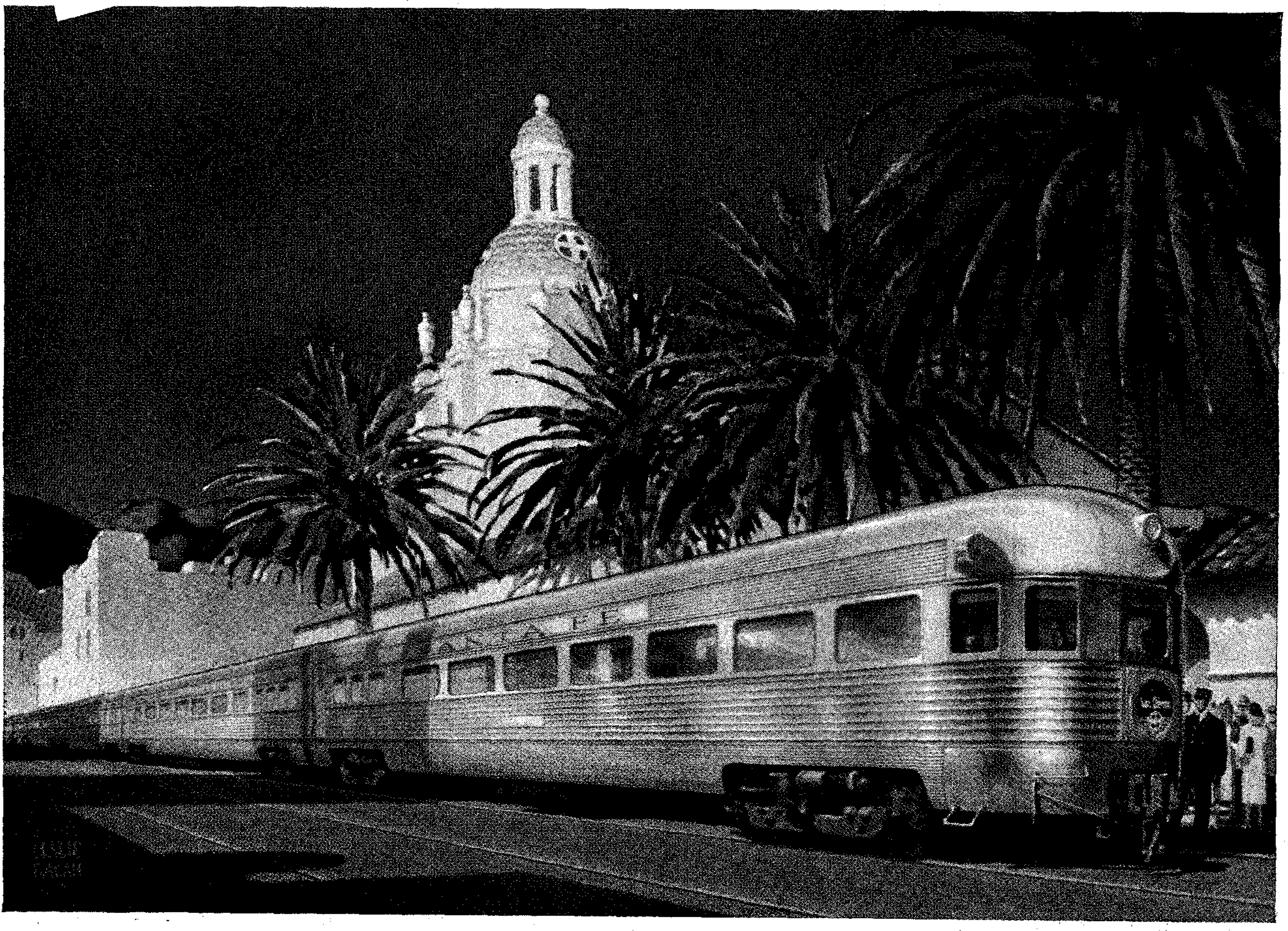
DON'T TRAVEL NOW

Put your money in war bonds and wait for a real vacation when the war is over.

Originators of ALLSTEEL* *auto bodies, stainless steel lightweight trains and highway truck trailers. Designers and makers of airplane and marine structures. Inventors of the* SHOTWELD* *system of fabricating hi-tensile steel.*

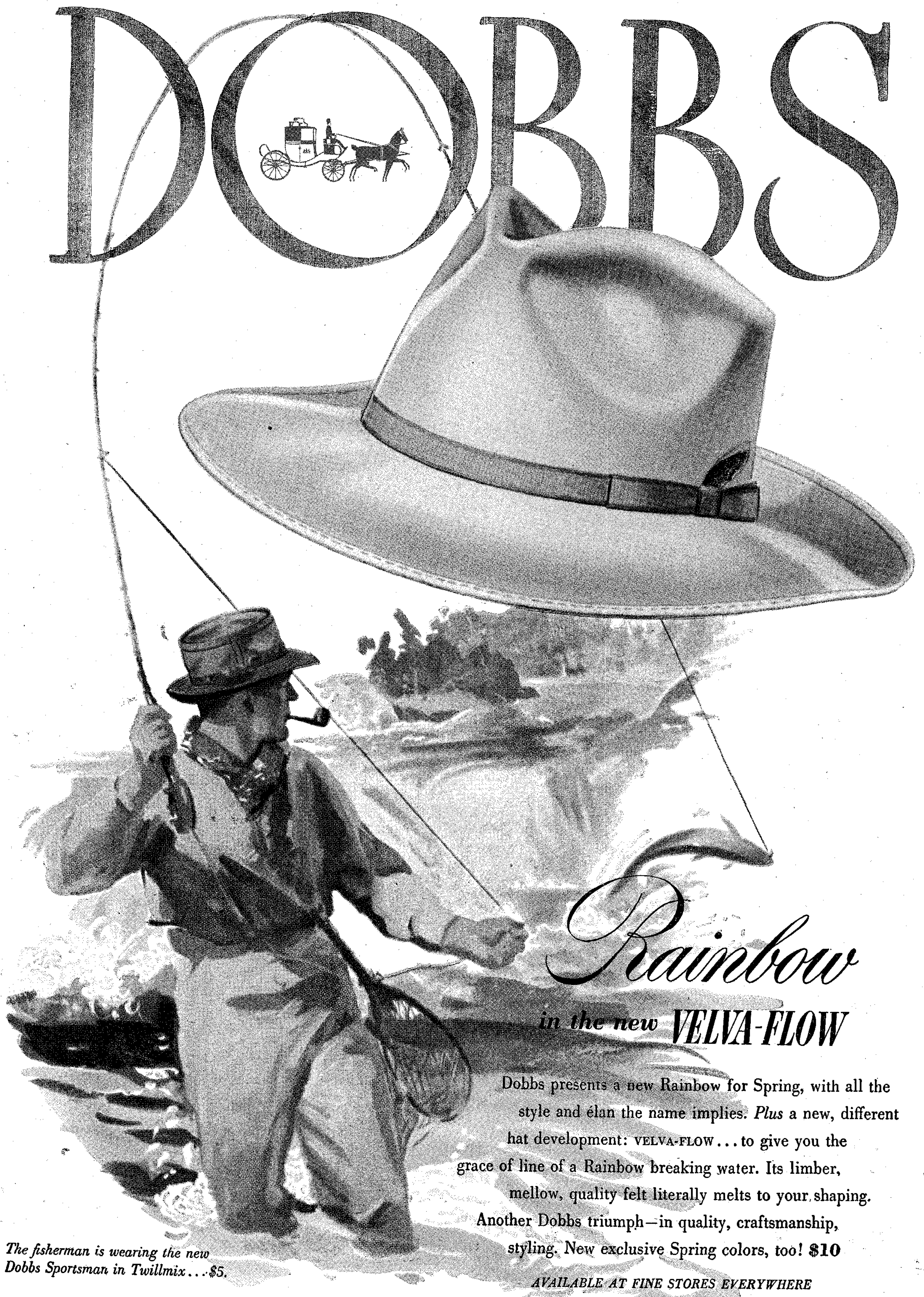
Budd

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Eight times daily the Santa Fe's popular "San Diegan" flashes to and fro between Los Angeles and the "City of the Sun"

DOBBS



Rainbow

in the new VELVA-FLOW

Dobbs presents a new Rainbow for Spring, with all the style and élan the name implies. *Plus* a new, different hat development: VELVA-FLOW . . . to give you the grace of line of a Rainbow breaking water. Its limber, mellow, quality felt literally melts to your shaping. Another Dobbs triumph—in quality, craftsmanship, styling. New exclusive Spring colors, too! **$10**

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

The fisherman is wearing the new Dobbs Sportsman in Twillmix . . . $5.

DOBBS HATS • RETAIL STORE: PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET • NEW YORK 22

poet Firdausi, whom Iranians revere the way the English revere Shakespeare. Therefore he introduces his agricultural students to "The Tempest" and Walt Whitman.

THE term *zir khaneh* means "Strength House." All over Iran there are *zir khanehs*, which belong to one big physical-culture society, the Iranian equivalent of the Polish and Czech *sokols*. Every night the members of a *zir khaneh* get together and perform feats of strength before a gallery of spectators. Once a year a national competition is held between the local chapters. The institution of the *zir khaneh* goes back at least as far as the sixth century, and some people think it goes back much farther. An athlete in a *zir khaneh* is known as a *pahlevan* (Parthian). In Iranian sculpture and heraldry, you frequently encounter gigantic, handlebar-mustached men who have great clubs on their shoulders. These are the *pahlevani* of ancient times, symbols of national virility. When, in 1925, Reza Khan, a tough old cavalry colonel born in Parthian country, booted out the ruling Kajar dynasty of shahs (in power since 1794 and founded by a eunuch) and ascended the Iranian throne himself, he named the dynasty he founded the Pahlevi. *Pahlevan* and its derivatives are terms of distinction in Iran.

The *zir khaneh* in Teheran is a high-ceilinged room containing, in addition to the standard apparatus of any fairly well-equipped Western gymnasium, a large, octagonal, cement-walled pit, about ten yards in diameter and shoulder deep. In this pit, which has a floor of hard-packed dirt, the *pahlevani* do their exercises, usually before anywhere from fifty to a hundred spectators. The *pahlevani* work stripped to the waist, barelegged, and barefoot; they wear only close-fitting pants that end just below the knees. The pants are made of iridescent red-and-blue cloth in which the red predominates, with whorls of red and blue embroidery on the front. As the men perform their feats, they look like figures from an illuminated medieval manuscript. On a raised platform in back of the pit, sitting tailor fashion, is the house drummer. The skin on the conical, one-headed drum he plays is kept tight by the heat of a small iron charcoal brazier, which the drummer has on the platform in front of him. Without the drummer, the *pahlevani* would be like opera singers or ballet dancers without an orchestra. The *zir khaneh* drummer gives the cues, knows all the specialties of the several athletes, varies his rhythms accordingly, and controls the shifting moods of the spectacle, which run all the way from gaiety to terrifying savagery. At intervals he sings passages from the "Shahnama." One night the drummer in Teheran had in front of him, instead of an iron charcoal brazier, a bathroom sun lamp. The boys in the pit were extra good that night and did a lot of new stuff they had been working on, but I could not keep my eyes off that sun lamp. *Zir khaneh* drumming is probably the greatest one-man, one-instrument percussion work in the world. The drummer does not use sticks. Snare-drum effects are achieved by wriggling the fingers at great speed on the edge of the drumhead; the bass notes come from striking its center with the heel of the hand.

The first time I went to a *zir khaneh* in Teheran, the meeting had already started by the time I arrived. A troupe of a dozen *pahlevani*, standing in the pit, formed a hollow circle, their arms folded across their stomachs, their shoulders resting against the sides of the pit. In the center, one of the troupe was whirling. His arms extended, he was spinning furiously on the balls of his feet. The drum's accompanying rhythm was a gallop—rat-a-ta, tat-a-ta; tat-a-ta, rat-a-ta. When the performer had whirled himself into an exhausted stagger, the drummer gave a final thump, and the dancer's place in the center was taken by a *pahlevan* who whirled mostly on one leg. Each succeeding whirler seemed to have a special whirl of his own; one leaped during his gyrations, another spun with his body on a perilous slant, and so on. For each man the drummer changed his drumming. Finally, when all the other *pahlevani* had taken their turns, the troupe leader, a young man with thick, curly black hair, a small mustache, and a cauliflower ear, stepped forward. He

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT."—*LIFE*
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS · JOAN McCRACKEN · DAVID BROOKS · DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN · Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

GERTRUDE NIESEN
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
JACKIE GLEASON
Buster West • Viola Essen • Tim Herbert
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON *presents*
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
ON THE TOWN
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT • *Music by* LEONARD BERNSTEIN • *Book & Lyrics by* BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN • *Dances by* JEROME ROBBINS
with SONO OSATO, NANCY WALKER
ADELPHI, 54th St., East of B'way. CI 6-5097
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation • Rockefeller Center
World Premiere . . .
Spencer TRACY · Katharine HEPBURN
"WITHOUT LOVE"
Lucille Ball
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
and THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT EASTER STAGE SHOW

ZUCCA'S
RESTAURANT
For 27 years a landmark for those who prefer the best food, tastefully prepared and masterly served.
Luncheon $1.00 - Dinner $1.60 • Closed Mondays
COCKTAIL LOUNGE • MUSIC
118 W. 49TH ST. • BR. 9-5511

walked stiffly up and down in short, rapid, rooster steps. Suddenly he began to whirl. The others had all been good, but he was so vastly stronger, faster, fiercer than they that there was something terrifying about his superiority. He whirled with such speed that you could see his two profiles and his full face simultaneously.

The next exercise was a series of fast and fancy push-ups, executed with unbelievable stamina by all the men at once. Each *pahlevan* had a pole about a foot and a half long, which rested on small triangular blocks several inches high, and he put both hands on it while he pumped his body up and down. The drum rhythm for this movement was complicated but gay, and the gaiety inspired the *pahlevani* to wonders of endurance. Between spasms of push-ups, they paused, balanced on stiffened arms for perhaps thirty seconds while the drumming continued, and then went into another spasm. I counted seventy-seven push-ups in one spasm, and in all they must have done eight or ten times that before they rose to their feet.

The finale was a solo by a smallish but superbly built middle-aged man. He was, I was told, the head of this *zir khaneh*. Some rags were put on the floor. Then he lay on his back and put his shoulders on the rags. He was handed two rectangular oak shields, weighing a hundred and ten pounds apiece, one in each hand. Rolling on his shoulders to the slow thunder of the drum, he first raised the right shield aloft and lowered it, then raised the left shield aloft and lowered it. Right, left, right, left, up, down, up, down, again and again and again, until he was roaring out horrible groans with each lift and everyone was inwardly groaning with him. I tried to count the lifts, but the strain of watching and listening to him was so appalling that I couldn't keep track. Twenty-seven? Fifty-six? Ninety-four? What had I just counted? I couldn't remember. When at last he had finished, I felt as though I had been through some awful physical torture. It was easy to see why he was head of his *zir khaneh*.

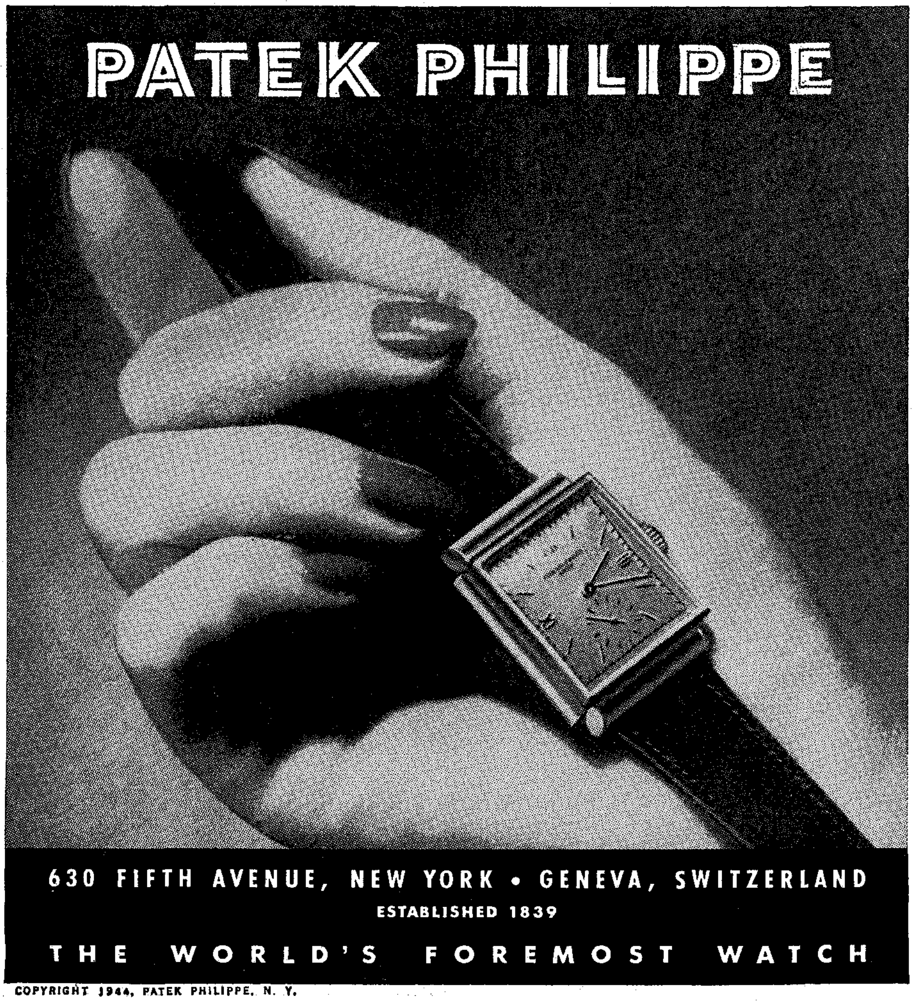
Talking to him afterward through an interpreter, I found that he was interested mostly in telling me what good work the *zir khaneh* was doing to combat the opium evil. Opium smoking is legal in Iran, and for the equivalent of thirty cents you can buy enough opium to go on a bat. Iranian opium is said to be milder than that smoked else-

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Through all the years since 1765, the name ★★★HENNESSY has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy . . . at its best! The war having interrupted shipments from France, we suggest reserving your supply for very special occasions.

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & Co
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794


PATEK PHILIPPE
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
ESTABLISHED 1839
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH
COPYRIGHT 1944, PATEK PHILIPPE, N. Y.

where, but, even so, it probably doesn't have the effect on a man that Wheaties do. Every year the *zir khanehs* attract thousands of aspiring *pahlevani* among boys in their teens, and since no hophead could attempt *pahlevani* feats without exploding, the opium evil is thrown for at least that much of a loss.

EVEN if there were no other reasons, the murderous Iranian summer weather would be enough to make the people emotional and easily moved to tears. Iranian men occasionally weep under circumstances that are funny to foreigners. One day a colonel in the Persian Gulf Command was overseeing some Iranian workmen who were building houses when he heard loud, heartbreaking weeping. Thinking that there had been an accident, he hurried to the unfinished house from which the sound came. There he found an old man with a long white beard, his hands tied behind him. Tears were rolling down his cheeks and he was squalling like a baby. He had been caught, the colonel later discovered, trying to steal a saw, and the carpenters had tied his hands and parked him where he wouldn't be in their way.

Another time, a native driver for the P.G.C.'s Motor Transport Service was killed in an accident in the mountains near his home. His superior, a P.G.C. captain, attended the funeral. During the long ceremonial walk to the cemetery, the captain pulled a book of matches from his pocket and lit a cigarette. Book matches were unknown in Iran before the P.G.C.'s arrival. A venerable Iranian, walking beside him in the procession, was fascinated by the match book and, in sign language, asked if he could strike one. He was so pleased at being allowed to do this that the captain gave him the book. The old man was a professional mourner, and his work during and after the interment was sensational; never before had the captain heard such loud and soul-wringing wails or seen such copious tears. Between bursts of grief, the old pro turned aside to strike a match and stare at it in delight, but if, during this interlude, one of the amateur mourners produced an exceptionally loud moan, the old man blew out the match and proceeded to top him.

I do not mean to imply that all Iranian male weeping is either insincere or comic. It merely seemed to me that more tears, male and female, were on tap in Iran than in any other place I had ever been. In almost any Iranian bazaar

Summer's On Its Way—

★ Summer furniture from our famous Seventh Floor collection . . . combining comfort, beauty, long-lasting construction and fine value.

A HOUSE FAMOUS FOR QUALITY

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

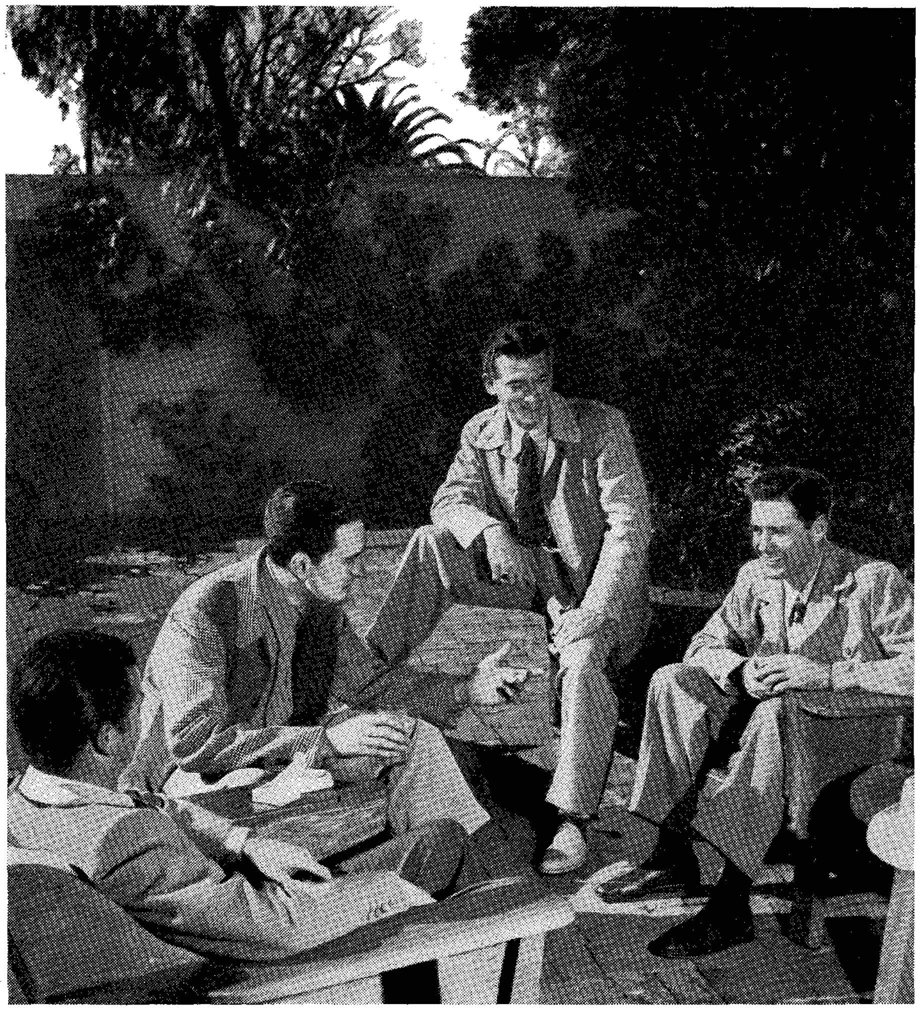
FOR OVER NINETY-SEVEN YEARS

Please ask for Spring Booklet "N4"

PARIS LONDON

JOHN RUBEL CO.
777 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE AMPHORA (patented)—Miniature perfume flask of gold. Several designs, some studded with jewels. From 200.00 to 300.00 *Tax included*



TRADITIONALLY CALIFORNIAN

California's enjoyment of patio living is contagious—it's spread from sea to sea. And out of it grew a new and natural type of men's sportswear, that has become a national habit. With fine understanding of this native growth, the Guild of California Dons has developed it, continued it—the free-and-easy clothes for a man to wear to match this way of life.

GUILD OF California Dons
LOS ANGELES
Makers of Men's Fine Sportswear

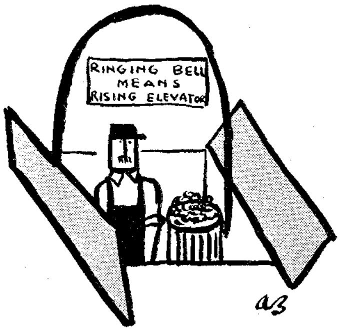
MEMBERS OF GUILD OF CALIFORNIA DONS
SCULLY BROS., INC.—Leather Jackets
CATALINA KNITTING MILLS—Swim Wear and Sweaters
GEORGE S. BAILEY HAT CO.—Cloth Sport Hats; Felts and Straws
M. JACKMAN AND SONS—Travel Wear
HOLLYVOGUE CRAVATS—Neckwear
CASUALS, INC.—Casual Shoes
LOUIS ROTH & CO.—Suits, Sport Coats, Slacks
McKEEVER'S SPORTSWEAR—Walking Trunks, Swim Trunks
HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR—Leisure Shirts
SPORTCLOTHES LIMITED—Casual Jackets

you can buy cruet-shaped vessels of dark-green glass for holding tears. The tears the Iranians save in these vessels are those shed in piety, probably mourning the martyrdom of Ali, Mohammed's nephew and son-in-law, or the even more wept-over death of Ali's son, Husain, at the battle of Karbala, in Iraq, twelve hundred and sixty-five years ago. Ali and Husain were not Iranians—they were Arabs—but they have both become revered Iranian saints. Husain, a man of action and apparently a lovable character, was killed by an arrow in battle with Yasid, a rival. Enemy horsemen then rode savagely over his body, and afterward his head was cut off and tossed on a pile of heads, collected as trophies, in the enemy camp. This was in the year 680, on the tenth of Muharram, the first month in the Moslem calendar. Every year, on this day, Husain's martyrdom is mourned all over Iran, often with fiery doings. In the province of Khuzistan lies the village of Shush, where there is a bogus tomb of the Hebrew prophet Daniel. On the tenth of Muharram in 1943, some American soldiers, innocently sightseeing in Shush, were attacked and slashed with knives by the frenzied villagers. In the outlying districts, where Iranian piety is most intense, mourners often cut themselves and beat their backs with chains.

Last year the Persian Gulf Command ordered its personnel to remain on post on the tenth of Muharram. However, one P.G.C. chaplain not only didn't remain on post but went in disguise to a shrine with an Iranian friend who had recently become a freethinker and had been denounced by the mullahs, or priests. The chaplain, who knew some Persian, wore a sack suit, a green fedora, and a dark-blue cape, all provided by his friend. The shrine lay five miles outside the town where the chaplain was stationed. The road was choked with mourners, some in automobiles and hacks, but most of them on foot. Every few minutes the two men overtook a man leading his small son by the hand. The chaplain noticed that although the better-dressed mourners looked only moderately mournful and proceeded toward the shrine at an easy pace, the ragged and barefoot ones had a glazed, lost look in their eyes and were almost running. Suddenly there was an outburst of cries, and a boy dressed in a green turban and a medieval garment came trotting down the road on a horse. The horse was covered with a cloth that seemed to be bloodstained. The chaplain's friend whispered to him that the boy represented Husain's son after the battle.

"Is that real blood on the cloth on the horse?" the chaplain asked.

"Beet juice," the friend said, then added, "Kindly pull the cape around you. More. Keep as much of your face down in the collar as you can. I am not happy about your glasses. Such glasses were never seen on an Iranian. They will be noticed and you will be discovered."



The chaplain was wearing steel-rimmed G.I. glasses with pink celluloid nose-bridge pads. "I am blind without them," he said. "I am here to see."

"Then pull the hat down more," his friend said.

The green fedora was too small for the chaplain, and when he pushed it forward, trying to hide his glasses, he looked even more conspicuous. His friend frowned and shook his head. The entrance to the courtyard of the shrine where the ceremonies were to take place was along a roofed-over street, perhaps a hundred yards long, through a bazaar, the stalls of which were boarded up. The crush here was frightful, and the helpless chaplain was slowly carried along by the crowd, often unable to raise his hands from his sides to pull down his hat brim, and moving for long stretches without even touching the ground. Suddenly he became aware that his friend had vanished, and he had a terrible impulse to shout the man's name.

The chaplain writhed and twisted in the crush, straining to catch sight of his friend, but he couldn't see him. It was impossible to turn back. Dust from the street had settled on his glasses and drops of sweat were sliding down the lenses, making little blurred channels in the dust. He was conscious of the smell, like that of soured ice cream, which pervades the homes of the Iranian poor. From the further end of the tunnel he was being carried through came sounds that overwhelmed all the sounds in the tunnel—full-throated yells of agony and a steady thud and thump that made the chaplain somehow think of blood. He started violently when he felt fingers close over one arm. It was his friend, who dragged him out of the crush when they were a few yards from the end of the tunnel. The chaplain faced a wall, removed his glasses, and wiped them with his necktie, under his cape. "There are mullahs here who know me," his friend whispered. "I dare not go farther. But you go. I have arranged with a policeman to protect you." The chaplain could not see any policeman, but without saying anything he moved on with the crowd and out of the tunnel.

When the chaplain emerged, he found himself in the courtyard of the shrine, set about with beautiful chinar trees, which are like our sycamores. At the side opposite the entrance rose two graceful minarets with golden tips. On the right lay the shrine itself. There were thousands of people in the courtyard, and the roofs of the shrine and the surrounding buildings were crowded. Here and there the chaplain saw well-dressed men quietly reading the Koran or telling their beads and heard them saying the ninety-nine names of Allah. Veiled women were standing in niches and recesses in the walls, watching. The chaplain also saw several *sayids*, who are descendants of Ali and outrank the mullahs. They are impressive, black-turbaned men whose grooming is splendid, as befits their station. In one corner of the court, fifty men were gathered about a mullah, who was reciting the story of Husain's martyrdom. His hearers were beating their heads and weeping. Elsewhere in the courtyard, two groups, each of a hundred men, ragged and stripped to the waist, were marching about, chanting songs and beating their breasts. At the head of each group were mullahs. The men following them had that fixed, lost look the chaplain had seen on the road, but now it seemed to him more fixed, more lost. If anyone in the crowd got in the way of these groups, he was furiously pushed aside. Obviously, these zealots were in the process of working up to what still another group, in the center of the court, was already doing. This group was the source of the terrible sounds the chaplain had heard. The men were rising in unison on their toes, lifting their arms high, and then bringing both hands smashing down on their naked chests. As the blows fell, the men uttered loud cries. While the chaplain stared, the tempo grew faster, the blows harder, and the chests redder. He watched until he could stand it no more, and then turned his eyes away. He wondered how it was affecting his neigh-

Rosette Pennington
presents

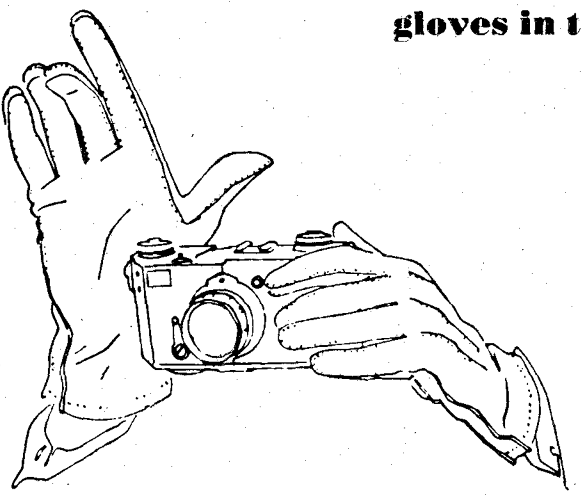
A spring into-summer print, in the attractive T-square silhouette. Broad, padded shoulders, choker neckline and gathered draping for added dressiness. Blue and black or pink and black flowers on white rayon crepe. Sizes 10 to 18. **29.95**

Rosette Pennington

10 East 56th Street

*Finger Free

... most comfortable gloves in the world!



DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

FINE GLOVES SINCE 1854

*designed by merry hull
*U. S. PATS. 2,125,673
2,194,934—2,226,604

Pamper your Formfit

LISTEN TO DICK BROWN
EVERY SUNDAY
6:45 P.M., E.W.T.
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

MAKE IT LAST LONGER!

Free Booklet, giving complete instructions for repairing and washing your Formfit foundation or girdle *at home*, now available. Send postcard for it today. Give name, address, postal zone number. Pamper your precious Formfit. Make it last much longer. It's your best possible appearance "insurance" for a sleek, pencil-slim, fashionable silhouette!

TAILORED-TO-FIT CREATIONS BY Formfit THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

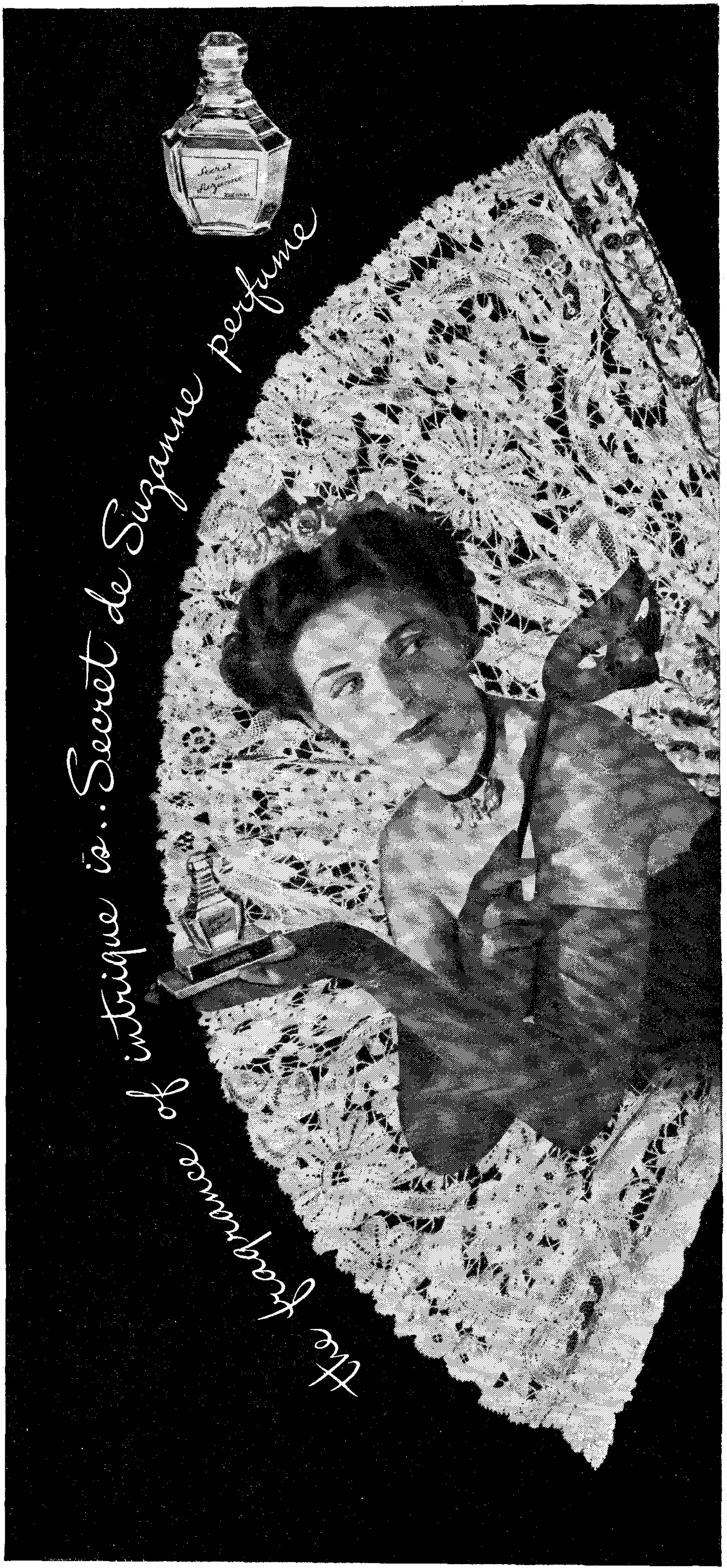
bors, but when he looked at their faces he saw with dismay that instead of watching the flagellants they were staring at him. As he tried to pull the fedora down further, he felt a faint tug at the back of his cape. He slowly turned around and saw a gray-clad policeman, who looked sick with fear. The policeman's eyes were imploring. The chaplain nodded almost imperceptibly and followed him swiftly through the crowd, feeling that every eye in the court was on him, expecting any moment to be seized. But the policeman forced a passageway for him through the bazaar and soon the chaplain was on the road again. There, before long, he found his friend. On their way back to town they passed bands of mourners going home, eight abreast, led by mullahs. The mourners were not marching now; they were almost sauntering, and they were gently striking their chests with only their right hands; their passion had been expended. They sang a lament, of which the chaplain could understand only one line, which occurred over and over: "Today is a sublime day."

IRAN has many other cultural holdovers. Teheran, its capital, has asphalt boulevards, dial telephones, air-conditioning, a diplomatic set, an airport, and more than fifty newspapers, but in a marble pavilion on top of an arch in its downtown section, a small group of musicians gather toward evening and, with horns and strings and a little drum, play a farewell to the sun, a rite which may have had its origins before history. A young Iranian mimeograph operator I knew on the P.G.C.'s post at Hamadan collected Duke Ellington records and wore sharp bow ties, but his mother, along with many respectable local matrons, was still anointing an old stone lion lying in the dirt on the outskirts of town and crawling under its chin in the hope that her fertility would be restored. Many an Iranian who helped the P.G.C. assemble fighter planes for the Russian Air Force believed unshakably in the evil eye, and also that when a person sneezes, a jinni enters the sneezer's body and must be exorcised by a prompt recital of a certain verse from the Koran.

What can you say about these people who whirl and weep and beat their chests? Well, one thing you can certainly say: Without their help, the Persian Gulf Command could not have accomplished the tremendous job it did for the Russians. The fifty thousand or more Iranians the P.G.C. always had working for it before we began to ship supplies into Russia by the shorter Black Sea route did hundreds of jobs, from clerical to mechanical, from domestic to just plain backbreaking. Our Motor Transport Service ran two schools to turn out native truck drivers for us and the Russians. Captain Joseph Petersen, who had been in the bristle department of a large packing house in Chicago, headed an anti-malaria army of nearly two thousand small boys, armed with Flit guns, who campaigned all over the Gulf district stalking the dread Anopheles and lowering the malaria incidence spectacularly. A pair of boys would rush into a hut in some mosquito-ridden village and, ignoring the howls of the occupants, simultaneously Flit the baby and the food cooking on the brazier. Petersen also commanded a two-scow navy which was used to spray the swamps. He taught his army of youngsters, at their request, to drill and salute, and he did his best to teach them to keep clean. The city boys were easier to indoctrinate than those raised in the country, and all of them were proud of the service they were performing. They even had a song, which began "Work hard, work hard, work hard while the master looks on."

Water is a problem in Iran; much of it comes from the snow on the mountains, and if the snow supply is poor in any given year, the nation's water supply suffers. The snow water is brought down from the mountains in subterranean aqueducts called *kanats*, some of which are a hundred miles long. The *kanats* are serviced through beehive-shaped earthen mounds with holes in their tops. When you fly over Iran, you can spot the courses of the aqueducts by the line of mounds which marks them. Among the strange specialists for whom the American taxpayer has had to find money in this war were the P.G.C.'s gangs of native *kanat*-cleaners. *Kanat*-cleaning is organized on the craft-guild system and goes back at least as far as Darius III.

To me, however, the most interesting of the P.G.C.'s native-staffed operations were the two truck-assembly plants. Both were built on the desert floor by General Motors—the larger at Khorramshahr, the P.G.C.'s chief port on the Persian Gulf, and the other at Andimeshk, where the desert ends and the mountains start. In summer, Andimeshk is one of the hottest places on earth; 140 in the shade is not even discussed there. The rest of the year it usually rains, in a nasty way. The Andimeshk plant was run by a captain named


the fragrance of intrigue is.. Secret de Suzanne perfume
Secret de Suzanne

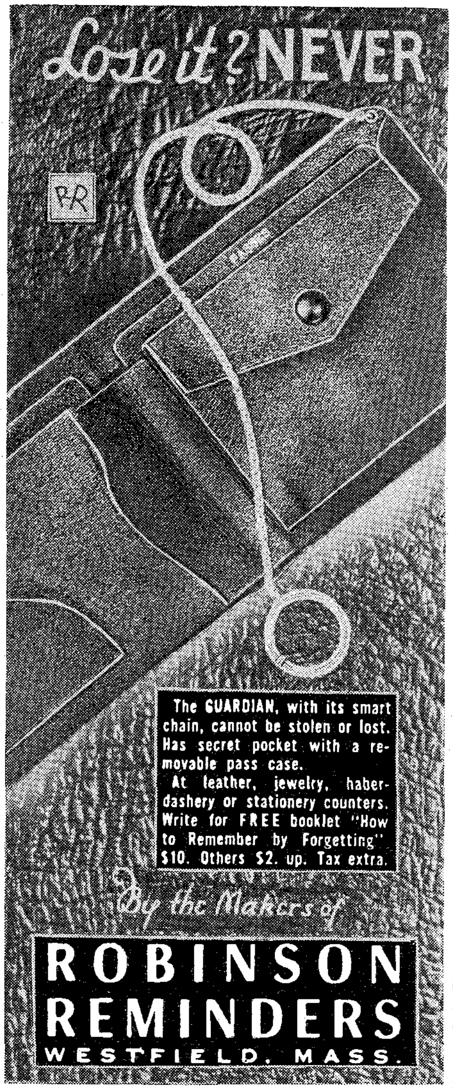
SUZANNE PERFUMES

Jack Schoo, now a lieutenant colonel. Aside from jaloppy-puttering in his youth, Schoo had had no mechanical experience before the war, having been a salesman for a building-materials concern, so what he did with the plant makes him an ideal exemplar of the old Army adage about doing the best you can with whatever job you're stuck with. At the plant, Schoo bossed 116 soldiers and 2,710 civilians, the majority Iranians, the rest citizens of thirteen other nations—Iraqis, Afghans, Armenians, Egyptians, Arabians, Sudanese, and Indians, as well as a number of peoples not often mentioned in general American conversation, such as Lak and Gonds. The Armenians were the cleverest workers and the fastest. Everybody worked a nine-hour shift. Pay ran from forty-five cents (fourteen rials) a shift for roustabouts, which is higher than the average roustabout pay in Iran, through a dollar a day for mechanics, to the one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month the Armenian head superintendent earned. In addition, everybody was either served three meals a day or drew the equivalent in rations, which was a considerable help to the workers, for a nearly nine-hundred-per-cent increase in the Iranian cost of living had taken place since the arrival of the Allies in 1941. Schoo also housed some seven hundred of his regular hands.

The personnel problems were constant and strange. The production curve would drop sharply during Ramadan, the ninth Moslem month, throughout which the revelation of the Koran to Mohammed by the Angel Gabriel is commemorated. During daylight in the month of Ramadan, no Moslem may eat, drink, make love, or wear a hemmed garment. Hardly any Moslems would report for the day shift at the plant, and those few who did would become weaker, crosser, and more inefficient as the hours passed. Schoo met this complication by putting all his Christian Armenians on the day shift and lowering its quota; then he put his Moslems on the night shift and let them eat their heads off before they took up their tools. Quite a number of the boys would get hurt on the tenth of Muharram. One, in his frenzy, threw himself under a moving Mack truck and was killed. On the eleventh, there was a big demand for first aid.

Iranians love medical attention and are great imaginary invalids. If any of them at the plants were really ill or injured, they were treated by the attendant medical staff. In addition, a group of hypochondriacs reported regularly at the dispensary, oozing health and demanding to be fussed over. For the benefit of these, who were otherwise good workers, there were four large glass jars of salt tablets dyed purple, green, pink, or blue. Each hypochondriac would be solemnly listened to and then would be given a salt tablet of his favorite color, which always made him feel like a new man. The distribution of DDT powder, intended to kill lice, also met with popular approval, though one bookkeeper was so mortified by the implication that he wept. True, some of the natives may have been hypochondriacs, but it was incredible what they could recover from when they really were injured. One day a worker's head was crushed between two huge cases of truck parts. Schoo was certain that the poor fellow wouldn't live five minutes, but in a couple of days he smilingly reported back for work. His head was noticeably elongated, but he claimed that he felt better than he ever had before in his life.

Schoo had to spend most of his time straightening things out. A worker was killed in an accident and his body was carried out past the assembly lines. Two hundred and fifty men quit because of a rumor that he had been beaten to death by American soldiers. Schoo had to straighten that out. Armenians and Iranians or Iranians and Arabs could not be put on the same assembly line, because there was sure to be hair pulling among them. (So far as Schoo could tell, there was never a fist fight. Hair pulling was as far as they got.) He also had to put a stop to the excessive pilfering. All workmen were searched at the exit gate. Wood is very scarce in Iran, and the men would try to smuggle out sticks or bits of board in their clothes. At the end of the inspection there would generally be a pile of minor lumber almost large enough to build a small reviewing stand. Any Russian truck driver who lost his ignition-switch key got into serious trouble with his superiors, and the drivers would pay fancy prices for spares. Therefore, there would also usually be a small mound of keys beside the wood-



The GUARDIAN, with its smart chain, cannot be stolen or lost. Has secret pocket with a removable pass case.
At leather, jewelry, haberdashery or stationery counters. Write for FREE booklet "How to Remember by Forgetting" $10. Others $2. up. Tax extra.

By the Makers of
ROBINSON REMINDERS
WESTFIELD, MASS.

This Marmalade is different!

Try this not-so-sweet marmalade... made from Seville oranges by our original recipe since 1706. If not obtainable, write giving grocer's name.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
ORANGE MARMALADE
WITH THE FAMOUS ALL RED LABEL

SPANISH * FRENCH
ACCENT & VOCABULARY SPECIALISTS

The school for serious students. Idiomatic speech and vocabulary building emphasized. Native speed, cultured intonation. All languages. English diction. Free trial.

BARBIZON SYSTEM OF TEACHING

BARBIZON SCHOOL, INC.
20 EAST 57th ST. PL. 5-0678

pile at the exit gate. Attempts were made every day to steal valve caps, rotors, and distributor parts, and these were often hidden in peculiar places. A bandage was almost sure to conceal a few truck-lamp bulbs. Schoo would fine the pilferers and then return the fines if they worked hard. When the plant had assembled its fifty-thousandth truck, General Connolly came down from Teheran for a review in celebration. Schoo wanted his workers to take part, of course, so he loaded the entire day shift into trucks to get them to the parade ground. When the trucks rolled through Andimeshk from the plant, the streets were lined with women who screamed and wailed and tore their hair as though it were the tenth of Muharram. They believed, it was later learned, that their men were being shanghaied to Russia. After the review, when the trucks returned to the plant, the women carried on as though the war had ended and their men had won it all by themselves.

I have mentioned only a few of the things Schoo had to worry about. Well, it all seems to have been to the glory of God. Schoo's boys got so good that they could slap trucks together at the rate of one every five minutes, and they were responsible for a good many of the hundred and forty-three thousand vehicles turned over to the Red Army by the P.G.C. A large part of the Red Army will roll into Berlin in trucks the boys built in Andimeshk. The Russians were so pleased with what they got that they awarded Schoo, who is from Little Rock, Arkansas, the Order of the Soviet Fatherland. —JOEL SAYRE

(*This is the third of four articles on the Persian Gulf Command. The last will appear in an early issue.*)

•

We are doing very well in our war and we have got to hand it to the biggest of "The Big Three," Franklin D. Roosevelt. I happen to know that he had much to do with the military planning of the high command. I may get a couple of raspberries, or a bronx cheer or two for saying this, but it is a historical fact and I happen to believe it.—*Elsa Maxwell in the Post.*

Always believe facts, Elsa. It's the only way.

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Raymond Knight in Woman's Day*]

If you can find any scene which is funnier than the one in which Hope and the real pirate captain give conflicting orders to a completely confused pirate crew, I will eat it, semi-colons and all.

Charbert's Breathless

Perfume that spins a moment

into a memory...

PARFUMS CHARBERT • 730 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

BELLOWS
SPECIAL RESERVE
Whiskey—A Blend

For many years the House of Bellows has been a pioneer of light fine whiskies. In this blend, our faithful search has produced a light whiskey, delicate and yet amply full of flavor. We recommend it to the discriminating taste.

86.8 Proof *66⅔% grain neutral spirits*

Bellows & Company
IMPORTERS AND WINE MERCHANTS
ESTABLISHED 1830 NEW YORK CITY

BELLOWS
SPECIAL RESERVE
Whiskey - A Blend
Distributed by
BELLOWS & COMPANY
New York City

La Cross

complements fashion's vibrant spring colors with a heady new nail polish shade

Out of the Blue

a deep purple-red that accents the blue notes

LA CROSS
America's Finest Manicure Implements...Hand Beauty Aids
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP., 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

EMBRACE ME—AT MY MOTHER'S KNEE

I PICKED out the nearest empty aisle seat in the theatre and sat down. In the seat next to mine was a sergeant reading a copy of the *Stars & Stripes*. He was a short, quiet-looking sort, with heavy glasses and a thin, ragged black mustache. After a few minutes I asked him to watch my seat while I ducked out for a smoke.

He said, "Smoke a couple of cigarettes, bud—plenty of time before the show starts."

I smoked a cigarette outside one of the exits and talked to some English soldiers. When I came back, the sergeant held out the *Stars & Stripes*. "Want to read?" he asked.

I read the paper for a while, and when I gave it back the sergeant passed it over to another soldier. There was a lot of noise in the theatre—soldiers laughing and talking, M.P.s walking up and down the aisles looking for smokers. The sergeant glanced at his watch. "We still got a lot of time," he said.

"Know anything about the show tonight?" I asked.

"Some movie—what difference does it make? I hope the goddam machine don't break down or the current doesn't fade. If I ever get back to the States, I'm going to see four movies a day for a week straight just to see pictures that don't stop after every reel, to sit in a comfortable seat, and be able to hear the sound."

"This is a U.S.O. show tonight, not a movie," I said.

The sergeant sat up. "Really? Maybe it's an Italian stage show."

"U.S.O. Why do you think everybody is here so early?"

He looked around. "Never noticed it. I always come early—good time to read. U.S.O. show—the usual accordion player, a corny m.c., and a pretty, sexy babe who winks at the boys and sings 'Embrace me' or 'Put your arms around me, honey, hold me tight.' As if she meant it!"

"Change from the movies."

"Me, I like the movies." He slumped down in his seat and shut his eyes.

WE sat there for nearly a half hour without saying a word. Then the news review came over the loudspeaker. After that the lights went out, the curtains opened, and a fat-faced guy in a loud-checked burlesque suit came out and introduced himself as the m.c. The sergeant nudged me. "Here comes the gag about 'I was on my way to the theatre when I met a . . .' Is there any wonder vaudeville died? Wonder is why they dig up these acts to send overseas." He had a fast, jerky way of talking that got on my nerves.

The m.c. told a joke about meeting a pansy on the way to the theatre, and the soldiers roared with laughter.

The sergeant nudged me again. "I told you—that's S.O.P. for all U.S.O. shows."

The m.c. told a couple more old jokes and everybody laughed except the sergeant, who stared up at the stage without even a smile. The jokes were pretty bad, but the m.c. knew how to put them over.

A bald-headed accordionist was introduced next. The sergeant asked, "Say, what the hell did all the accordionists do before the U.S.O. came along? Where did they hide?"

"They can't cart an orchestra around," I said.

He shrugged. "I only want to know where they find so many accordionists."

The accordionist was good. He played three hot numbers that brought the house down. The m.c. came out, made some crack about the accordionist's bald head, and then said, "Seriously, Harry used to work at a night club where they had midget fan dancers—to entertain the guests who drank themselves under the table!"

The sergeant shuddered. When the laughter died down, the m.c. said, "That's the truth. I heard that at my mother's knee—or some other joint!"

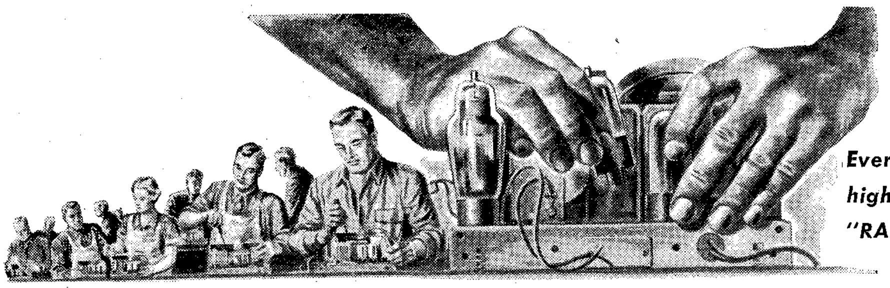
The sergeant said, "Joe Miller must be spinning in his grave. I haven't seen one U.S.O. show that *didn't* have that gag."

The m.c. held up his fat hands for silence. "Now, fellows, here's what you've all been waiting for—a gal! We call her the merchandise girl—look but don't touch!" He waited for laughter and got it. "Really a swell gal and a great singer, from the land of the stars,

Why Your Coming New Zenith Will Be The World's Leading Radio Value:

Zenith Leads the World in

"RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY"



Every Zenith worker is a highly trained specialist in "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY."

SINCE 1915, Zenith has devoted all its resources to mastering and developing the science of Radionics. This specialization has made Zenith today AMERICA'S LEADING PRODUCER of Radionic Products Exclusively—now devoted to producing for war.

Some of Zenith's war-born Radionic advances are still veiled in secrecy. But many of their basic principles will come to you in the new Zenith radios and radio-phonographs for your home . . . combined with precision quality at low cost to give you greater radio value than ever before known!

As a lifelong specialist in Radionics, Zenith has always stood out in engineering, in craftsmanship, in the use of new materials, in development of High Frequency—the basis of all Short Wave, Television and FM Radio.

Remember—Zenith does not manufacture products like washing machines, refrigerators, electric irons, cooking ranges, vacuum cleaners. Zenith has no intention of competing with lifelong *specialists* in those fields.

Naturally, then, the world looks to Zenith for a Radionic Revolution when radios can again be made for the home front. Why risk disappointment when you can be sure? Keep your eye on Zenith for the world's best value in radio!

Available now for America's hard-of-hearing—the famous Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Model A-2-A, only $40 complete, at authorized Zenith Hearing Aid dispensers.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Illinois

All Production Now for War or Rehabilitation

COPYRIGHT 1945, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

Keep Your Eye on ZENITH for the Best in Radio!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LONG DISTANCE RADIO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

RADIO · FM · TELEVISION · RADAR · SHORT WAVE · RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS · HEARING AIDS

Rogers Peet Quality unchanged by the War

Who makes Rogers Peet Clothes?

ROGERS PEET makes Rogers Peet Clothes. Our Master-Designer designs them.

Our cutters and tailors follow through with the *unhurried* precision that comes from long experience.

Result— our clothes fit— and give lasting wearing pleasure.

Rogers Peet Company
Makers of Fine Clothes

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street | 13th Street *at* Broadway | Warren Street *at* Broadway | *And in Boston:* Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

Here are two unusual GUBELIN world famous watches designed for service and beauty.

Lady's 17 Jewel Watch, 14 Kt. Gold handsomely adorned with fine diamonds. $285.

Man's Steel Case 17 Jewel Watch; an exceptionally fine time piece for the discriminating man. . . . $90.

GUBELIN INC.
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

CREATED • BOTTLED • PACKED IN ENGLAND

ATKINSONS
of Old Bond Street London
Est. 1799

Famous
ENGLISH PERFUMES
and
TOILET WATERS

Importers & Distributors, SALE & CO (USA), INC., 535 5th Ave., New York, N.Y

CELEBRATE
Easter Sunday
...with Fine Feathers...with Fine Food

Make the occasion festive as well as fashionable. Enjoy a traditional Easter dinner served in an atmosphere of Early Americana. Cocktails. *Reservations are suggested.*

THE WHITE TURKEYS
OPEN SUNDAYS

12 EAST 49th STREET *off Fifth Ave.* PL-3-1181
220 MADISON AVENUE *at 37th St.* MU-3-1581
ONE UNIVERSITY PLACE *at Wash. Sq.* AL-4-3677

Hollywood, California. Miss Betty Troy!"

A lush blonde in a tight evening gown stepped out and was greeted by a chorus of whistles. A soldier shouted, "You don't have to sing a word, honey—just stand there!" The blonde grinned in his direction and nodded at the accordionist.

She sang "I'll Get By." Her voice was throaty and soft, and when she finished the soldiers clapped and shouted, and she smiled and sang "I'll Be Seeing You," the theatre full of sentimental quiet.

At the end of this number she took several bows and started for the wings. The m.c. blocked her way, winking at the audience as he clapped his hands. The soldiers made more noise and the blonde returned to the mike.

The sergeant still sat slumped in his seat, staring at her coldly.

"She sure is stacked," I said to him.

"Maybe," he said. "I'll bet the hair came out of a bottle and a lot of those curves are sewed to her dress."

The blonde sang "Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you . . ." As the soldiers growled their approval, the sergeant looked at me and said, "That completes my evening."

The blonde finished to thundering applause. She blew kisses at the boys and walked off. She had an interesting walk.

The m.c. told another joke, then introduced a slender, middle-aged woman who did card tricks. She was all right except that she had too much makeup on. After the card tricks the m.c. told another joke, and the show was over.

AS the sergeant and I walked out he said, "The old bag who did the card tricks entertained troops before—in 1918. Notice how they always have an equal number of dames and men in these shows? Who do you think gets the blonde—Joe Miller's ghost or the accordionist?"

"Why don't you stop it?" I said, a little angry. "It was a good show."

He didn't say a word. Outside, I headed for the Red Cross. The sergeant was walking behind me. He started to walk faster, and when he was abreast of me he said, "Look, I hope I didn't spoil the show for you."

"You didn't spoil anything."

"Don't mind me," he said. "I've been over twenty-six months. That's too long. You get like a pregnant woman, develop strong likes and dislikes. Over in Africa I used to pay two and three bucks for a Hershey bar. Now I can't stand the sight of them. Same with pinup pictures. You know, I get sore when I see a pinup. I keep thinking of the photographer, the lucky bastard who is in the States, going home every night when his work is done."

We kept walking. At the door of the Red Cross he stopped. "This is another pet dislike—can't stand Red Cross atmosphere. I tell you all this so you'll know I didn't mean to spoil the show for you. The shows are O.K. But I get sore—I don't know why. No, I'm not Section 8 material. That song, 'Embrace Me,' always gets me. I wish to God somebody did give me a real embrace. I don't know. What are they doing, trying to rub it in?" He suddenly laughed. "See what I mean—I get upset too easily. That's what being overseas too long does to you. Well, guess I'll catch a truck back to the fields."

"So long," I said.

"Take it easy, bud," he said, and walked away. —LEN ZINBERG

•

Dear Martha Foster:
Please don't think this question foolish; I'd really like to know the answer. I believe I'm very much in love with a certain girl, yet I don't enjoy kissing her. In fact I've never enjoyed kissing at all. I'm 25 years old. The question is, is a kiss a sign of love, and does it represent anything? What is there in it? J. P.

ANSWER—Friend, there you have me stumped! My first inclination is to say that if you don't appreciate kissing, a lecture on its pleasures isn't going to help much. But the question goes deeper than that. When one considers that the Chinese frown upon the practice as vulgar and that the Eskimos prefer to rub noses in greeting, it's obvious that kissing as a sign of affection isn't universal; it's something we've developed as a social accessory of our own. But since among us kissing is ordinarily a stimulus to romantic impulses, you have a right to wonder whether you are actually in love, or somehow different, if you have no desire to kiss the object of your affections. Perhaps some of our readers can tell you better than I "what there is in it."

Have you tried taking vitamins?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

For that matter, have you tried rubbing noses?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Indiana University Daily Student*]

To Mrs. Delicia Allard, East Pepperell, Mass., war worker, came a thrill of a lifetime.

She helps repair battered war vehicles sent back from battle fronts. A fortnight ago she started to inspect one, a halftrack that had just come in. She looked at the dashboard and shouted.

Age conscious?

WHY SHOULD I BE?

In fact, I love to tell my age—and watch the surprised looks. It's then I'm prouder than ever of my soft, smooth skin... my dewy-fresh look. For that I thank...

Revenescence Cream by

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

$3, 5, 10, 15 plus tax

PARIS LONDON MONTREAL NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE is no quibbling in high places this season. The custom departments of the big houses agree on two very important points. When the new clothes are simple, they are simple indeed—no nonsense, and no tricks except of the most subtle sort. When they are designed with innovations in line, they are perfectly capable of going haywire.

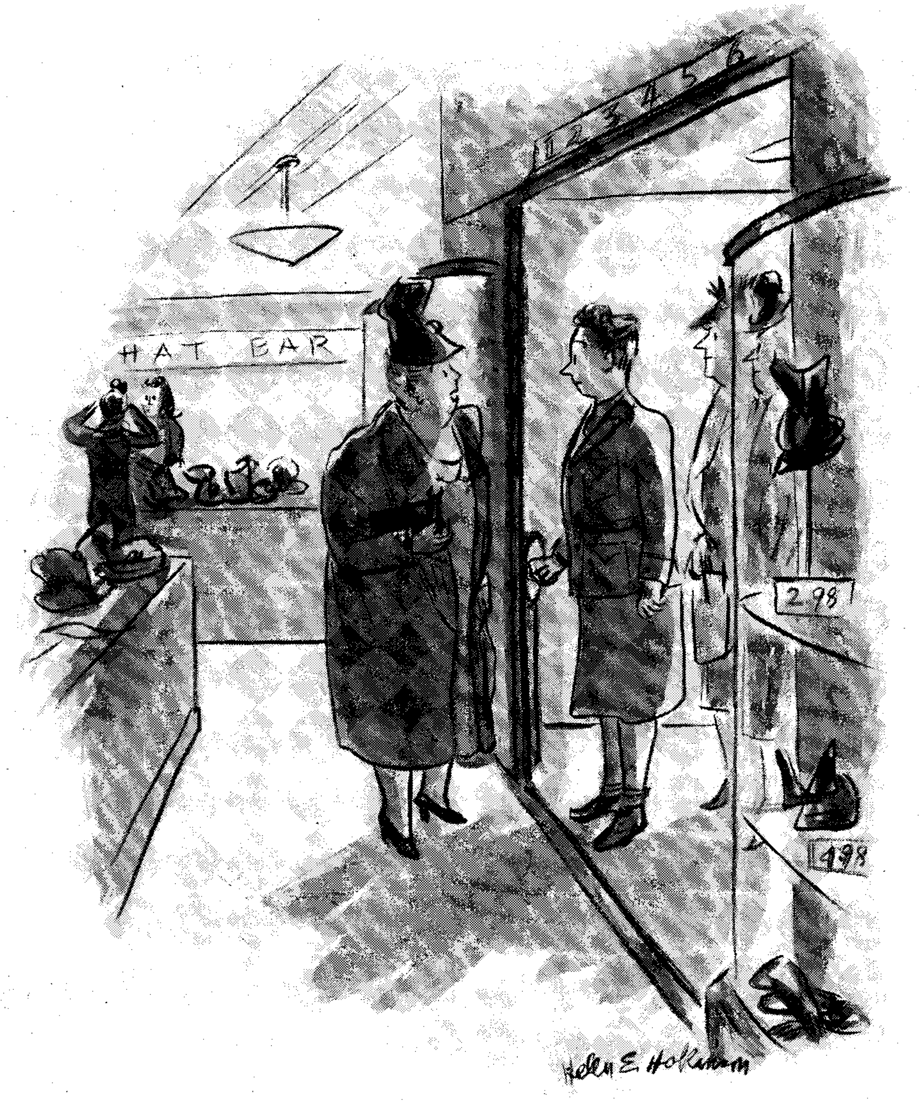
Let's take Bendel, for instance, a refined, high-toned place if ever there was one. Nobody does lovelier day dresses than Bendel. One, in thin navy wool, has a wide red suède belt, cartridge pleats in front of each hip, and big white linen cuffs. A spongy gray wool has a softly rounded effect at the hips (achieved by means of slight gathers at each side) and a gold kid buckle on the wide gray wool belt. A black alpaca (the designers use quite a bit of this here), also with that slightly rounded look at the hips, has a pouf of striped surah in the small V neck and surah making the cuffs, too.

Bendel's suave long-coat-and-dress costumes are as good as any in town—navy-and-white print crêpe dresses, say, with navy wool coats that have bell sleeves of the same print from a point just above the elbows. Or a breathtaking (yes, really) collarless fitted coat, with a narrow black belt, that is made of a raw beige silk in a linen weave and printed with a small, precise black pattern; the black crêpe dress beneath is slim and severe, with a band of the print appearing in an inverted pleat straight down the front. Or you may crave (I would if I were you) a gold wool fitted coat that has simple bands starting at either side of the waistline and shooting over the shoulders. You wear it over a dress that recalls the days of Vionnet's glory—a cap-sleeved top to which the skirt is attached in an irregular line. The fabric is a navy satin-back crêpe, the satin side out in the top, the crêpe side out in the skirt. There are combinations that have short jackets, too. Among them is a gold crêpe box affair with a round, flat band collar buckled in front. The accompanying black crêpe dress has the same neckline.

Moreover, there are some stirring black-and-white dresses here in which attention is softly called to the outside of the sleeves by trickery. One dress is a slim black crêpe day affair with two narrow bands of white grosgrain tapering down the outside of the below-elbow-length sleeves. Another, also a black crêpe, has white crêpe making the entire yoke and the tops of the sleeves.

But these, children, are not all Bendel has to offer. There are Lines. There are Fireworks. Take shoulders, for instance. They are fond of sleeves that slope casually off the shoulders, in the broadest possible way, and end above huge, deep, open armholes in a dolman effect—sloppy but often nice. A slim black wool day dress has these sleeves, which are further emphasized by a wide band of white linen jutting out underneath. Something they call an Algerian silhouette is best exemplified in a dress of white ribbed wool with a straight-across neckline, a wide red-and-navy snakeskin belt, and a long tunic, just above the knees in length, that blouses under in harem style. The skirt politely ends further down on you. Among the cocktail dresses, the favorite aberration is to put the largest and waggliest possible pannier, or folded bows, right where a girl sits down. The mannequins tell me that they haven't dared to try sitting in them. One of these dresses is in moiré, sleeveless and oval-necked, with a jutting piece of business emerging from a broad satin band placed at the very low hipline. Other inducements to stand up while drinking cocktails are offered in a navy jacquard suit with a trim, buttoned basque top and folds and folds and folds around the hips. This one has pink roses peering out from under the folds in back. Odd, quite odd. Awful pretty standing up, though.

For evening, Bendel manages to have



"On what floor do I find the hats for better women?"

IT'S
*ARALAC!

At ease . . . in lounging pajamas
designed by Raymond . . . made of
Milson's Cheng-tu, a new shantung weave
of rayon and ARALAC.
In maize, aqua, and coral . . . sizes 10-18
the tunic about $15, trousers about $9.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • Chicago

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by ARALAC, INC., a division of NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Lavando
DISTINCTIVELY BEAUTIFUL

Unrivalled for smartness, softness of texture, and practicality, Ireland's LAVANDO—loveliest of gloves—are fashioned of luxurious velvet-rich mocha leather. Perfect-fitting, washable, and long-wearing. Priced from five dollars at many fine glove departments.

IRELAND Brothers GLOVES
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y. · NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO · KANSAS CITY, MO.

Maiden Form and Maiden Form only makes

Maiden Form
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES

The way to be *sure* the brassiere you buy is a genuine Maiden Form is to see that it carries the Maiden Form trade-mark . . . always your assurance of quality, in fabrics and in workmanship!

If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

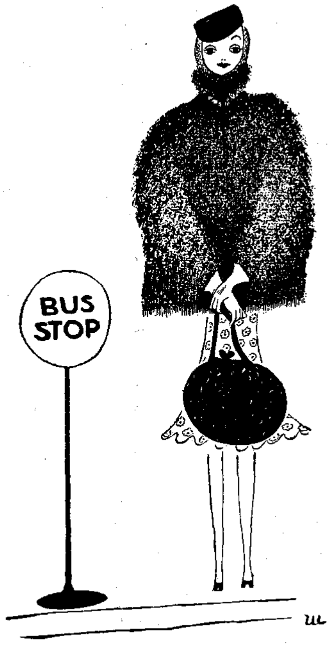
all sorts of dresses, even though most of the other houses still seem bewildered by the long evening type of thing. A sleek white crêpe, with deep tucks, like tiers, on the skirt and another below the square-necked bodice, has the wide, deep, short sleeves Bendel loves. I thought it was downright beautiful. Another, in black crêpe, has a beaded, lacy top that turns into a flaring peplum in back and descends into a deep V in front. Still another is half green taffeta, with a pouf of it at one hip, and half orange-and-green printed crêpe. Then there are navy lace classics, and slim dresses with black chiffon skirts and shirtwaist tops of white chiffon with delicate, smoky, black chiffon appliqué.

Fira Benenson, Bonwit Teller's fountain of energy, is the girl for Detail. Cunning, intricate, exquisite workmanship that grows on you is here considered more important than color, unusual fabric, or overt changes in line. She likes the illusion of a long waistline in back, and brings the eye downward by such tricks as a double fold at the back of a red wool suit with the slightly hippy look that is a pet of hers. Another of her stunts is a built-in bow placed low in the back of a dark-green wool jacket that is worn over a dress with little bows down the rear to give an effect of length. This one is notable, too, for its square shoulders and inserted detail. A red jersey suit, buttoned to the waist and cut away below it in the "pulled away" look Benenson's public-relations counsellors say she favors, has tiny padded tucks in diagonal lines on the front of the jacket to add interest to the fabric. A dress of black broadcloth has applied bands of self-material zigzagging down the ribs. She also uses detail in the form of subtle, tiny, transparent seams of sheer. A black wool jacket with a bow in back, for instance, covers a beltless dress that has sheer inserts through the bodice; a black crêpe princesse dress with a cape top has geometric tucks in a Grecian pattern and those transparent sheer seams.

Every designer in town seems to be tinkering with sleeves. Benenson's most fascinating ones rise up high on the tips of the shoulders. They are full and elbow-length, and the fullness is held down by bands. The effect is rather like a lashed sail. One black rayon crêpe suit has these sleeves on the jacket, and there are bands that hold down the gathering through the yoke of the dress. Another handsome sleeve line is wide through the upper arm. A sheer black broadcloth dress with a circular skirt manages this by a tuck above the elbow. As usual, there are a hundred, or a thousand, bits of hand detail to make that "little black dress" your friend for life. Bands of shirring, with padding underneath, edge the closing of the cutaway jacket of a black silk suit. Cording that looks like matelassé appears on a bright, curry-colored jersey suit, and shirred cordings appear on more formal fabrics, such as a black damask that is used for a dress with a keyhole neckline and a huddled cape tied at the throat.

There are no more enchanting evening clothes in town than those you'll find here—delicate ones of black lace and chiffon, occasionally with pleated detail held down by bands of self-material, or sleek ones, such as a gray-and-white sawtooth-checked crêpe with tiny sleeves, a deep square neck with a panel of horizontal gathers below, and little bows low below (and probably little lambsydivy, too) the waistline in back. Garter shirrings appear around the hips of a navy chiffon dress and above the hem of the small huddled cape that Benenson does so beautifully. Benenson's evening necklines are invariably simple and beautiful. And you can *move* in all her clothes, and move gracefully. Too many designers are making clothes that even a mannequin has to teeter around in.

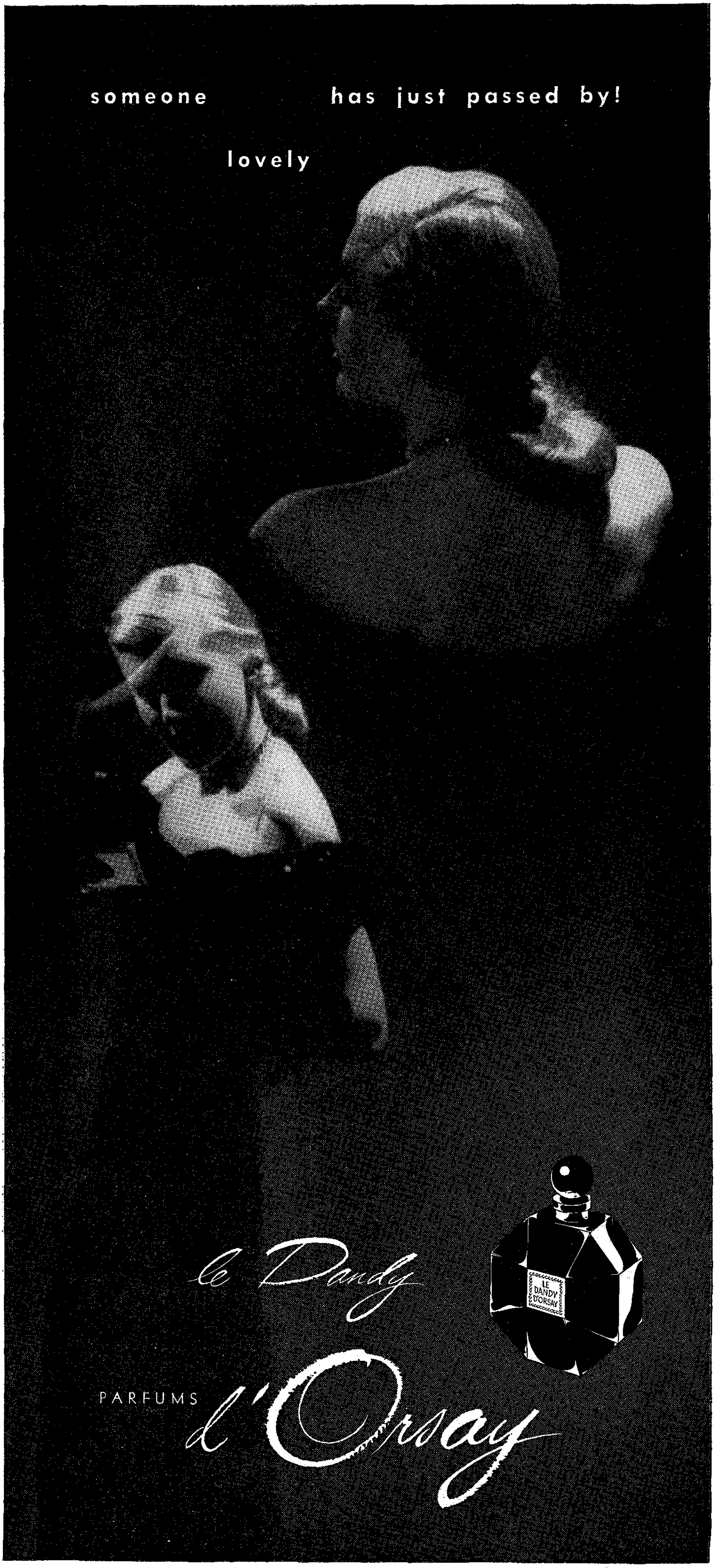
Hattie Carnegie's suits, always trim and sassy, are particularly fine this season. The jackets are still short and nipped, and the new collars are the tiniest in town, some of them little turnover affairs that can't be more than an inch deep. Other collars cross far



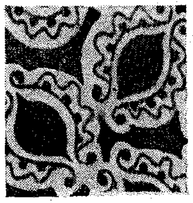
over, and the suit buttons all the way down the side with quantities of tiny buttons, starting below the closing of the collar. This side buttoning is another of the new letches this season. The suits come, for instance, in oyster wool with miniature gold nubbin buttons, gray wool with silver-metal buttons, or navy jersey with gold-metal buttons. Or you can have them in thoroughly vivid colors—chartreuse with a royal-blue wool jersey blouse, a violent green with a yellow blouse, and so on. She also has some splashy prints you will find nowhere else. She loves to make ensembles to go with her suits—printed turbans, gloves, and blouses to match. You will see these with one of the rare box-jacket suits of the collection. It is made of a navy wool that feels like sailcloth. Then, Carnegie is wild about separate linen jackets to be worn over dark city dresses. One of these jackets, of white linen, manages to look fitted even though the closing is high on the chest. A pale-blue linen jacket with a tiny turnover collar accompanies a black crêpe dress that is trimmed with shirring. There are separate jackets designed to be worn over both day and evening things. A beautiful box affair is made of a heavy white faille with the most delicate possible gold sequin embroidery.

Carnegie's triumph in dinner suits this year is in black faille with a bit of braid over the shoulders of its trim jacket, which has a simple round neckline. The skirt is lovely, swishing, and full gored. The whole thing is just plain dreamlike. So is her revival of the black faille full-length coat to wear over short summer dresses. Its pinched-in waistline and inverted pleats make a wide, flaring hemline. Suits for daytime, however, remain the preoccupation here. The printed ones are honeys. A pink shantung with a delicate black medallion pattern has a fitted jacket and the dress, which has a gathered skirt, is completely sleeveless, with a deep oval neck and bits of black jet outlining the armholes. Much the same sort of thing occurs in a soft blue shantung that has a fuchsia lining and, bless us, fuchsia gloves. The shop has a wonderful eye print, a simple over-all eye pattern in black on odd, blurred colors—plum or copper, among others. These prints are used for evening things and for the little dresses with jackets that Carnegie customers wear in town all summer long.

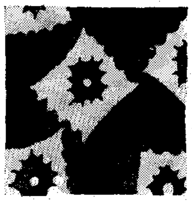
You wouldn't know you were in Carnegie unless there were day or evening printed dresses with sequins picking out the pattern toward the top. These,



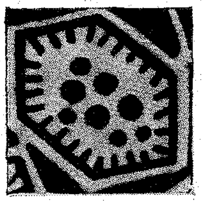
A



B

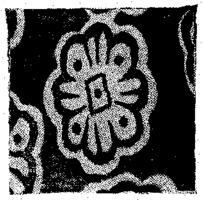


C

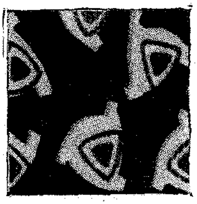


D

E

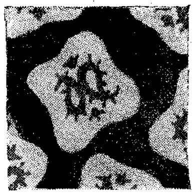


F



G

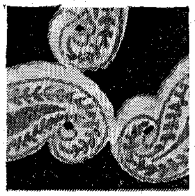
H



I

J

K



L

MAIL ORDERS—specifying letters on samples illustrated (¾ size) and alternate choices for patterns and predominant colors (red, dark blue or brown)—should be addressed to Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

NECKTIES SPECIALLY PRINTED IN OUR OWN PATTERNS AND COLORS

Brooks Brothers' Patterns and colors in Foulard Neckties are as well known...as instantly identified in taste and distinction...as anything this celebrated store sells. We have taken 24 of these famous necktie-designs and have had them printed, specially to our order, on a fine, heavy, twilled Rayon. The material ties perfectly, stays put, and takes our colors as effectively as any foulard silk we have ever used. The neckties are made in our own shops. Obtainable at Brooks Brothers only. Four-in-hand Neckties—Rayon printed in foulard patterns in a good choice of predominating colors: Red, Dark Blue (or Black) or Brown for Mail Orders. (Other colors on sale in our store and its branches). Each $3.50.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING

Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES & ACCESSORIES

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
46 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON 16, MASS. • 1 WALL ST., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
523 WEST 6TH ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CAL. • 111 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO 4, CAL.

happily, are still around, and still done beautifully. The experiments include a Gaby Deslys sort of line (Carnegie tried this before, but then she's a persistent character), with a transparent black net top flaring down to the knees over a black-crêpe sheath skirt. This house is using a lot of tissue silk, usually printed, for both day and evening. It appears in full-skirted jacket-and-dress day clothes and in flowing evening dresses that resemble Du Barry peignoirs. The stuff is flimsy (like a thin China silk) and hasn't enough body for my taste. Moreover, it gets electric and clings in unexpected places. But it is News.

—L. L.

●

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(PIGGYBACK DIVISION)

[*From "The Other Mahoney," by R. W. Sherman*]

The rich ride on the backs of the poor. —*Page 23.*

I was one of the poor and Old Man Bader one of the rich, and he was riding on my back. —*Page 42.*

"Of course they all do take too much from the working man and give him too little, and maybe they do ride on the backs of the poor." —*Page 43.*

"You and your penny-pinching grocery store! Riding on the backs of the poor." —*Page 47.*

"We came to this country to find wealth and happiness, so you said, and even though we never find it ourselves, and I doubt if we will, you with your rich riding the poor, Peter's got a chance and maybe after all that will be the happiness we came to find." —*Page 50.*

"And the day will come and come soon when the rich shall no longer ride upon the backs of the poor." —*Page 82.*

"It's the Woods and McCarthys who have been . . . riding on the backs of the poor." —*Page 83.*

"The rich shall no longer ride on the backs of the poor." —*Page 95.*

The rich ride on the backs of the poor. —*Page 110.*

"A foreman for Wood would be just a little rich man who rode on the backs of the poor." —*Page 111.*

Furthermore I hesitated to tell Hans Engard he and his masters were riding on the backs of the poor. —*Page 190.*

"If anybody'd ever worked me like this I'd have him arrested for riding on the backs of the poor." —*Page 220.*

"For thousands of years the rich have ridden on the backs of the poor." —*Page 234.*

"This rich riding on the backs of the workers is no good." —*Page 278.*

"But before we got far we were always back in the dream world where nobody would be poor. The rich shall no longer ride upon the backs of the poor." —*Page 289.*

"Every factory in this country is just a little group of men riding on the backs of the poor." —*Page 297.*

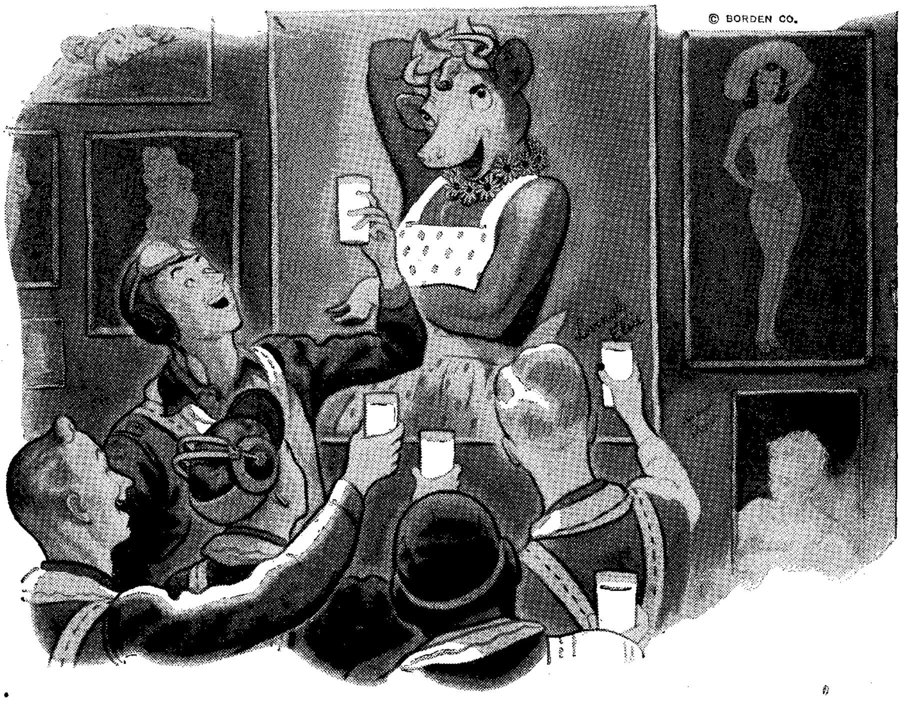
THE ART GALLERIES

Americans and Europeans

WITH three large group shows on the list, none with less than a hundred items in the catalogue, things are fairly crowded at the moment, and it's going to take some pretty fast footwork for anyone to cover them all. There are a few possible short cuts, however. I don't see, for example, why anyone need bother greatly about the National Academy's current Annual (two hundred and twenty-one oils, seventy-five water colors and black-and-whites, and fifty-six sculptures). In the field of art politics, the Academy has a power that, considering its decline as an influence in contemporary art, is a little surprising. It stands well with a good many museums, it is well represented on juries of selection, and it has used its power steadily and persistently to promote conservatism—at the expense, of course, of artistic progress and advancement. (It succeeded, for instance, in so loading last year's Artists for Victory "Good Will" exhibition, later sent to England, with academic painting that the collection was far from being the representative showing of modern American work that had been planned, and a row is now going on behind the scenes of the coming Pepsi-Cola show about the overly academic flavor of *its* methods of selection.)

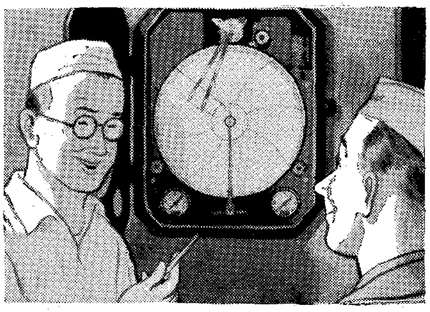
Artistically, the standing of the Academy has been sinking steadily, and the value of the current show is about as close to nil in this respect as can be imagined. You'll see a dozen really good pieces there—Harry Leith-Ross's "Kit's Skating Party," Helen Sawyer's "Flood Tide," William Thon's "In the Mid Watch," and Armin Landeck's dry point called "The Siding" are among them—and perhaps twenty more that are above average. That, according to my figuring, is about nine per cent of the total—not much, certainly, but apparently as much as the Academy can do.

THE American Abstract Artists, which is having its annual at the Riverside Museum, is neither so old nor so powerful as the Academy, but it has its slightly cockeyed side, too. It takes itself far too seriously, for one thing. As I get it, this group is so strict in its insistence on "pure" abstraction that a

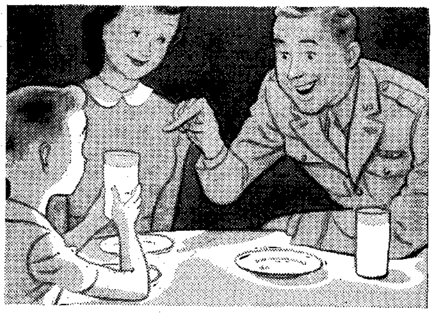


1 We don't say this happened. But if the squadron's favorite pin-up girl turned out to be this well-known cow, we wouldn't be surprised. For our air forces have found that pilots can fly longer and oftener with less fatigue if they have all the whole milk they can soak up.

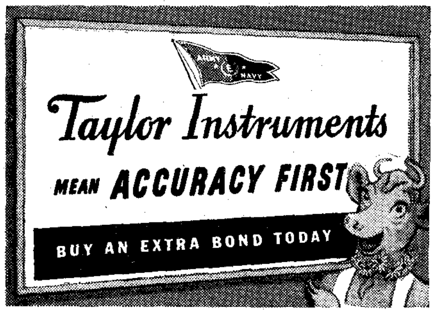
2 But how to get enough milk up to the air bases? The best way was to ship it in powdered dehydrated form. And this was a problem. Drying skim milk is easy, but dehydrating whole milk, cream and all, is really something to worry about.



3 It may have to stand for weeks at 120° without discoloring or turning rancid, so when you add water it will look and taste like fresh milk. This called for the last word in accurate processing control. In other words, for Taylor Fulscope Controllers!



4 We're used to being fussy about milk. Taylor supplied thermometers to the country's first milk plants. Today Taylor Instruments are standard equipment for pasteurizing and other processes needed to bring this great energy drink safely from cow to you.



5 In fact, we're so busy supplying war plants and the armed forces, that we have practically nothing left to sell *you* except Taylor Fever Thermometers . . . and the idea of buying more War Bonds! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.

Sally Victor
18 E. 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
BLUEBONNET BLUE
Sally Victor
ESSENCE
FOUR OUNCES
SALLY VICTOR, INC. DISTR. NEW YORK
at fine stores everywhere

Love to Mother—
May 13 and Every Day

Send her Special Hankies
Affectionately embroidered by hand with "Mother" and a sprig of forget-me-not. **Swiss hand rolled beauties**, fine corded border, and in a lovely hand painted satin case.
With Case: 2-$7.75; 4-$11.50
Postpaid . . . gift wrapped.
Special reserve for delayed overseas orders.
MOSSE
659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

man who even dipped occasionally into representational painting (Picasso, for instance) would be by that fact debarred from membership. But for all that, it's a lively and vigorous organization, and its show, though not up to those of other years, is an interesting one. There is a considerable variety of styles on display, from what might be called the traditional Cubist style of Susie Frelinghuysen's still life "Oil and Papier Collé on Wood" to some others that verge, like Fannie Hillsmith's "Ballerina," on Expressionism, or, like Perle Fine's black and yellow "Abstraction," on Surrealism. Of the paintings in the in-between category, I enjoyed John Sennhauser's "Lines in Motion, No. 23," Byron Browne's big, formalized "Mother and Child," and Giorgio Cavallon's "Abstraction, 5C," with its curiously effective suggestion of space.

OUR third big show of the week is the Whitney's long-planned "European Artists in America," in which thirty-four visiting painters and sculptors of various nationalities show an aggregate of a hundred and fifty-odd pieces, mostly done in the course of their stay in this country. This, a gesture of good fellowship to the men who have been exiled by the war, is a break of some magnitude with Whitney tradition. (Until now, not a single foreign artist has ever been exhibited on its walls.) And though the tribute has been so long delayed that now, with the news from abroad what it is, the affair seems more a parting salute than a hail of welcome, it is still a very pretty gesture just the same. What is perhaps more to the point, it is also a thoroughly interesting show.

Almost all the men involved, from such world-famous figures as Léger, Max Ernst, and Dali on down, have exhibited in this country before. (One thing the artists-in-exile can never complain of is that they were discriminated against here; they have had access to the galleries from the first.) We have never, though, had a chance to see them en masse before, and the result is at once stimulating and—for an American—discouraging. There is something so damned urbane, so completely and coolly competent, about a European painter. I myself think that American painting is more truly alive, more deeply promising, than any other at the moment. But, perhaps because of the very stirrings within us, there is a certain awkwardness in our work that, beside the assurance of even the less than first-rate Europeans, sometimes makes us

"AT LAST... I'VE DISCOVERED HER COOKING SECRET"
50 years ago this unique cooking aid was a culinary secret—known to a few famous chefs, but today thousands of women use it regularly in their soups, sauces, gravies and stews. Try it yourself. You will marvel at the way a few dashes really bring out the natural deliciousness of your favorite dishes.
MAGGI CO., INC. • 76 VARICK ST. • NEW YORK
MAGGI'S SEASONING

WITH LEWIS & CLARK
Success called for entertaining the Indians and keeping them friendly. For entertainment today use delicious
G&D
AMERICAN VERMOUTH
GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO • NEW YORK
DIVISION OF ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

Makers of Art
Hair Pieces
For partly or all bald scalps!
Our 32 years of experience have made many disappointed people happy again.
Invisible inside Transformations for young ladies.
CHARLES & ERNEST, Inc.
109 East 47th St., New York WI 2-5571

★ VACATIONS ★
High, Wide and Handsome
Quiet or exciting corners everywhere. Western and Eastern ranches—seaside and mountain inns—secluded camps. Immediate reservations necessary.
Vacation Advisers
9 E. 46th St., New York, N. Y. WIckersham 2-2730
Naturally, no charge for service

seem amateurish indeed. This assurance is the one quality that binds the show together; otherwise, it is a long jump from the sturdy monumentality of Léger to the frail grace of Matta, and from the moody portentousness of Masson to the plaintive tenderness of Chagall. All these men are well represented, and so are Ossip Zadkine, Karin van Leyden, Josef Scharl, and Yves Tanguy. It is possible that a good many of these artists will soon be leaving for their native countries, and this may be your last chance for some time to see work by them.

MATTA, certainly one of the most brilliant painters in the group at the Whitney, is showing a set of new oils at Pierre Matisse, in a style that is a complete departure from his method of black backgrounds and swirling gleams and whorls of rich, amorphous color. Now his color is at once chalkier and thinner in texture; tans and light greens and blues prevail, and there are figures—distorted and attenuated, with wild, nightmare faces—sometimes gesturing ritualistically and sometimes standing amid black, threadlike patterns that loop around them elliptically like the lines of force around a magnet. Despite its newness, the work is done with considerable authority, and, especially in such pieces as "Onyx of Electra," "The Heart Players," and the intricately organized "Xpace and the Ego," it has an electric quality that makes it truly exciting. . . . There is a nice show of paintings by Anton Refregier at the A.C.A. About half are extremely casual little studies, revolving mainly about a winter and summer in the country and at the seashore. The other half is of scenes in somewhat similar settings in Russian villages invaded by the Nazis, and though there is no great insistence on direct parallels, the contrasts set up cannot help but be noticeable. I liked particularly "Supermen," "I Remember the Day Fascists Entered Our Town," "Winter Evening," "Fixing the Fence," and "It Was Going to Snow."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Shirlee Howard, former fashion and photographers' model now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, wins her first screen role as a London music hall dancer in "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

She weighs 79,000 tons, is 1029 feet long and 11 stories high.—*Hollywood Shopping News.*

All right, can she act?

Right before dinner, Jim said to Ann . . .

Says Jim—

Well, well. Here's that old blue-striped shirt I used to like so much. Where did you dig *that* one up?

Says Ann—

I *didn't* dig it up—I *fixed* it up! Just like Uncle Sam wants us to do with everything these days.

In fact, I went through all the shirts in your drawer and fixed up every single shirt that had any bit of wear left in it.

Says Arrow—

Swell idea, Ann! Now is a *wonderful* time to conserve on shirts!

And when you *absolutely* have to buy a shirt, get an Arrow.

Only Arrow Shirts have the perfect-fitting Arrow Collar, the form-fitting Mitoga design, *anchored* buttons, and the Sanforized label.

If your Arrow dealer can't satisfy you the first time you try, remember—much of Arrow's production is going to the government. So try your Arrow dealer again. He's doing a fine job under tough conditions! Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

BUY WAR BONDS—and hold on to them!

The Wedgwood Room

Dinner and Supper
from 6:30-11:45 P.M.

Victor Borge
at Supper

★

Leo Reisman
and his Orchestra
Continuous music for dancing
Cover from 9:30, $1
No Cover Charge for
Service Men and Women in Uniform

★

SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
7:30-10:00 P. M. (no cover)

Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra

The Waldorf-Astoria

KIRSTEN PIPES EARN OVERSEAS STRIPES TOO!

All genuine KIRSTENS are now going *overseas* to PX and Ship Service Stores near fighting fronts, at remote outposts, and at overseas base hospitals. Only the *Kirsten* can give the cool, "no-bite" smoking pleasure which has made this pipe the favorite of thousands. When overseas requirements have been met, *Kirsten* pipes will again be available to folks at home.

Remember —a *genuine* Kirsten is worth waiting for.

KIRSTEN PIPE CO.
Dept. 87
Seattle 1, Wash.

Buy War Bonds and KEEP them!

THE Kirsten 'RADIATOR' PIPE
PATS. AND PATS. PEND

MASSOORS AND MASSOOSES

A MOTLEY crew, my wife's masseurs and masseuses—"massoors" and "massooses," as we learned to call them the winter we spent at Miami Beach. They are nice people, almost all of them, but motley in the aggregate.

We had a postcard just the other day from one of the European ones, little Mr. Melikoff, in Nice—the first postcard in several years, telling us that he is all right. "I have managed to keep going quite well on my usual diet of vegetables," he writes. Mr. Melikoff was always strong on vegetables, especially garlic.

It was our friends the Websters, in Cannes, who recommended Melikoff to us when we were stopping in Nice a few years ago. Ted Webster was chronically rather nervous and used to take massage because it soothed him. He'd been using Melikoff for several months and found him wonderfully soothing, he said. So Melikoff came to us, or rather to my wife, who had suddenly decided, as she inexplicably does every now and then, that her figure needed improvement.

He was a precise little man, with pale eyes, pince-nez, and a goatee. Before starting to work he always removed his coat and vest and substituted a long, light-colored linen garment that resembled the duster of early motoring days. He was a respected member of Nice's large Russian colony, and he told us early in our acquaintance that he was a non-meat eater, a non-smoker, and a student of Zoroaster—prerequisites, he said, for anyone whose mission it was to bring health.

We were living in cramped quarters in Nice—one smallish room with balcony, in a hotel several blocks back from the Promenade des Anglais. Since Melikoff let me know that the presence of a third person in the room interfered with his concentration, I used to take my newspaper and go out onto the balcony the mornings he came. There, through the almost closed window, I could hear him slapping my wife and murmuring incantations in a language which he told my wife was Persian—the words, in fact, of Zoroaster, which, he explained, immeasurably increased the health-giving effect of his massage.

Melikoff was solicitous about the health of both of us. He urged us to patronize his favorite restaurant, Le Reve, a name which seemed to us a strange one for a restaurant until we discovered that it was a combination of the first two letters of the words "Restaurant Végétarien." We did go there one night and were served strange dishes—bitter messes of uncompromising healthfulness, most of them strongly flavored with garlic. There were signs on the walls saying "*On est prié de ne pas fumer.*" Melikoff was there and came over and greeted us. He was polite, almost courtly, as he always was with us.

One evening shortly thereafter, we had an unexpected visit from Ted Webster. He had driven over from Cannes and was obviously in a state of agitation. "I want to apologize," he said at once, "for having put you in touch with that intolerable Melikoff. He's a dangerous man. You'd better break off with him before he knocks you down, the way he did me today. Have you ever noticed garlic on his breath?"

My wife said she might have been conscious of a whiff or two from time to time, and Ted shook his head. "A whiff! A perfect blast, if you ask me. It's probably because he's been coming over to my place afternoons lately, after having lunch in that damned restaurant of his." It seemed that the garlic aroma had begun to offset the soothing effect of the massage on Ted, and that finally, that day, after having hinted in vain, Ted had plainly stated, while paying Melikoff, that he'd be just as pleased if in the future his nostrils were no longer assailed. "You should have seen the old fellow," Ted said. "He got red as though I'd mortally offended him, and gave me a slap in the face that took me so by surprise I fell over onto the floor, and then he stalked out of the house without the money I owed him for a week of treatments. Of course, I sent it right off to him in an envelope, with a note telling him never to come back under any circumstances."

We sympathized with Ted, now clearly more in need of soothing than ever, and we were somewhat apprehensive when Melikoff came the next morning. But he was his usual polite self. "I visited your friend Mr. Webster in Cannes yesterday," he said. "He's a charming man, but nervous, nervous."

My wife couldn't bring herself to give up Melikoff's massage and he continued perfectly well behaved with us during the rest of our stay in Nice. Ted Webster kept calling up to see whether either of us had been knocked down yet. I remember Melikoff's last words to us when we left to spend the rest of the winter in Paris. "I was talking with Prince Boris yesterday," he said sadly, "and we agreed that it doesn't look as though the old regime would be restored in Russia in the near future. Not for several years, at least." My wife and I bade him a cordial goodbye, and subsequently exchanged postcards with him from time to time.

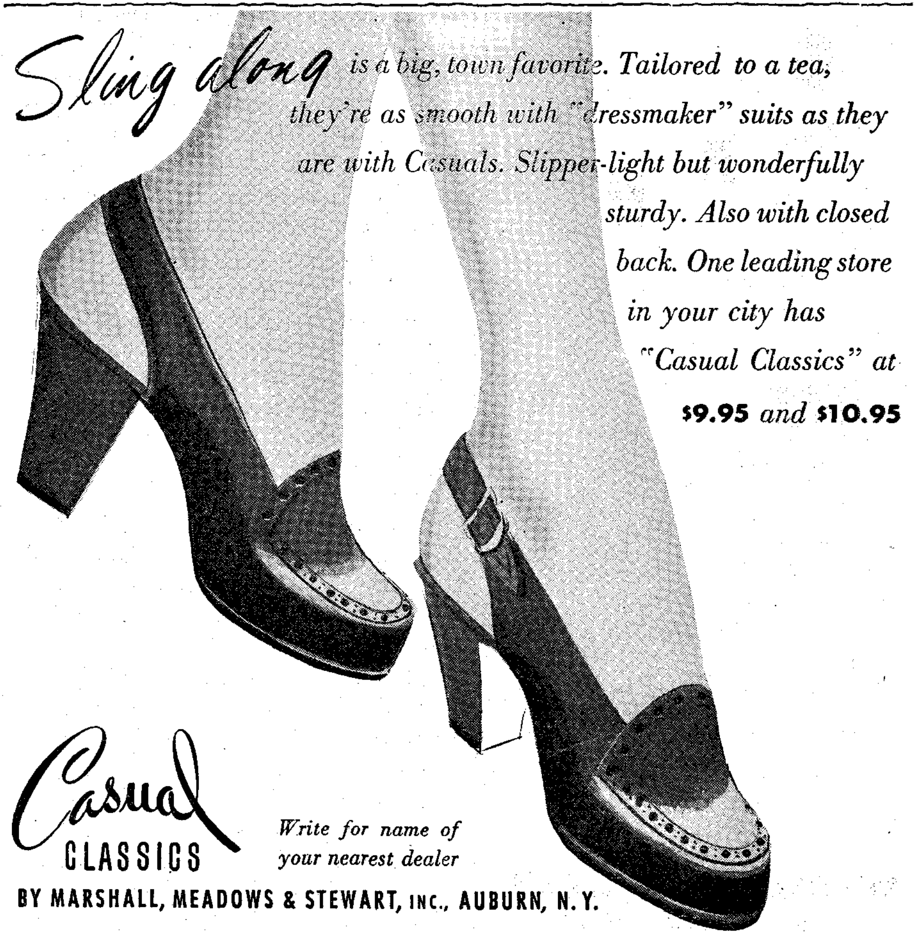
There's no question that Melikoff did have a nasty temper when it was aroused. A few months after we'd left Nice, a friend there wrote us that he'd seen Melikoff snatch a cigarette right out of the mouth of somebody who was ignoring the "No Smoking" signs in Le Reve. A violent man. We were glad to get his recent postcard, though. We called up the Websters, who now live in Scarsdale, to tell them that Melikoff seemed to have come through the occupation in good shape. "He would," Ted Webster said rather sourly. "He's a menace to our men in uniform. I hope none of them around Nice go in for massage."

WE haven't yet had a postcard from the masseur in Paris, Monsieur Georges, but we're hoping for one. He was very different in appearance from Melikoff—a big fellow with a friendly face and the muscles of a wrestler. His last name was Naldi, which made us ask him if he was Italian, but he said his parents were Corsicans. "*J'étais conçu en Corse*," he said, "*mais né à Paris*." He was happy, when he came to us, because his military classification had just been changed from tank driver, which he'd been in 1918, to hospital attendant, which he'd become if France were to go to war again. We've often wondered what hospital he was attached to and how he made out.

Monsieur Georges was genial but religious, and from the next room I could hear him expounding his views on church matters as he worked. "Ah, no, Madame," he would say. "Mere goodness and love of God are not

Vari-colored sapphire, diamond and gold clip, $1650
(*20% Federal excise tax included*)

Olga Tritt
589 MADISON AVENUE
AT 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



Sling along is a big, town favorite. Tailored to a tea, they're as smooth with "dressmaker" suits as they are with Casuals. Slipper-light but wonderfully sturdy. Also with closed back. One leading store in your city has "Casual Classics" at **$9.95** *and* **$10.95**

Casual CLASSICS

Write for name of your nearest dealer

BY MARSHALL, MEADOWS & STEWART, INC., AUBURN, N. Y.

Jay Thorpe, New York • Chicago, F. E. Foster; The Hub • Brooklyn, Frederick-Loeser & Co. • Baltimore, Hutzler Bros. • Boston, Coleman's; Jordan Marsh • Buffalo, Berger's • Cleveland, The Lindner Coy. • Detroit, L. J. Hudson • Houston, Krupp & Tuffly • Kansas City, Showalter's • Los Angeles, The Innes Shoe • Milwaukee, Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc. • Minneapolis, C. M. Stendal • Newark, Bamberger's • Norfolk, Va. Hofheimer's, Inc. • Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank • Providence, Gladding's • St. Paul, Field-Schlick Co. • Washington, D.C., The Hecht Co. • Or write for the name of your nearest dealer.

Hotel LAST FRONTIER LAS VEGAS NEVADA

We are preserving the Early West in Modern Splendor for the time when traveling will be as easy as it is to relax here. Outdoor Sports, Ramona Room gaiety . . . Club "21" Casino.

Write for Colorful Folder.

For a Perfect Dinner

. . . nothing can take the place of these fine Widmer selections: dry, delicate Rhine wine . . . light pale gold Delaware . . . dry Sauternes. All add to the esteem which the Widmer name has enjoyed since 1888

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths
Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

enough, considering how feeble our human nature is. Formal religion is necessary, if we are not to descend to the level of the animals. Believe me, I speak from personal experience." He had a pretty young daughter, Marie, who was brought up in the strict French fashion, surrounded with affection but with a wall of precautions. He was aghast at our tales of the freedom allowed young Americans. "What would you do if Marie were to bring home a young man you'd never seen before and make scrambled eggs and coffee for him in the kitchen?" we asked him one day when he told us his daughter was going to a dance that evening at a friend's house.

"I'd kick him downstairs before he knew what was happening to him," Monsieur Georges said grimly, and we had no doubt that he was telling the truth.

He was Lady Mendl's masseur, and told us admiring tales of her youthfulness and vigor. Sometimes, if he was still there when I came home, tired from a day in a library where I was doing some research work, he made me go through setting-up exercises. "You are far too sedentary, Monsieur," he said. "You should pattern yourself on your compatriot, Lady Mendl. You should see her stand on her head! *Cette femme est extraordinaire!*" When summer came, he told us he could come to us no longer, as he was going with his wife and daughter to a hotel in Antibes, so that he could attend Lady Mendl daily at her nearby villa. "I told Lady Mendl you were going to miss me," he said on the last day, "and she says you should come to Antibes, too. She invites you to use her pier to go swimming from. I urge you to accept. Monsieur could benefit a great deal from imitating Lady Mendl's swimming and other exercises." We asked him to thank our compatriot for her invitation. We didn't get to Antibes, and before the summer was over we sailed for home and haven't heard from Monsieur Georges since. Or Lady Mendl, either, for that matter.

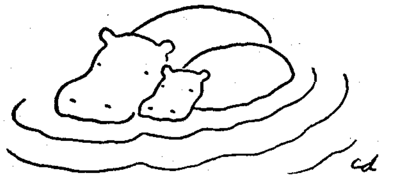
Mr. Melikoff and Monsieur Georges were the best of the European masseurs. We did, however, enjoy a remark made by a third, whose name I forget, briefly employed while Monsieur Georges suffered a spell of grippe. This young man, telling us about various of his previous *clientes*, described one who was remarkable for being so very *poilue*. "*Mais poilue partout, Monsieur et Madame*," he assured us. "*Partout, partout. C'était très spécial, mais très joli.*"

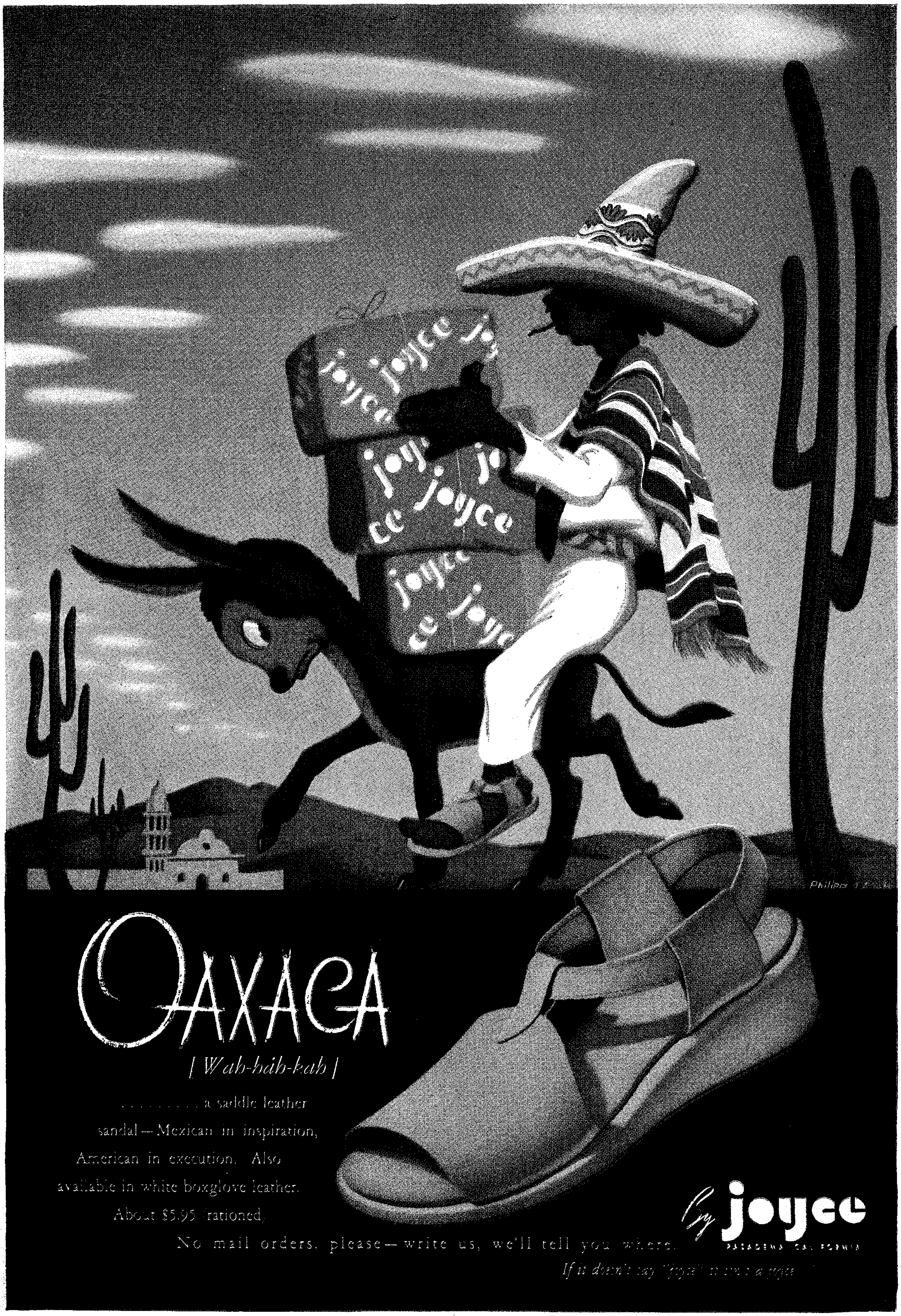
We never became acquainted with the masseur on the Ile de France or the Normandie, I forget which, who was so gallant with one of our friends. According to her, he took one look at the material on which he had been called in to work and stepped back with a Gallic cry. "*Quelle splendeur!*" he exclaimed. "The slightest change would be sacrilege! Forgive me, Madame, if I refuse to do as you request." Our friend felt pretty good about that, and hasn't had a massage since.

WHEN we got back to America, there was Elsie, the massoose in the hotel at Miami Beach. Elsie was a former professional swimmer who had given up swimming for massage, which she said paid better. She certainly seemed to be cleaning up that winter. She'd had an assistant named Irving, who had left her early the season before at the request of the government. She mourned his loss, but he turned up a few months later as a guest in another hotel—one which the Army had taken over for training purposes. Whenever he had an hour or two off, he'd come over and give Elsie a hand with a customer. "Of course, that stopped when they made him a second looie," Elsie said. "They shipped him out. But even if they didn't, they wouldn't want a second looie to be a massoor."

Good massoors and massooses are hard to find nowadays. Most of them are in uniform, like Irving, or doing some kind of hospital work. The one who comes to my wife now is an elderly woman of uncertain nationality whom we'll call Madame Alma. She's in her seventies but still going strong, and every week her hair seems to be a brighter red. Madame Alma, the veteran of a massaging career that has taken her around the world, listens with a certain condescension to our tales of Mr. Melikoff, Monsieur Georges, and the rest.

"Paris isn't what it used to be," she told us recently. "When I first set up my establishment there, massage was far from respectable. The sign 'Massage' or 'Masseuse' was almost invariably a blind for something else. Almost every day the police would send in some *agent*





OAXACA

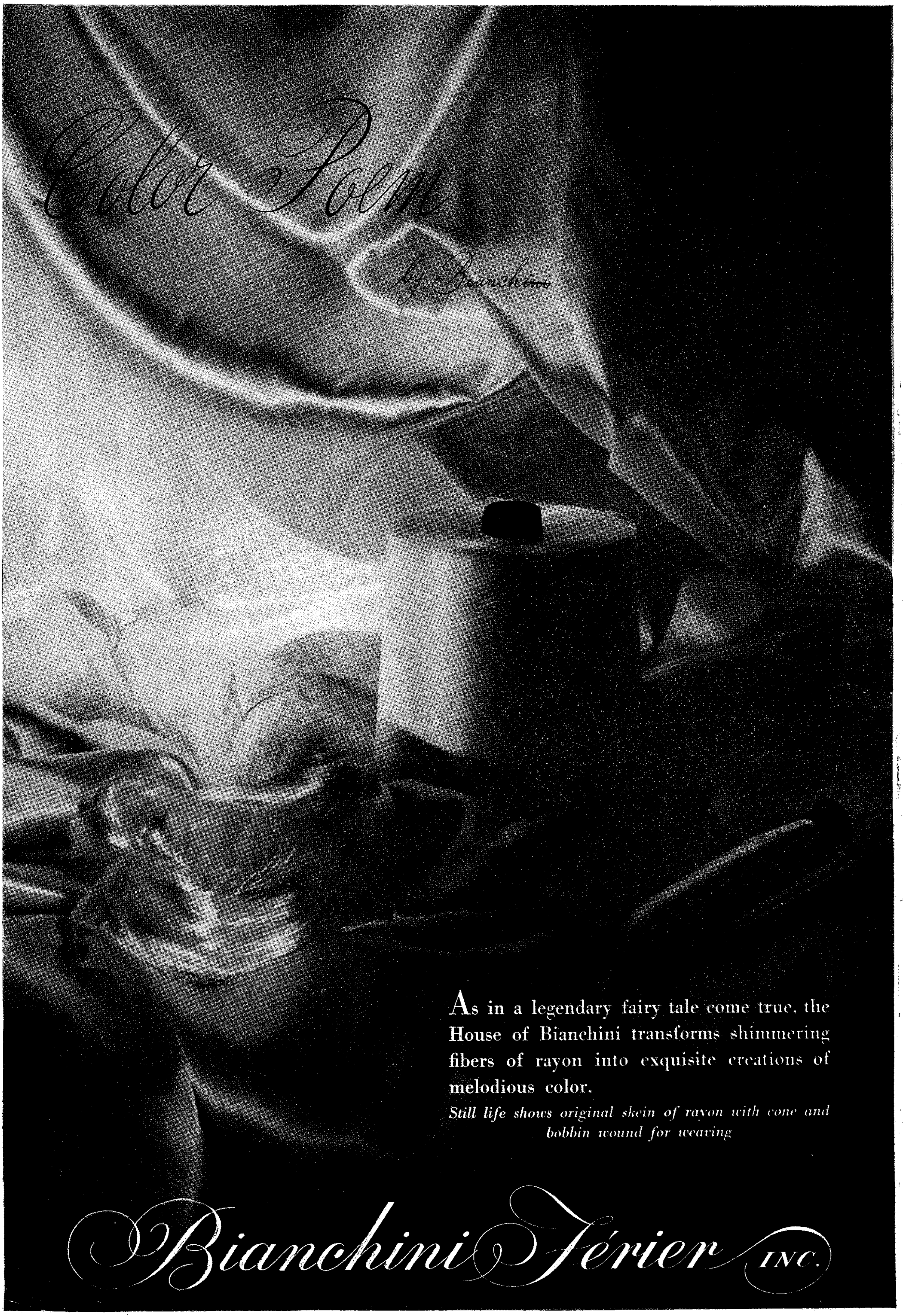
[Wah-hah-kah]

. . . . a saddle leather sandal—Mexican in inspiration, American in execution. Also available in white boxglove leather. About $5.95 (rationed)

No mail orders, please—write us, we'll tell you where.

By **joyce**
PASADENA CALIFORNIA

If it doesn't say "Joyce" it isn't a Joyce



As in a legendary fairy tale come true, the House of Bianchini transforms shimmering fibers of rayon into exquisite creations of melodious color.

Still life shows original skein of rayon with cone and bobbin wound for weaving

Bianchini Férier INC.

provocateur to see what I was really up to. They couldn't believe a young woman like me would be running a place that was exactly what it claimed to be. Finally I went to the chief of police and asked him to call off his men. 'You've never got a speck of evidence against me and you never will,' I told him. 'Surely you ought to be satisfied by now that I'm on the level.'

"You should have seen how polite he was. 'Madame,' he said, 'I do believe you, and I am glad to tell you that your troubles are at an end. We've sent all kinds of people to your establishment and your behavior has been perfect. Some of them have invited you to accompany them to restaurants and other places and you have always refused. I must tell you, however, that I think a pretty woman like you is wasting her life in such a pursuit as yours, Madame. Will you not come to a restaurant with me and discuss this point further?'

"Of course I declined," Madame Alma said. "I told him I'd wait to accept his invitation till I was old and ready to retire. I wish he'd come and see me here in New York. He was a charming man."

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

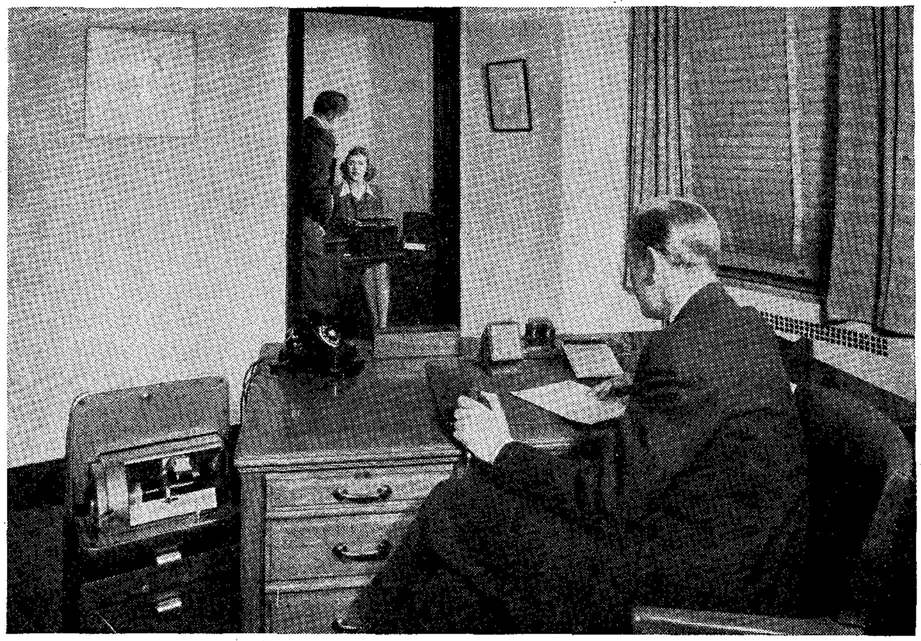
TAX COMPUTATION—FOR PERSONS NOT USING TAX TABLE ON PAGE 2

1. Enter amount shown in item 5, page 1. This is your Adjusted Gross Income ....
2. Enter DEDUCTIONS (if deductions are itemized above, enter the total of such deductions; if adjusted gross income (line 1, above) is $5,000 or more and deductions are not itemized, enter the standard deduction of $500) ....
3. Subtract line 2 from line 1. Enter the difference here. This is your Net Income ....
4. Enter your Surtax Exemptions ($500 for each person listed in item 1, page 1) ....
5. Subtract line 4 from line 3. Enter the difference here. This is your Surtax Net Income ....
6. Use the Surtax Table in instruction sheet to figure your Surtax on amount entered on line 5. Enter the amount here ....
7. Copy the figure you entered on line 3, above. (If line 3 includes partially tax-exempt interest, see Tax Computation Instructions) ....
8. Enter your Normal-Tax Exemption ($500 if return includes income of only one person; otherwise see Tax Computation Instructions) ....
9. Subtract line 8 from line 7, and enter the difference here ....
10. Enter here 3 percent of line 9. This is your Normal Tax ....

—*From Form 1040.*

Why, Normalcy, how you've grown!

WHEN YOU'RE HAUNTED BY 29 jobs that all have to be done...and while your secretary is free to ward off unnecessary interruptions...you just relax and talk your problems to your microphone sending a memo here...an instruction there, and dictating a long complicated report ...and when the end of the day comes, you're on your way home knowing that everything is on record and attended to... Right, Mr. Secretary, that's **DICTAPHONE*** *Electronic Dictation*



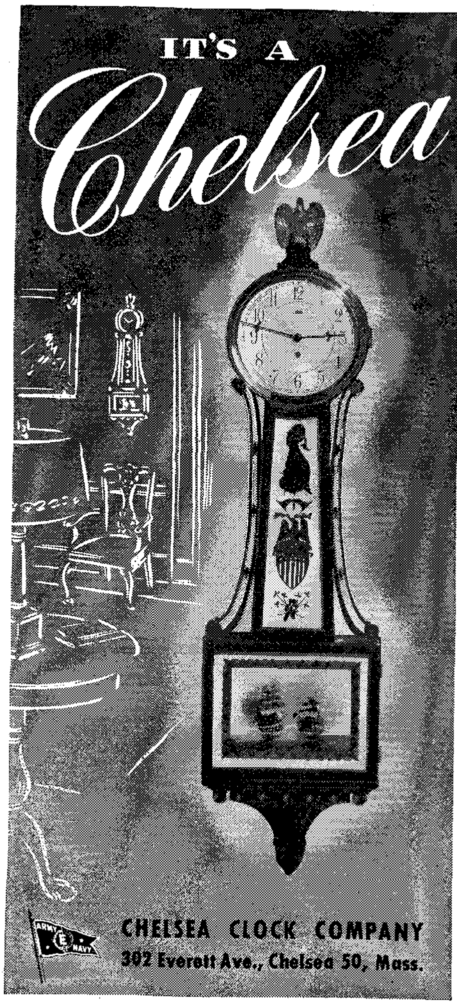
The microphone on your desk is the heart of Dictaphone Electronic Dictation. Make it your Control Center for executive action. It will help you keep on top of your job. Developed in pre-war years and widely used by war-time executives, Dictaphone Electronic Dictation is now available for essential uses. Send for new, free descriptive booklet.

ARMY E NAVY

NOTE: Standard Dictaphone dictating machines, without electronic amplification and telephone recording, are currently being produced and offer outstanding value for general office dictation.

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
In Canada, Dictaphone Corporation, Ltd., 86 Richmond Street, West, Toronto 2, Ontario

*The word DICTAPHONE is the registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation, makers of dictating machines and other sound recording and reproducing equipment bearing said trade-mark.



IT'S A Chelsea

CHELSEA CLOCK COMPANY
302 Everett Ave., Chelsea 50, Mass.

Oh, yes . . . fruit's all right,
and carrots have no ban,
But MEAT wins a "Heigh, ho!"
from My Big Man!

Daddy's appetite will give a blissful flicker when it meets up with the choice meat-delicacy from Old Virginny . . . the spiced, smoked goodness of Smithfield's famous hams. This Southern meat delicacy comes in a handy jar offering dozens of ideas for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, salads, and sandwiches.

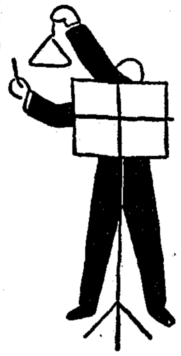
FREE RECIPE BOOKLET A-123

Send postcard for your copy:
Smithfield Ham & Products Co., Smithfield, Va.

AMBER BRAND
Deviled
SMITHFIELD HAM
CARRIES YOU BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

MUSICAL EVENTS

Revised Operas



THE performance in English of Beethoven's "Fidelio" at the Metropolitan last week was a first for the Metropolitan but not for New York. The city first heard this opera in an English version produced at the Park Theatre in 1839, on which occasion Beethoven's work was part of a double bill, along with a farce called "The Deep, Deep Sea." I can't seem to find out what has become of "The Deep, Deep Sea," but "Fidelio" has been a fairly regular visitor hereabouts ever since. It was with "Fidelio" that Bruno Walter made his début as a Metropolitan conductor, in 1941. In the recent revival, he repeated his triumph of four years ago. The pacing and modelling of the music were remarkable, its great moments were impressive, and its rather uneven dramatic values were exhibited to their best advantage.

The Metropolitan's translation of "Fidelio," which seems to have been assembled from a variety of sources, was a reasonably faithful copy of the none too inspired German original. The principal weakness, a common one in translated opera, was that the textual stresses and quantities didn't always match those of the music. As a result, the singers sometimes had difficulty in projecting their words with proper definition. However, the vagaries of the lyrics didn't trouble the audience unduly, because much of the story of "Fidelio" is told in dialogue. Every now and then there was a touch of the "East Lynne" manner in the delivery of the spoken passages, but I suppose that that could be justified by tradition and the style of the libretto. Anyhow, the listeners didn't complain about it.

Apart from Mr. Walter's superb conducting, the most important musical merits were in the tonal teamwork between the singers and between the singers and the orchestra. I was considerably interested in the cast, which was composed entirely of people who hadn't been heard before in this opera at the Metropolitan. Regina Resnik, as the heroine, sang soundly, except for a few

...by skilled hands

RONRICO is created by the skilled hands of a master distiller. Write for FREE booklet, "The Hands of Time"—fascinating analysis of human hands. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida.

Ronrico Rum, 86 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Div., McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

For the Connoisseur
RONRICO*
Best RUM bar none*

*Trade Marks *Copyright 1945

RELAX with a MARXMAN

BENCH-MADE IMPORTED BRIAR

Typical of fine pipe craftsmanship by MARXMAN. Seasoned, imported briar, selected for beauty of grain, carved by hand into a pipe of rare charm...extra-large bowl, perfectly balanced . . . sweet, cool smoking! MARXMAN makes superb pipes in all familiar shapes . . . in exclusive shapes . . . in all price ranges. Look for *MARXMAN* on the next pipe you buy!

Regular $5.00
Large $7.50
Massive $10.00

AT FINE STORES

MARXMAN
27 W. 24TH STREET, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

notes she pushed too violently, and with fine dramatic sense. She acted the difficult rôle convincingly, too. Kenneth Schon, who was making his first Metropolitan appearance, took on the melodramatic duties of the villain effectively and managed to speak some spectacularly stagy lines without drawing laughs, which was quite an achievement in itself. The rest of the cast fitted neatly into the musical pattern and was in general successful with the far from simple vocal assignments set by Beethoven.

ANOTHER Metropolitan opera that reverted to an earlier format was "The Barber of Seville." It wasn't sung in English, as it was at its local première in 1819, but it was cast, as the composer had designed it, with a low-voiced singer, instead of a coloratura soprano, as Rosina. Listening to it, I found the Rossini version better listening than the accumulation of interpolated fanciness that has now become traditional, but I suspect that hearing a low voice singing "*Una voce poco fa*" may have been something of a wrench for those who have to have their superhigh notes. The versatile and accomplished Jennie Tourel, making her first essay at Rosina, sang with musicianship and meaning, but she did not appear to be entirely at ease with the rôle. Perhaps the next time out she will cut loose a bit more in her singing and cut down a bit in her loping about the stage.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM recently returned to Carnegie Hall as guest conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic and conducted a lively concert, in the course of which he introduced a suite from "The Great Elopement," a ballet score he has devised from Handelian melodies. It is a fetching suite, full of good tunes and cheerful instrumentation. The story of the ballet, which also is the work of Sir Thomas, was printed in the program and it read like excellent choreographic material. "The Great Elopement" ought to be a good show when it is produced. Meanwhile, the suite is a successful orchestral enterprise in its own right.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

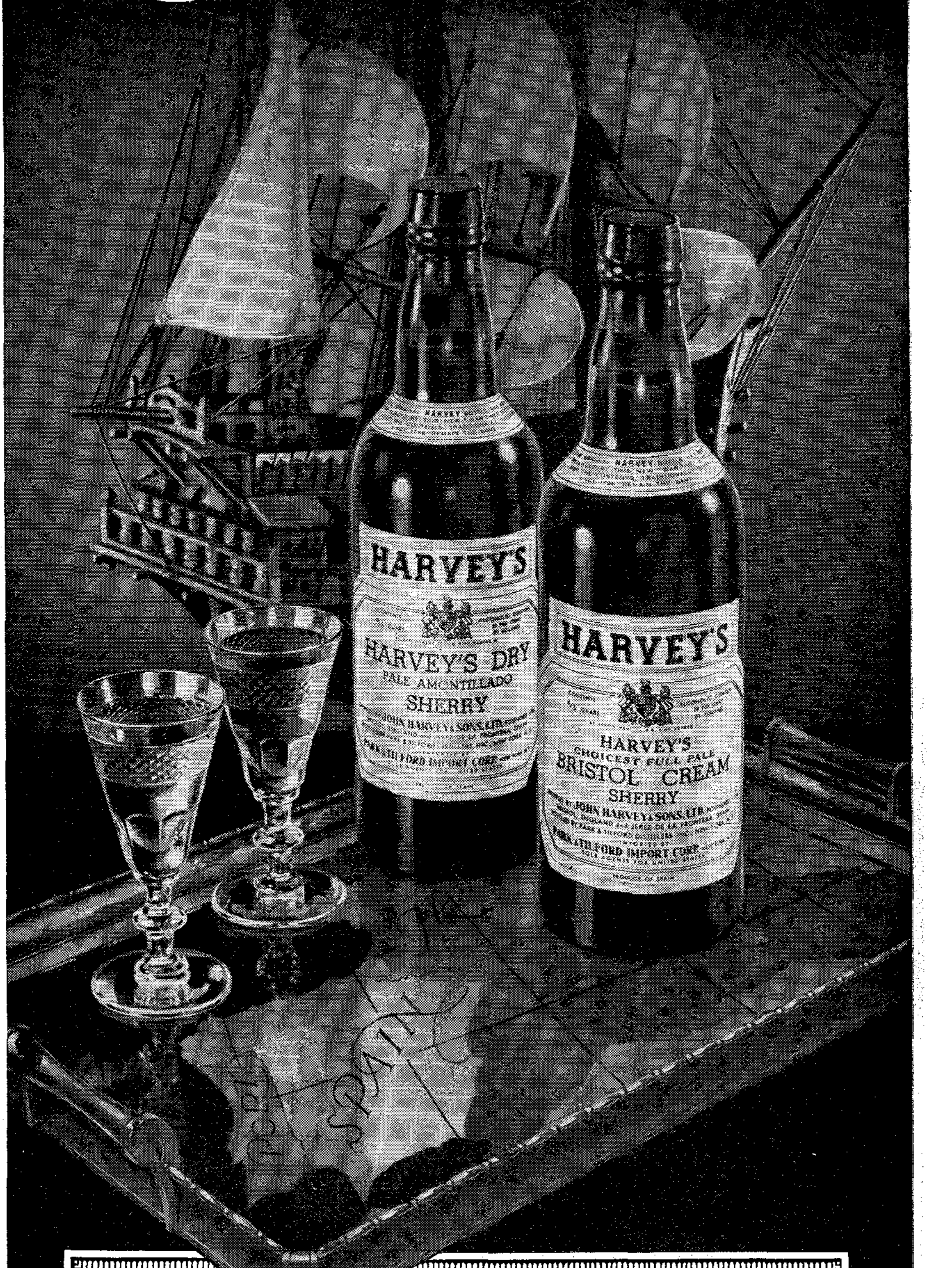
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the St. Albans (Vt.) Daily Messenger*]

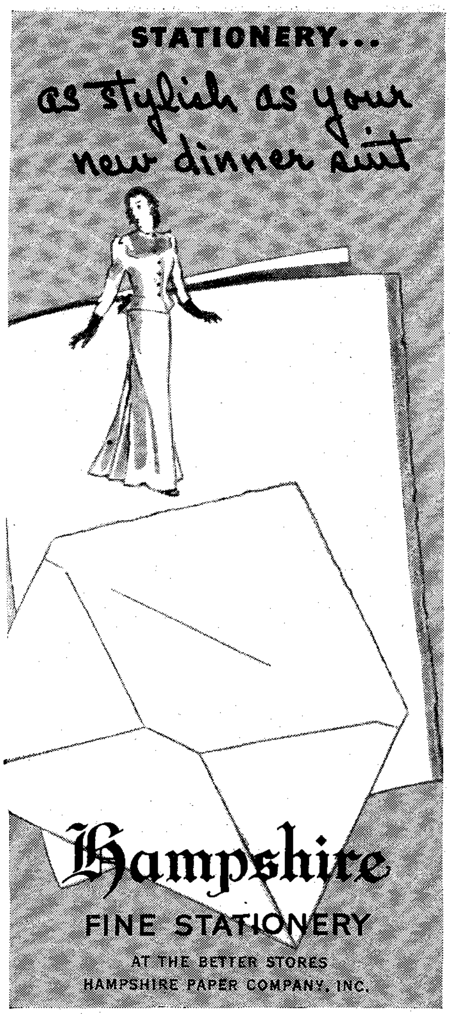
DR. HOWARD'S
office will be closed until
MONDAY.
During his absence, the
office will remain open.

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports



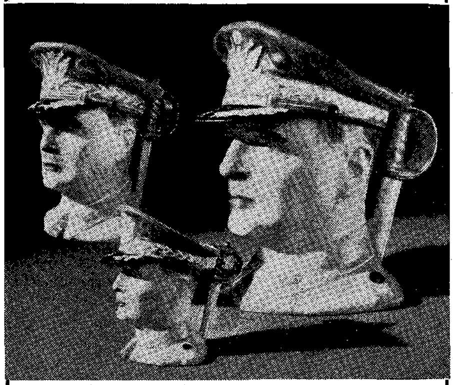
Since 1796, rare Sherries and Ports from Spain and Portugal have borne the name of Harvey. They were the choicest these countries produced—first in quality, first in taste. That standard of excellence has become a Harvey tradition—a tradition maintained vigilantly for nearly 150 years.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.


STATIONERY...
as stylish as your new dinner suit
Hampshire

FINE STATIONERY
AT THE BETTER STORES
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, INC.

Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York



GENERAL MacARTHUR TOBY

In permanent remembrance of a grand soldier and a great American, here is a speaking likeness of General MacArthur in a beautifully done Toby Jug. Modeled in fine Englishware, it is authentic, handsome and decorative. Coloring and style of uniform are true to life. In every way, it is one of the finest Tobys we have ever seen. Height 3 inches, each $2.75. Height 4 inches, each $4.50. Height 5 inches, each $6.00. Height 6 inches, each $8.50. Height 7 inches, each $10.50. Quantity is limited so order early—by mail, if you cannot visit us.

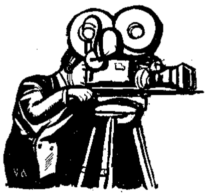
Plummer LTD

7 East 35th St. and 695 Fifth Ave.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

From Burma to Wales

"God Is My Co-Pilot" (a title about which I have had misgivings from time to time) deals, as you certainly know, with the career of Colonel Robert Lee Scott, Jr., as a member of Major General Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers. It is a fictionized version of a popular war document, and its faults are just about what you'd expect. The Colonel, who confined himself more or less to the facts in his book, is portrayed now by a handsome actor named Dennis Morgan, who seems to be able to conduct elaborate theological discussions with a kindly old priest while flying an airplane. I have no objection to piety, of course, but I can't help feeling that a man ought to keep his mind on one thing at a time, especially a combat pilot. In the end, Colonel Scott has brought down no less than thirteen Japs, including Tokio Joe, the enemy's most supercilious ace, but I remain dubious about a flier who keeps turning around to talk to the passengers in the back.



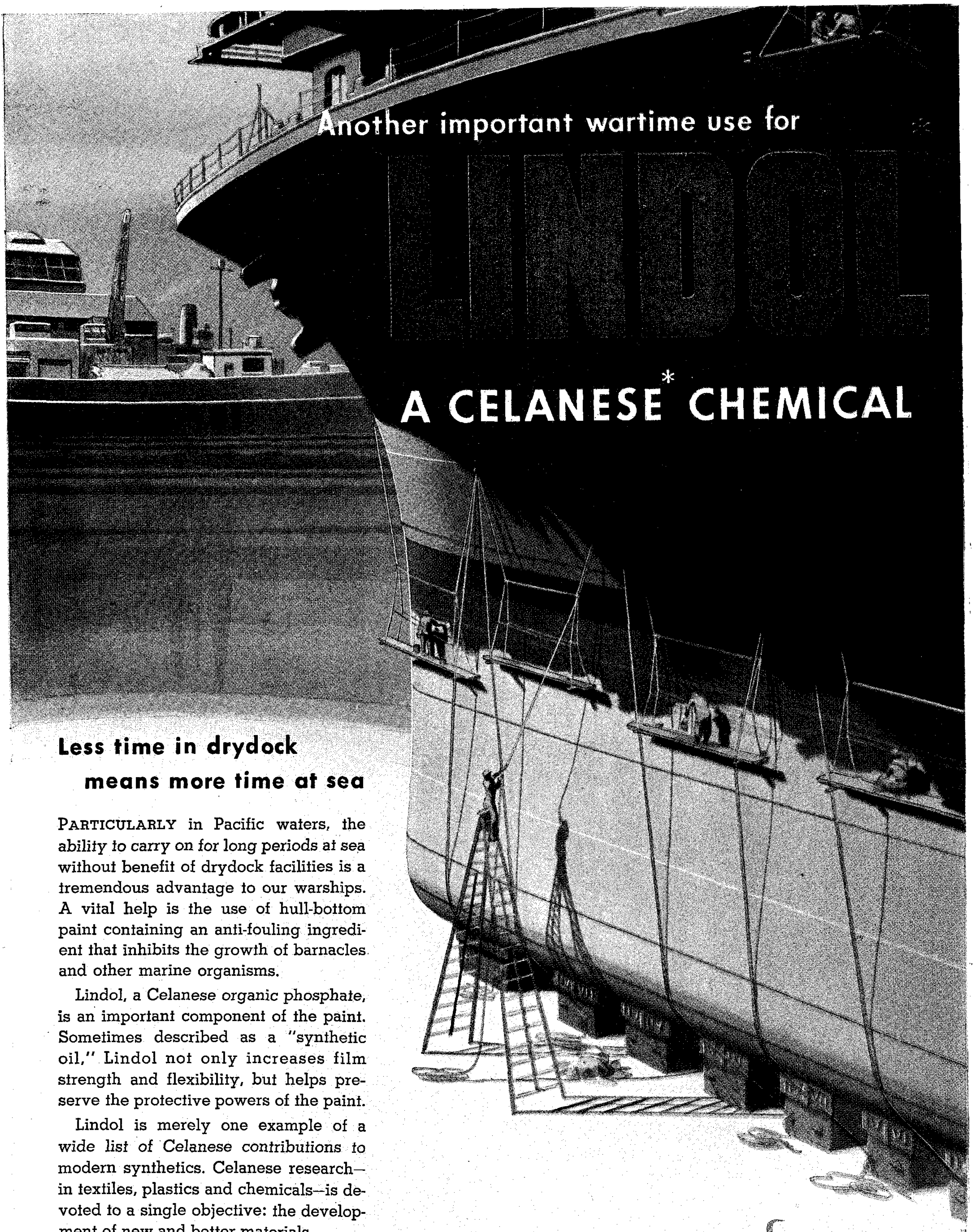
Except for a somewhat perfunctory love interest (Andrea King), the picture consists largely of combat shots which demonstrate that the Japanese are clearly the most incompetent aviators in the world; inspirational talks from General Chennault (portrayed by Raymond Massey, who might easily be playing Hamlet); and radio broadcasts by the villainous enemy, which, I regret to say, didn't quite seem believable. It is always dangerous to question the facts in a film made from an apparently authentic book, but I also find it a little hard to believe that General Chennault, in a moment of curiously unmilitary sentiment, would entrust his best plane to an over-aged flier with recurrent malaria. However, it makes a dramatic ending, and I guess Warner Brothers know what they are doing. I guess.

WITHOUT Miss Ethel Barrymore, "The Corn Is Green" turns out to be exactly as vacant a play as some of us suspected it was on the stage. By a certain magic of technique, Miss Barrymore was able to make the most ridiculous lines sound as if they might be the speech of a human being. Bette Davis, who has succeeded her in the same part, contrives to give them that air of pedantic refinement that was, I'm afraid, one of the principal characteristics of the original text. Nobody is going to quarrel with the author, Emlyn Williams, in his crusade against illiteracy in a Welsh mining town; it does seem to me, though, that it is possible to question some of the details. It strikes me as unlikely, for instance, that after two years of rather elementary instruction, a young miner, however bright, would be equipped to win a scholarship to Oxford in competition with the best minds produced by the public-school system, especially when he still seems to be rather doubtful about the number of "t"s there are in "water." Nor am I quite sure that a man who has made a very handsome living by employing ten-year-old boys in his mines could be turned into an active philanthropist purely as the result of a little flattery from a spinster who up to then had been going out of her way to insult him.

My final comment on the film version of "The Corn Is Green" is that Miss Davis is still sufficiently youthful in appearance to confuse the central issue of the play. It is never quite clear whether her determination to educate a handsome young miner (John Dall) arises from a selfless enthusiasm for culture, or whether the situation may not have its physical aspects, too. Hollywood, of course, is very adroit when it comes to the vague implication of sex, but this time, I think, somebody may have made a mistake.

Field Reports: " 'Wait for Me' is a Russian war picture, quite moving and graphic in spite of its queer, unsynchronized English dialogue. There are two women whose husbands are reported missing. One of them, good and faithful, spends her time digging trenches in sub-zero weather; the other dances all night and turns up in a very pretty fur coat. A good deal of violence accompanies all this—the plane of one of the heroes crashes, he is hunted by Nazis with bloodhounds, shot, buried, dug up, and gets to be the leader of a group who blow up bridges. He also finds time to do a little machine gunning on his own, mowing down the occupants of a Nazi barracks in a very sinister sequence. The ending, naturally, is moral.... 'Thunderhead, Son of Flicka' is a Technicolor film with enough horses to last anyone's lifetime."

—W. G.



Another important wartime use for

LINDOL

A CELANESE* CHEMICAL

Less time in drydock
means more time at sea

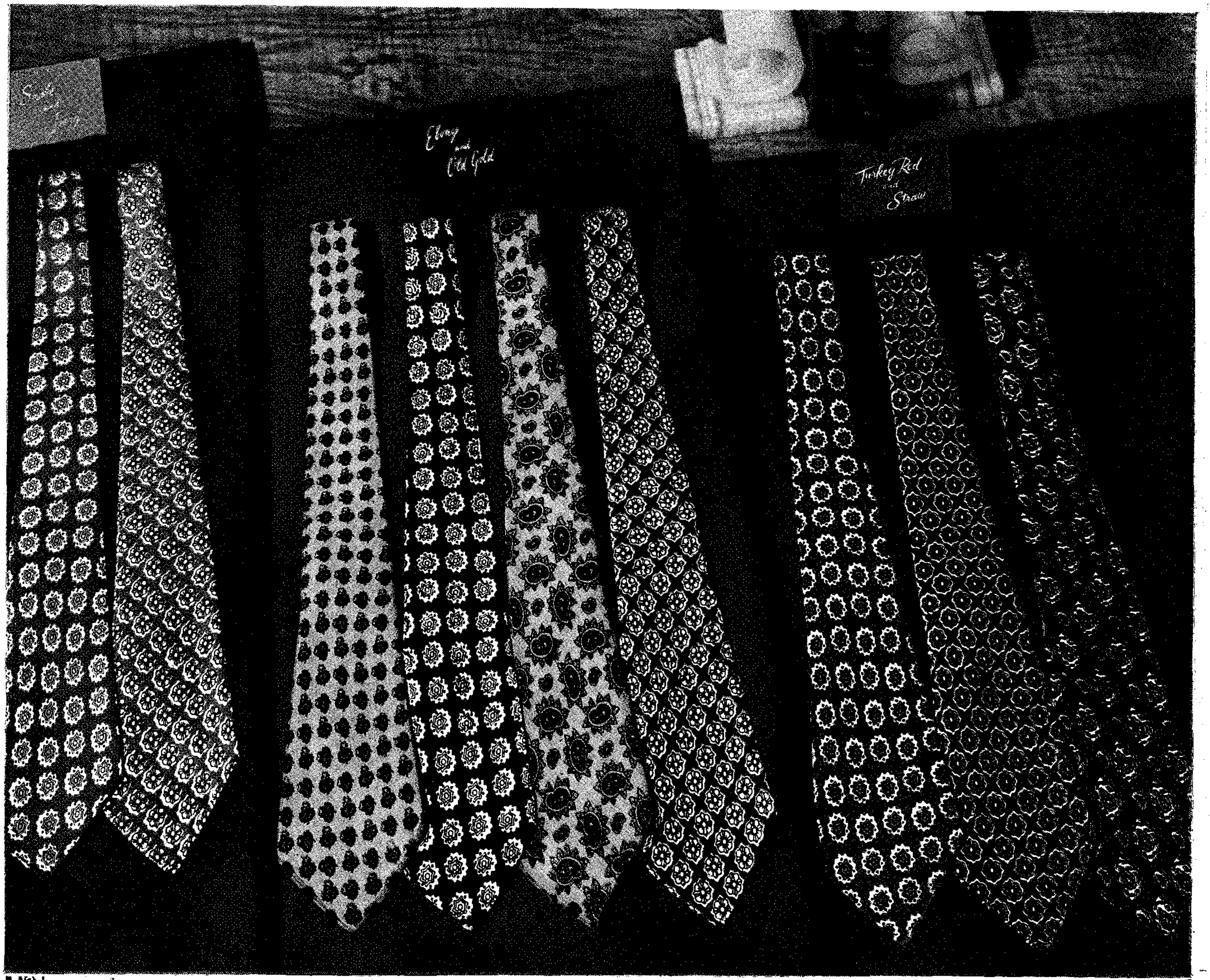
PARTICULARLY in Pacific waters, the ability to carry on for long periods at sea without benefit of drydock facilities is a tremendous advantage to our warships. A vital help is the use of hull-bottom paint containing an anti-fouling ingredient that inhibits the growth of barnacles and other marine organisms.

Lindol, a Celanese organic phosphate, is an important component of the paint. Sometimes described as a "synthetic oil," Lindol not only increases film strength and flexibility, but helps preserve the protective powers of the paint.

Lindol is merely one example of a wide list of Celanese contributions to modern synthetics. Celanese research—in textiles, plastics and chemicals—is devoted to a single objective: the development of new and better materials to meet important needs with precision. Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Celanese* { TEXTILES
PLASTICS
CHEMICALS



TRADITIONAL NEAT FOULARD DESIGNS IN GOLDEN FOULARD by McCURRACH

Neat patterns, printed on Foulard, have long been favorites of sportsmen and university men. Our new patterns, a few of which are illustrated, are especially printed on a fine quality rayon by McCurrach, leading American tie-makers. We recommend Golden Foulard to those seeking a distinctive tie that will give exceptional service.

$2.50

WHEN ORDERING BY MAIL STATE COLORS DESIRED

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen • *Established* 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH • NEW YORK 17

1922 AND THE CURRENT GLOBAL STRIFE

Back in 1922, the advertisement said,
Two technicians at the Naval Laboratory in Anacostia, Washington, D.C.,
Noticed that radio signals were reflected from the surfaces of passing ships
And thus, in this unspectacular fashion,
Radar was born.

Back in 1922, when Mary Miles Minter was a pinup girl
And Dr. West's toothbrush was being introduced to the American public
(Made small, the Doctor said, the better to clean the teeth),
The Battle of Germany had been started toward victory
Because there had been discovered a minuscule ray,
Brief as a butterfly's heartbeat,
Which could plumb the fog that hangs over Hitler's plains in winter,
Strike the hidden factory,
And come back with an answer.

Back in 1922, when skirts were growing longer after the flapper era
And George Sisler was the batting champion of the American League,
Back in 1922, we had gone a long way toward winning the Battle of Japan
Because there had been found a tiny pulsation, more magical than lightning,
Which could cleave the Pacific's darkest night, span the horizon's rim,
And then return to outline on our warships' firing charts
The unseen foe before our waiting guns dissolved him,
Bright with ruin.

Yes, back in 1922,
After we'd made the world safe for democracy
And were getting excited about the disc automobile wheel,
Back in 1922,
When the United States had a Vast Fund of Idealism (so the newspapers said)
And we had had two years of Warren G. Harding
And the Little Green House on K Street,
The times were foolish, I grant you.
But maybe,
Everything taken into consideration,
We did all right for ourselves.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

Put your finger on the map of CALIFORNIA!

IN PLANNING AHEAD, business, industrial, and banking executives are weighing the vast opportunities in California. If you put your finger on the map of this State you touch the richest, most concentrated market in the West.

Your finger placed at almost any point on this map—at more than 300 points, in fact—will cover, too, a city or town where your interests can be served by the local facilities of Bank of America.

This California-wide branch bank, long experienced in serving others, welcomes the opportunity of being helpful to you. Your inquiry is invited.

◀ RESOURCES OVER 4½ BILLION DOLLARS ▶

California's statewide bank

Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

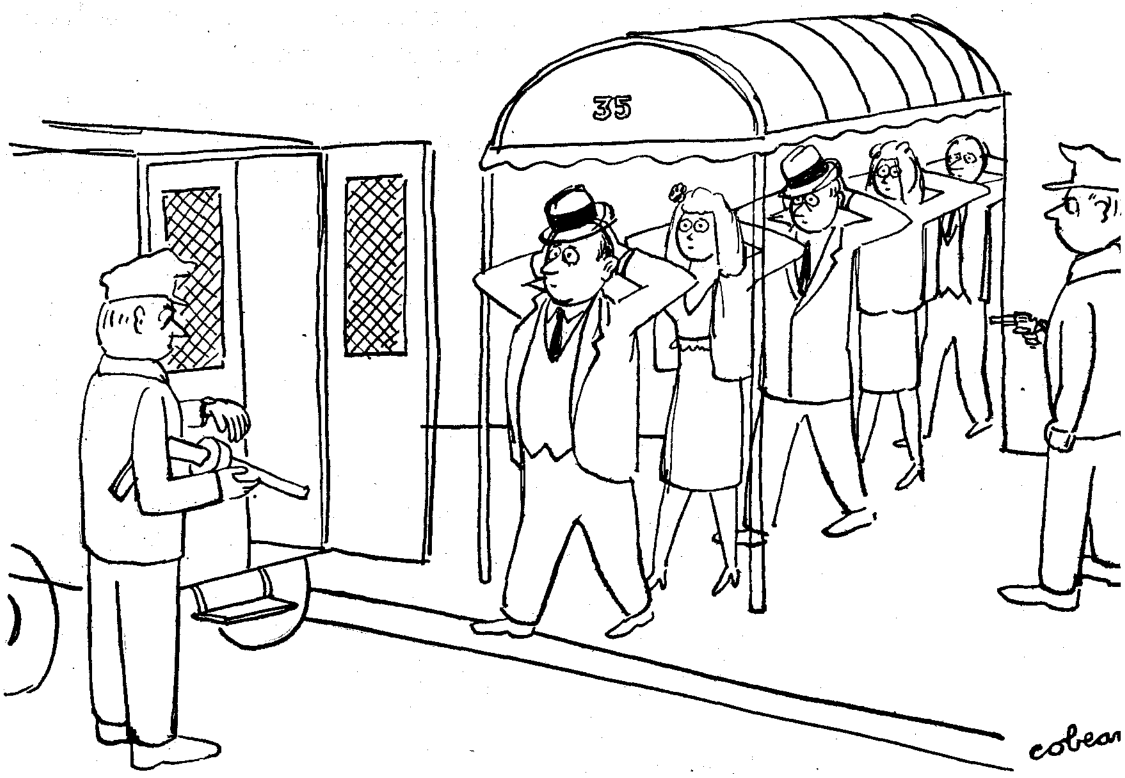
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation • Member Federal Reserve System

Main Offices in the two reserve cities of California . . . San Francisco - Los Angeles

BOOKS

Life in Germany

THERE is an almost irresistible fascination in everything pertaining to an enemy. Even a billet he has once occupied acquires an interest; a button off his tunic becomes a souvenir to send home. We live with our enemies in thought as Captain Ahab lived with the White Whale. For this reason, a book with a title like "Civil Life in Wartime Germany," by Max Seydewitz (Viking Press), a former Social Democratic member of the Reichstag who has been living in Sweden during most of the war, makes a ready claim on our attention. "Civil Life," however, is not a first-hand record of life in the Reich since September, 1939, but a conscientious attempt to reconstruct it from evidence available to the author. This evidence consisted of official Nazi publications, statistics in German industrial journals, newspaper editorials, and radio talks, and, although Seydewitz seldom cites them, political refugees arriving in Sweden. The rationing regulations appearing from time to time in the German press indicated the periods of food shortage and of not-so-shortage, and editorials denouncing hoarders and profiteers, or chiding finicking consumers, gave an idea of how much of the legal ration was actually available. It is pleasant to know that during the war there has never been anything like abundance in Germany. The third winter of the war—1941-42—was the leanest for the German larder. But even during the succeeding period of comparative abundance, when Germany held a great part of Russia's agricultural regions, she got less food out of them, Seydewitz finds, than she had annually got from the Soviets by peaceful barter between 1939 and 1941. The successive measures to draft labor reflected the deterioration of the manpower situation. Decrees which gradually eliminated the manufacture of consumer goods indicated the increasing discomfort of personal life. The speeches and editorials had to be interpreted as one reads writing in a mirror. When, for example, publications like *Das Schwarze Korps*, the S.S. organ, were full of reassurances that everything would turn out all right, Seydewitz could be certain that there was more than the usual amount of disquiet. When they denounced the "un-German minority" of grumblers and defeatists, he could safely deduce that grumbling and defeatism were more than ordinarily prevalent. And when the leaders thundered that every two German workers must and would produce as much as three had done before, he could conclude that there was a crisis in production.



As a kind of offset picture of wartime life in Germany, the book is instructive, but as "a study in public opinion," which the dust jacket proclaims it to be, it is disappointing. In Seydewitz's optimistic attempts to prove the existence of a strong German opposition, he continually confuses grumbling with effective intransigence, and confuses opposition based on disagreement on tactics (the 1944 "plot of the generals") with opposition based on any ethical concept. The only important adverse reaction of the German people to the Nazi leadership that is reflected in this record is the disappointment at the failure of the head gangsters to bring the job off. Nevertheless, Seydewitz warns us, in his last chapter, "None can predict what will happen inside Germany if its people are denied the right, after liberation from Nazi tyranny, to decide for themselves what their destiny is to be. Germany cannot be extinguished as a nation. The German people cannot be annihilated. It will continue to exist in the heart of Europe, and will remain a factor to be reckoned with. It has a natural feeling of self-consciousness, like every other nation. Even the mildest form of alien rule will rouse its will to national independence. Germans would react to a prolonged period of occupation as did the people of the countries which they occupied, and Europe would never settle down to peace and quiet. The effort to allay unrest in Europe would accentuate the differences in policy of the victor powers, and promote conflicts among them."

In his assumption that the world is permanently stuck with Germany, no matter how Germans choose to behave (although the world is getting along all right without Assyria, the Macedonian Empire, Carthage, Rome, the Kingdom of Pegu, the Golden Horde, the Avars, and the Iroquois Confederacy, to name several predatory nations that have had